

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Thought

VOL. XXXVIII, No. 5

"I have gathered me a posse of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own." Montaigne

MAY, 1908

Current History

It became known on March 14 that John D. Rockefeller had given \$100,000 to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to be used for extending certain specific missionary activities. Six days afterward a considerable number of Congregational clergymen and laymen from Boston and its vicinity met in that city and voiced the first publicly expressed doubt as to whether the gift should be accepted. The propriety of this expression was not in question, since the American Board, although a distinct organization, is essentially a Congregational body, and therefore, morally at least, represents the Congregational Church. The expression almost immediately took the form of a definite protest against accepting the money, and was given strength and weight by the emphatic support of several influential Congregational clergymen, notably the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, moderator of the General Congregational Council. About thirty of the protesting clergymen addressed to the Prudential Committee of the American Board a remonstrance based upon the declarations that the Standard Oil Company "stands before the public under repeated and recent formidable indictments in specific terms for methods which are morally iniquitous and socially destructive"; that "the Church is the moral educator and leader of the people, and in order to fulfill this calling with freedom and effect it must stand entirely clear of any implication in the evil it is set to condemn"; and that "the acceptance of such a gift involves the constituents of the Board in a relation implying honor toward the donor and subjects the Board to the charge of ignoring the moral issues involved."

A special committee to whom this protest was referred, reported on it negatively, deciding that the Board in accepting other gifts had "in no way passed judgment on the business, religion, character or life of the donors," and furthermore:

The principle on which this policy rests is the belief that our responsibility begins with the receipt of a gift; it then becomes our trust for which we are to be held responsible. Before gifts are received the responsibility is not ours, but is that of the donors in their own conscience; it is a matter between them and their God. It would be manifestly unjust and unthinkable to reject gifts without thorough scrutiny, and it is equally clear that no committee could possibly undertake the task of such a scrutiny. This gift was made without conditions. This means, in the eyes of the committee, that it involves the American Board in no obligation whatever, material or moral, to the donor. The Church must make such an assumption about all its gifts or receive none at all.

In further defense of their position, the protestants then issued a statement in part as follows:

The protest rests on the conviction that the church must stand in compromising relation to a man who in public thought represents methods that are oppressive, dangerous and wrong. All the confusion arising from the literal use of the figure "tainted money" may be brushed aside at once. Money is impersonal; it is not tainted and cannot taint morally. It is by voluntary relation to the donors that moral responsibility is incurred. It is not required that the church form a tribunal to pass judgment on personal character or probe into the business methods of all givers. Such examination is not necessary in refusing a gift. Public belief and expression, formed on extensive evidence through a long series of years, furnish sufficient basis for such action. The church finds itself in danger of losing its moral leadership. It cannot be blind to the growing alienation between those who have and those who have not. The battle is on between forces that are socially destructive and those that seek a finer order of justice and human

opportunity. There is no question on which side of this contest the church should stand.

This statement was signed by the following clergymen, who comprised the committee of protesting ministers: Charles A. Carter, of Lexington; Philip S. Moxom, of Springfield; Reuben Thomas, of Brookline; William V. W. Davis, of Pittsfield; Charles L. Noyes, of Somerville; and Daniel Evans, of Cambridge.

It appeared that in the meantime the Prudential Committee of the Board not only had decided to accept the gift (acting upon a recommendation of a sub-committee), but had appropriated about half of the sum to definite missionary enterprises, and had actually paid over the money for those purposes. But because of the evident seriousness and determination of the protestants, it was announced that the Board would delay "final action" for two weeks. Probably the most emphatic of the various individual protests came from Dr. Gladden. In one of his statements given to the press he said:

The plain truth is that the money which Mr. Rockefeller proposes to bestow upon the board is money which is not rightfully his. His fortune has been built up by methods of the most flagrant injustice. His great wealth is due in part to methods of competition to which no decent business man resorts—to the bribing of the employees of his competitors, and to the most brutal forms of competitive warfare; but more largely to the iniquitous control which he has secured of the railways by which he has been able to crush competition. At present his "system" owns about two-thirds of the principal railways of the United States, and it is able, by means of the classification of freights, to inflict deadly injuries on all competitors. No other agency has done half so much as the Standard Oil Company has done to debauch commercial morality. This is not mere rumor or suspicion, it is a matter of record. The deeds of the Standard Oil Company are known and read of by all intelligent men. The question is persistently asked whether it is possible to investigate the origin of all the money that is offered in aid of religion or charity. No, it is not possible, and it is not wise to insist on any such quixotic test. But when the investigation has been made and the iniquity has been exposed we have no right to shut our eyes to it. Here is a man who represents, more perfectly than any other man in America, the spirit and the methods of conscienceless capital. He is a man who has been absolutely ruthless in his destruction of rivals and competitors. He possesses to-day the power of evying tribute on a nation, and he is employing this power to-day as relentlessly as he ever did. The people of the country, especially the poor people, the working people, regard him as the incarnation of all that is relentlessly oppressive and cruel in the capitalistic régime. If the Christian church has any business in this world to-day it is to testify against the thing which this man stands for. If it has no power to bear such testimony it is rec-

reant to its trust. But if it accepts his money it disables itself from telling the truth about him. In the holy war against corporate greed to which the trumpet is even now sounding it can take no part. It has bandaged its eyes and tied its hands.

In this connection, the editorial defense of the Board's position offered by the Outlook becomes especially interesting, since it may be presumed to represent the personal views of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, the editor-in-chief of that magazine. The Outlook says in part:

It is not the business of a church, charitable organization, or missionary society to sit in judgment on the character of the contributions to its work. If it were once to enter on this difficult and extra-hazardous undertaking, the reception of money by the church or society might justly be regarded as an indorsement of the methods by which the money had been acquired. But if the church or society declines on principle to take into consideration the character of the donor, the statement that receiving money implies honor to the donor is not tenable. It is not true that to receive from a wrong-doer money made by wrong-doing is to approve or condone the wrong-doing. There is no principle of general application which can be stated on which this demand of the Boston ministers can be maintained. And to single out an exceptional man for exceptional treatment is not the best method of bearing testimony against the wrong-doing which we wish to condemn. Money obtained by fraud ought not to be received from a donor provided it can be returned to its legitimate owner; but this is because it does not really belong to the donor. Money obtained by fraud ought not to be received from a donor under circumstances which imply approval of his methods. But the mere reception of money, whether in trade or for benevolence, does not carry with it any such implication.

The spirit and import of this expression agree with the statement which was addressed to the Board while the controversy was on, and which was signed by Dr. Abbott and such other well-known men as the Rev. J. W. Cooper, Secretary of the American Missionary Association; Lucien C. Warner, Chairman of the International Young Men's Christian Association; Rev. C. H. Richards, Secretary of the International Congregational Church-building Society; Rev. A. H. Bradford, ex-Moderator of the National Congregational Conference; Rev. Edward P. Ingersoll, Secretary of the American Bible Society; William H. Ward, Editor of the New York "Independent"; Rev. Frank K. Sanders, Dean of Yale University Divinity School; and Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle.

On April 11, the Prudential Committee made public its "final decision" which, as had been generally expected, supported its

original position. A leading point, upon which this decision was based, expresses the legal impossibility of returning the money, since (according to the Board's argument) trustees who have once accepted a gift, and thereby assumed certain obligations, cannot return it and resign those obligations. Furthermore: "To prevent any man from doing good is a wrong way in which to condemn him for doing evil. It is as wrong as to condemn him when he is doing a good deed as to commend him when he is doing a bad deed." The committee also contended that to attempt to decide "questions of temperance, economics and socialism" is beyond its province and its powers. As to passing judgment in any way upon Mr. Rockefeller, the committee says: "Any accusation against him could not, in Christian courtesy, be acted upon until the case had first been tried before the Church which endorses him as a member in good and regular standing." This, as our readers will understand, is in reference to Mr. Rockefeller's membership in the Baptist Church, to the missionary enterprises of which he gave \$300,000—which was promptly and thankfully accepted—while the controversy we have sketched was proceeding.

**Religious and
Secular Discussion
of the Question**

It is not possible for us to do more than very faintly to suggest, by means of quoting, what a veritable deluge of journalistic comment has been precipitated by the original protest against Mr. Rockefeller's gift to the American Board, and by the subsequent attitude of that body toward the question involved. Virtually every secular newspaper in the country which boasts an editorial page has debated the matter at length and with every show of earnestness. The religious journals, as well, have devoted much space to the subject, though we have the impression that, if anything, their discussion of it has shown rather less spirit than has characterized the opinions of the secular press. Furthermore, we believe that the influence of the religious journals has been chiefly exerted to support the acceptance of the gift, whereas the weight of secular editorial opinion has approved, in the main, the stand taken by the protesters. For example, the "Congregationalist" says:

It is said that acceptance must mean either that the Board believes that the business methods involved are correct or that it is morally indifferent to them so far as receiving this gift is

concerned. It seems to us that this position assumes that the Prudential Committee are equipped with information and authority to pronounce a just judgment on the business methods involved, as well as on the character of the donor. That their judgment would not be accepted by many of those to whom they are responsible has already been made abundantly evident. The protestants themselves would not accept it unless it accorded with the decision they have already made. It is urged that the question as to the disposition of Mr. Rockefeller's gift should be settled by itself, and that the fact that the Standard Oil Company, of which he is the president, is being investigated by the Federal Government is a sufficient reason for the committee to make an investigation or else to decline the gift; and that each gift hereafter, in case there are protestants, should be investigated and judged in accordance with public opinion at that time. We are confident that no trustworthy committee would accept appointment under such a condition.

And the "Churchman" (Episcopal), after remarking that "a number of Massachusetts ministers had an attack of clerical hysteria which has since spread to Dr. Washington Gladden and other gentlemen of equal distinction" proceeds in part as follows:

Now, the first thing to be said is that these gentlemen are quite beyond their province when they undertake to use their consciences to repent of Mr. Rockefeller's sins. It is unfortunately true that Mr. Rockefeller stands before his fellow-citizens charged with crimes of tyrannous injustice, of bribery, and even of perjury, which are said to have been committed by him or for him in connection with the business of the Oil Company. But we have yet to learn that any competent court has found Mr. Rockefeller guilty of those alleged crimes. We are not defending him—his reputation is no special concern of ours; but we emphatically deny the right of any man or set of men, lay or clerical, to sit in judgment upon him, to find him guilty without a trial, and to pronounce upon him the extraordinary sentence that he shall not do good with his wealth. Our second remark is that the Missionary Society would have gone a long way beyond its province if it had refused to accept the money which Mr. Rockefeller offered for their work. It is just such outbursts of hysterical childishness that make men of sense lose their respect for clerical judgments.

From that portion of the secular press which criticizes the reasons given for refusing the gift, we have such opinions as these, from the New York Times:

But common rumor is all that the protestants have to adduce. And, upon the strength of common rumor, they declare their intention to ostracize John D. Rockefeller and to hold him up to public scorn. It is the duty, apparently, of whoever objects to the acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's money by the A. B. C. F. M. to set forth on his personal responsibility, his belief that the money was dishonestly, inhumanely, or other-

wise unrighteously acquired, and the evidence on which his belief is based; in other words, to make good his accusation. We should think, unless Mr. Rockefeller is an absolute rhinoceros, he would welcome such a challenge. In the absence of such a challenge the A. B. C. F. M. has taken what seems to us the only course open to it in refusing to reject his contribution on no better grounds than that it is commonly reported that he is an unscrupulous old schemer.

And the New York Sun, after referring to the protesters as "emotional persons carried away by the agitation against the trusts and the railroads," says:

Such moralists always say exactly what may be expected of them; they do not blaze the way for opinion but when opinion is once developed and makes a noise in the land they join in the uproar with unction. What better use can money sordidly acquired be put to than the education of youth, the relief of distress, or the redemption of the vicious and the benighted? If it is counterfeit, of course it can't be used for such purposes. But when it is tainted? This as Dr. Parkhurst says, is a delicate question and he suggests that we don't know how the widow got her two mites.

"We are convinced," says the Washington Post, "that it requires too much straining of a point to distinguish between pure and impure money when the purpose to which it is to be devoted is commendable," and furthermore:

The contribution of the courtesan or the gambler relieves the need in the hospital or the pest-stricken tenement as readily as the money of the bishop or the church deacon. With the large and ever increasing field for the employment of money in the relief of suffering and the spread of education, religion, and general enlightenment, we suggest that churches and charitable organizations would do well to measure the good that may come from the proper use of money against the purely ethical question of source of the money to be thus employed. There is certainly no doubt that more good can be accomplished by accepting Mr. Rockefeller's money and devoting it to noble purposes than by refusing it because of disapproval of his methods of obtaining it.

Against this general position the arguments are no less emphatic, and, as we have said, seemingly more numerous. From a long editorial in the New York Evening Post we select these expressions:

For the Board to accept Mr. Rockefeller's gift, affirm the protesting ministers, would subject it to the charge of "ignoring the moral issues involved." What are they? Note, first, that court records and evidence taken at legislative inquiries make out against Mr. Rockefeller a *prima facie* case of cool and repeated defiance of the laws of the land. *Prima facie* proof of his having committed perjury is also accessible to all. And that the methods of the company with which his name is identified have been, as the protest recites, "morally iniquitous and socially

destructive," we suppose no careful and honest student of its history will deny. A gift to education by a man whose career is a glorification of piracy may instantly undo the moral teaching of those who profit by it; but, on the other hand, the foundation may become deodorized by the lapse of time, as have the pious mediæval gifts to education by oppressors and robbers, and hence it may be a nice question whether college trustees should neglect such an opportunity to build for the future. But when we enter the Christian Church, the ground whereon we stand is holy, and all the excuses with which men may be shod elsewhere should be put off their feet. The formidable definition which Christ gave of adultery holds in principle of other sins of mere intention. And he left a saying which seems to go specifically to the point of donations such as Mr. Rockefeller's to the American Board: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Imagine the long line of brothers who have aught against Mr. Rockefeller! The best way for the pulpit to recover its hold is to give the Pharisees a breathing-space, and aim at some of the shining marks of our own day.

"Can the churches retain their hold upon popular respect if they stretch out begging hands to men of Mr. Rockefeller's evil reputation?" asks the New York World. And the same paper continues:

If they appear as selling their birthright of righteousness and independence for a mess of Mr. Rockefeller's pottage, what is left them that their congregations cannot find anywhere else? Against the possibility that a few heathen may be converted is the certainty that the faith of many will be undermined at home. The best proof of moral principles lies in their practice by example. And the Memphis Commercial Appeal says:

No intelligent man can plead ignorance of the career of John D. Rockefeller, and the methods by which he acquired his fortune. Every one knows that he never earned it. Everybody knows that he did not inherit it, and that it was not given to him. It has been conclusively demonstrated that his fortune was accumulated by methods differing only in degree from those of Jesse James, and only in magnitude from those of Jonathan Wild. We believe that it would be much healthier to teach the younger generation to despise a man like Rockefeller than to speak of him in whispered awe. His name should be a synonym of reproach rather than a designation of respect. The acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's donation would necessarily require some sort of acknowledgment; and such an acknowledgment might be construed as a condonement of the methods employed by Rockefeller. Certainly if it is illegal and immoral for a private individual to knowingly receive stolen goods, it is immoral and improper for a religious organization to do so. When the oil magnate has made reparation to the men he has persecuted and ruined, when he has made ample provision for the widows and orphans of the men he drove to despair and death, when he has returned every penny that he knows he

has taken wrongly from his fellowmen, then he will have proved his repentance, and religious bodies can afford to accept his gifts as evidence that he has seen a light.

Another Southern paper, the Richmond Times-Dispatch, makes these remarks about the Standard Oil Company:

It has been condemned time and again by those who have looked into its affairs, and it is notorious that its methods have been cruel and heartless, to say the least. These methods, according to common report, and according to the popular verdict, which is rarely wrong, are contrary in all respects to the teachings of the Bible and the teachings of the church, and the church would be untrue to itself if it did not condemn such methods always and rebuke them whenever opportunity serves. If the Standard Oil Company has not been convicted, it is at least under the gravest suspicion, and we hold that unless the church is satisfied that the charges against it are untrue, and that there is no ground for the popular verdict, it should not accept money from the head of that organization to carry on its work.

Speaking of the Chicago-Inter-Ocean's declaration that "the laws, to say nothing of common decency and Christian charity, demand that Mr. Rockefeller be deemed innocent until proved guilty," the Kansas City Star says:

This extraordinary line of reasoning would lead to the conclusion that any man should be admitted to decent society irrespective of his record, provided only that he has always employed a keen enough lawyer to keep him out of jail. It is hardly necessary to say that such an argument does not commend itself to a self-respecting community. Heaven help society if it is bound to accept with approval every person who has managed to escape a prison sentence.

And Mr. Bryan, in *The Commoner*, says:

If our churches and colleges would refuse to enter into a partnership with the trust magnates and reject the offers that come from them, these rejections would soon cultivate a public opinion that would be felt by those who have been preying upon society. If a trust magnate found that he was shunned by those who are at the head of religious and educational institutions, and that his money was not desired, it might have some influence in restraining him, and it would be sure to leave the colleges and churches more free to fight the evils of private monopoly.

And the Boston Herald says:

We have heard much of late about a great revival of religion that is coming; but we have no other sign of revival of the religion most needed at this day in this land so auspicious and encouraging as this timely protest against the seeming general, contented, helpless complaisance of the so-called Christian church in the face of the political, social and material grossness that is everywhere evident. Not much in the way of regeneration will be accomplished by any saving of souls that begins and ends in an emotional personal experience, and does not pull down the pillars of the temple of social, commercial and

political corruption that mocks freedom, defeat justice and shuts out the spirit of righteousness.

**Mr. Rogers and
Mr. Dodd Defend
Standard Oil**

A suggestive feature of this entire controversy has been the somewhat conspicuous appearance in it of certain high officials of the Standard Oil Company, namely, Mr. H. H. Rogers, vice-president of the company, and Mr. S. C. T. Dodd, general solicitor of the company. In a published statement Mr. Rogers said in part:

Ministers say queer things. Dr. Washington Gladden says that everybody knows that John D. Rockefeller has obtained his money dishonestly. With as much reason I could say that everybody knows that Dr. Gladden would not trust the ten commandments for ten days with the deacons of his church, because they would surely break some of them and bend the rest. Slavery in certain sections of the United States was legal until President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. Rebates on railroads were just as legal until the passage of the Interstate Commerce Commission act.

Dr. Gladden's reply, as reported by the newspapers, was in part as follows:

Mr. Rogers says that I would not trust the Ten Commandments for 10 days with the deacons of my church because they would surely break some of them and bend others. I surely would not. I hope that these commandments are in stronger power than the deacons of any church, a power in which they will not be twisted for the benefit of Mr. Rogers, or any one else. Mr. Rogers says that until Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, slavery was legal in certain sections. But it was just as much an abomination and a curse in those regions as in the regions where it was abolished. Mr. Lincoln did not touch it there because he had no power. Mr. Rogers alleges that the vast sums extorted in rebates by the Standard Oil Company from its competitors were "legally" taken, because no law exactly forbade them. What I said was that the money was "flagitiously" acquired. To coerce the railroads into an arrangement by which it received a large rebate, not only on its own oil, but on the oil sent by its competitors; to force the railways to rob its competitors for its enrichment, was, I submit, a flagitious policy, a shameful policy. I am not a lawyer, but I should think it altogether possible that even under the common law such an iniquity as this might have been punished. Railways, which are chartered under public law, must be required to render to all the people an equal service. "Legally," says a New York newspaper, "there is no question that the money is Mr. Rockefeller's to give." If there is no such question why is the United States government now investigating the operation of the Standard Oil Company. It is not the morals of that company into which the government is looking; it is the legality of its practices. Some of us think that if legality is the only test we have to apply to such transactions, it might be as well to wait and see whether they are found to be within the law.

In his long defense of the Standard Oil Company, Mr. Dodd flatly denied Dr. Gladden's statement that "the Standard now controls about two-thirds of the railroads of this country." He said:

The assertion is not true. No such state of facts has ever been disclosed by any investigation nor supported by evidence in any court of law. No such facts exist to be proved. The Standard Oil Company does not own a share of stock of any railroad company, nor does it control any railroad company. Stockholders of the Standard undoubtedly invest in railroad as in other shares; but stockholders of the Standard are not a majority on the board of directors of any railroad company, so far as I am aware, and therefore cannot control.

To this Dr. Gladden's reply was:

By this statement Mr. Dodd intends to convey and does convey to the public the meaning that the group of men with common interests who have always owned and controlled the Standard Oil Company and for whom the phrase "Standard Oil" is an accurate and convenient synonym, do not own any railroad stock nor control any railroad. Will Mr. Dodd specifically state that the group of men thus described do not own enough stock practically to control many of the most important railroads? Until this question is definitely answered other parts of the manifesto may be neglected.

And the New York Journal of Commerce says:

Doubtless that corporation does not own stock in railroad companies or control railroads. But "Standard Oil" stands for a "system" and a group of men, as well as a refining company, and it can hardly be denied that the men who control the company have invested some of their vast gains in other enterprises. They are reputed upon good evidence to have large interests in various railroad lines, systems and combinations, and in sundry financial institutions. The power of their wealth is not devoted exclusively to refining petroleum and disposing of kerosene and by-products. Perhaps the refining company which they control does not benefit by any railroad or bank which they control, but the "community of interest" gives rise to suspicions when great "deals" are executed, which are not dissipated when it is said that the Standard Oil Company does not own railroad or bank stock, or "industrials," and that it does not "promote," exploit or speculate outside of its own field of oil. Statements of what Standard Oil men do or have done are not refuted by declarations of what the Standard Oil Company does not do. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*, and it is better to suffer in silence than put up a plea that will only excite derision.

Some Unfortunate Features of the Controversy

Naturally this controversy has had its unfortunate as well as its edifying and educating influences. In the first place, the discussion has served to put an undesirable emphasis upon the impor-

tance to religious undertakings of merely *rich* men. So far as this creates the impression that the rank and file of church people *cannot* support the enterprises of the church, it is distinctly unfortunate. And if (as we fear is actually the case) it also conveys to the unchurched the idea that churchgoers *will* not support religious institutions, that fact is to be keenly lamented. In our judgment, absolute knowledge of the fact that money accepted by the church had been stolen outright, would lower public opinion of that institution less than would the conviction that church people deliberately shirk paying what they are fairly able to pay toward supporting it.

Another unfortunate impression which doubtless has been produced upon the minds of some persons, is that what was clearly at first an earnest and intelligent protest, finally took on something of the tone of an *uproar*. Very likely this was to a large extent unavoidable, since the issue was of a kind certain to appeal to the average newspaper as sensational, and therefore was doomed to be handled with startling headlines, and all the other accessories of modern journalism. And a natural accompaniment of this impression of the controversy would be a tendency to regard the person whom it concerned as an abused and persecuted man. We do not suppose for an instant that the desire either to abuse or to persecute figured in the mental attitude of the protestants; any more than we suppose that Mr. Rockefeller could long successfully maintain the rôle of martyr to misguided public reprobation. But that he has in this instance been the object of such undeserved sympathy is, at least, to be feared.

Again, an aspect of the controversy which will be deeply deplored by all who value the moral influence of the church, is the sharp relief into which it has brought the absolute inability of eminent moral leaders to agree upon certain very broad ethical propositions. Some of these differences are pointed out in a preceding paragraph, but another striking instance may be mentioned in this connection. In a recent issue of the Outlook there is an editorial discussion of this particular subject (from which we have already quoted) wherein these opinions are set down, presumably by Dr. Lyman Abbott:

The individual ministers might in their pulpits have condemned, as very likely many of them

have done, all similar methods of acquisition, and, indeed, the very desire to get something for nothing out of which such methods spring. If the Church and the ministry habitually, and with courage and vigor, condemn all questionable methods of money-getting, however and by whomsoever practiced, the effect of their testimony will not be vitiated by the refusal to attempt the impossible task of determining whether and to what degree money offered for benevolent work is tainted by the method in which it is believed to have been acquired.

And in other places, Dr. Abbott flatly denies that the recipients of money are thereby debarred from condemning the giver and his business methods. On the other hand, Dr. Washington Gladden, in an article published in the "Outlook" nearly ten years ago (November 30, 1895), said:

To accept the reward of iniquity is to place upon our lips the seal of silence respecting its perpetrators. . . . Of course, under such circumstances, the pulpit of this church [which has accepted such money] is not likely to discuss the kind of iniquity by which this money was gained, nor anything near akin to it. It would be extremely ungrateful—it would, indeed, be dishonorable—for this pulpit to touch upon such matters. Having sought and welcomed these liberal donations, it is simply the dictate of ordinary decency to refrain from criticizing the financial methods of the donor. . . . This minister has never promised that he will be silent on themes of this character; it is not necessary for him to make any promise; the situation speaks for itself; if he has the instincts of a gentleman he will not assail the man who has put him under such obligations. . . . Similar results must needs appear in the life of a college built on such foundations or largely dependent on resources of this character.

A difference of opinion between prominent churchmen, obviously so irreconcilable as is this one, plus the more striking differences described in the preceding paragraph already referred to, must, we think, have a tendency to injure the influence of the church. And this tendency certainly is not lessened when an able and conservative secular newspaper like the New York Evening Post characterizes an action of so important a religious body as the American Board in such terms as these:

The ethical rules concerning the receipt of tainted gifts become by no means clearer through the report on the Prudential Committee of the American Board on Mr. Rockefeller's much-discussed donation. The seven heads of the report are models of casuistry and lawyerlike distinctions. At every point, practically, these representatives of Evangelical missions take refuge in a legal *non-possumus*. . . . From the business and casuistical point of view this defence is not without merit. It should be noted, however, that on this matter the spokesmen of Christian

churches take precisely the ground that a board of company directors under attack might assume. Indeed, a strict interpretation of the seven theses would make it impossible, as Dr. Gladden has pointed out, for any religious body to decline any gift from any person whatsoever. We admit that the scrutiny of unconditional gifts is usually both impracticable and undesirable. The question now is merely whether the Christian churches observe a higher morality in this matter than that of the world at large. Will Christianity willingly abjure the right freely exercised by godless moralists and the secular press of attacking financial wickedness in high places?

It should be added, in this connection, that this decision of the American Board is not at all likely to be the last word said by the Congregational Church on this general subject. That it will be brought before the General Congregational Council, which meets next September, is altogether probable, and we venture to predict that the protestants will make themselves heard in no uncertain terms on that occasion.

Senate's Treatment of the Santo Domingo Protocol

The failure of the Senate to approve the Santo Domingo treaty (thereby presumably leaving that country at the mercy of its foreign creditors), and the rather startling way in which President Roosevelt thereupon took the matter into his own hands by appointing, on his own responsibility, commissioners to take charge of the customs receipts of the little republic, and to pay a certain percentage of them to its creditors, have been subjects of serious and very general discussion. Taking up the two incidents in the order of their occurrence, there is, first, the discussion of the necessity and general wisdom of the policy enunciated by the protocol. As to these subjects, the Minneapolis Tribune (Rep.) says:

We cannot set this kind of example in taking the revenues of a bankrupt state to pay debts of usury to our own citizens and continue to forbid foreign governments to do the same. It is no wonder that the president told the senate that there was danger of war if they did not ratify the treaty giving foreign nations a share of the revenue. It looks as if we had gotten into a scrape, the only escape from which is a complete receivership of the Dominican republic. We were led into it by Mr. Loomis in order to help the American company collect a debt which there is reason to believe is monstrously unjust. Now there appears to be some sort of obscure plan to lead us into a similar scrape with Venezuela for the benefit of the Philadelphia asphalt company. The New Orleans Picayune (Dem.) remarks that what the Monroe doctrine insists upon "is that no foreign power should endeavor

to acquire territory in the Western Hemisphere or to interfere with the form of government of any American State," and continues in part as follows:

The risk involved in the collection of debts by force of arms is that once a power has taken possession of a port in order to collect the revenue thereof for the payment of a debt the temptation to retain the port and neighboring territory may be so strong as to induce the power concerned to defy the Monroe Doctrine. In such an event this country would be compelled to forcibly intervene or forever abandon all pretext of asserting the famous doctrine. Common sense teaches that there can be no responsibility without authority. If, therefore, we are responsible for the safety and protection of our neighbors we should have the authority to enforce such good conduct among them as will minimize the liability to justifiable interference on the part of European powers. The rejection of the San Domingo treaty only serves to emphasize the responsibilities and dangers of the Monroe Doctrine, the practical value of which some European power is certain sooner or later to test.

Similarly the New York Journal of Commerce (Ind.) says that "if we are to place strict limits on the kind of redress which may be exacted from our neighboring republics for any and every wrong committed by them, we must clearly come prepared to discharge the functions of trustee for civilization and be ready to discipline such of them as may reject our control."

On the other side, we have such expressions as these, from the conservative Baltimore Sun (Ind.):

The only objection comes from the American people, and in their view it is a convincing objection. They feel that the benevolent arrangement with Santo Domingo will amount practically to a protectorate, and that a protectorate may lead to absorption. They believe that the arrangement with Santo Domingo will be the opening wedge for similar agreements with South American states. Therefore they are satisfied that it would be to the best interests of the United States to avoid any entanglement of any kind with Santo Domingo. In official circles in Washington confidence is expressed that the treaty will be ratified next winter. There may be some basis for this confidence, but it is to be hoped that when Congress convenes again there will be no material change in the attitude of the minority toward the treaty.

And the Cleveland Plain Dealer (Ind. Dem.) says:

The senate and the country at least want more light on the subject. It is desirable to have more precise information as to various aspects of the case. One thing, at least, has been decided. No treaty can be ratified by the senate which includes the principle laid down by the president, that this country shall undertake, and merely upon request, the collection of all outstanding

claims against Spanish-American states. Uncle Sam is not yet to be made a sort of glorified bailiff for the western hemisphere. There will be few tears shed over the sleep, even that which knows no waking, of the Santo Domingo treaty; but the Santo Domingo and kindred questions will continue to be very much alive notwithstanding, and if the president's plan of settlement does not suit the senate and the country it is about time for someone to propose something better.

The Columbia (S. C.) State (Dem.) presents these points:

When did the Monroe doctrine begin to prevent European countries from collecting their debts in South American republics? Certainly not until Mr. Roosevelt came along with his Big Stick and set about regulating the affairs of the universe according to the dictates of "decencee" and "honestee." It is not so long since several European powers blockaded the ports of Venezuela and forced that republic to send their claims for adjudication before the Hague tribunal. And the Monroe doctrine lived through the process. It did not go further than to warn Europe against any land-grabbing in this neighborhood. But there is no moral responsibility upon this country to act as a national bill collector for "wild-cat" schemes which are originated by citizens of European governments or by those governments themselves. There is no danger that now or in the future the United States government will stand in the way of the collection of a just debt from one of our South American proteges. But, according to the Monroe doctrine, there is a right way and a wrong way of doing it.

The "Peculiar" Receivership for Santo Domingo On March 28, President Roosevelt addressed to Acting Secretary of State Adee a letter of instructions embodying a policy to be adopted in the Santo Domingo matter, much the same as that provided for by the protocol which the Senate had failed to approve. This letter began with Minister Dawson's description of the Dominican situation, as telegraphed to the State Department, in substance as follows:

Under pressure foreign creditors and domestic peril, Dominican government offers nominate a citizen of the United States receiver southern ports pending ratification protocol; four northern ports to be administered under the award. Forty-five per cent total shall go to Dominican government, 55 to be deposited in New York for distribution after ratification. Creditors to agree to take no further steps in the meantime, and receiver to have full authority to suspend importers' preferential contracts. Italian, Spanish, German and American creditors, except the San Domingo improvement company, accept unconditionally; Belgian, French, representatives will recommend acceptance. Some *modus vivendi* absolutely necessary.

Accepting this plan, the President, said:

I direct that the minister express acquiescence in the proposal of the government of San Do-

mingo for the collection and conservation of its revenues, pending the action of the United States upon the treaty to the end that in the meantime no change shall take place in the situation which would render useless its consummation or bring complications into its enforcement. The secretary of war of the United States will present for nomination by the president of the Dominican republic men to act in the positions referred to in both the northern and southern ports.

All the moneys collected from both the northern and southern ports not turned over to the Dominican Government will be deposited in some New York bank, to be designated by the Secretary of War, and will be kept there until the Senate has acted. If the action is adverse the money will then be turned over to the Dominican Government. If it is favorable, it will be distributed among the creditors in proportion to their just claims under the treaty.

Meanwhile Mr. Hollender will thoroughly investigate these claims, including the claim of the American improvement company. This action is rendered necessary by the peculiar circumstances of the case. . . . The treaty is now before the Senate, and has been favorably reported by the committee on foreign relations. It is pending, and final action will undoubtedly be taken when Congress convenes next fall. Meanwhile San Domingo has requested that the action above outlined be taken; that is, she desires in this way to maintain the status quo so that if the treaty is ratified it can be executed. With this purpose in view I direct that the proposed arrangement be approved. It will terminate as soon as the Senate has acted one way or the other.

This remarkable and unexpected step by the President provoked even more comment than had been devoted to the protocol and the Senate's treatment of it. And we believe that the burden of this comment, without regard for the actual or nominal party preferences of the papers expressing it, has not been in support of the President. The entire question (which is certain to come before the next Congress) is such an important one, that we feel justified in reproducing much of this debate. In approval of the President's course, we have such reasoning as this, from the New York Journal of Commerce:

No doubt President Morales resorted to this plan of action for the safety of his own government against "the pressure of foreign creditors and domestic peril," as is stated in the dispatch of Minister Dawson; but the United States has a vital interest in this complication, and if President Roosevelt had left matters to take their course until Congress meets again its difficulty and its danger might have been greatly increased. He would probably then have incurred severer criticism for failing to take precautionary and preventive measures than he receives now for taking them.

And the New York Tribune (Rep.) presents these points:

Note, in the first place, that all this talk about a "protectorate" is unwarranted. No such thing is proposed or contemplated. The United States is not pressing itself, not even its good offices, upon the Dominican Republic. It is simply answering that republic's urgent call for aid, and it is doing so without incurring the slightest responsibility and without seeking to exercise the slightest authority. It is a common enough proceeding. It is no new thing for us to have a war-ship in Dominican waters, nor would it be an amazing novelty for us to land marines for the protection of American interests. For many months we have had special rights there under the terms of an arbitral award the validity of which, we fancy, not even the critics of the President's policy will question.

On the other side, there is such argument as the following from the Indianapolis News (Rep.), which is made peculiarly interesting since much of the stock of the paper is owned by Vice-President Fairbanks:

If we are, as many believe, to have a direct issue between the President and the Senate it is greatly to be desired that the President shall put himself in the strongest possible position. This he cannot do if he persists in his policy, at least, of seeming to regard the law as an obstacle to be got out of the way or to be got around. For though people may applaud him when they approve the end that the President has in view, they will nevertheless in time come to distrust him and to demand that he be held with special strictness to an observance of legal limitations.

The Boston Herald (Ind.) is even more emphatic:

This act of the President is without shadow of lawful authority, utterly personal and sovereign. There is but one interpretation to be put on President Roosevelt's course. It must be inspired by fear that Dictator Morales cannot maintain himself in office until the Senate meets without the assistance of the United States. By what right, legal or moral, does the President of the United States assume the duty of keeping in office a President of San Domingo whom the people of San Domingo may desire to get rid of? International law and custom may justify recognition of Morales so long as he maintains himself. No law or comity requires the United States, or any other nation, to sustain him in office. It is a purely gratuitous and unsanctioned exercise of our power in the affairs of a foreign nation. One must wonder at the remarkable elasticity and convenience of the President's doctrine of intervention in the affairs of other nations. In Panama to rebel is to behave well; in San Domingo to rebel is to behave ill. And the big stick is always ready to be used to enforce our domineering and, of course, always righteous discretion.

Referring to the President's use of the phrase "peculiar circumstances," the Springfield Republican (Ind.) says of the receiver-ship:

He officially assumes that the treaty will be ratified when the Senate meets again, and

that, in the interim, he has the right to act in accordance with the plan which the treaty embodies. This would be peculiar even were the president sure that the Senate will yet be persuaded to accept his Dominican policy. Without exhausting the peculiar features of this case, it may be pointed out that there is nothing more peculiar than the president's assumption that the so-called *modus vivendi* will be merely maintaining the status quo in San Domingo until next autumn. The status quo is things just as they are: but by putting into effect a temporary receivership there will be no maintenance of things as they are. The temporary receivership would be an effort to maintain San Domingo affairs on a basis utterly different from the basis existing since the adjournment of the Senate. Maintaining the status quo, is it? Such an assertion will amaze the San Domingo improvement company of New York, which now finds an arbitral award of last year, under which two northern ports of the island have for months been controlled by its representatives, completely upset. For the president directs that receivers be appointed, under this new arrangement, for the northern as well as the southern ports. The plea that the status quo is to be maintained cannot be truthfully characterized without the use of language that might seem offensive to the president. What the country should know is whether these foreign creditors and President Morales have been cooking up a situation calculated to lead the sponsor for the receivership policy along the course he has now taken, regardless of the adverse sentiment which the Senate displayed at the recent session. . . . He [the President] has assumed a virtual protectorate over San Domingo wholly of his own motion,—for the president will, of course, sustain the American receivers in their offices with the naval power of the United States—and has again come dangerously near to the line which marks the division between constitutional rule and usurpation.

As to the contention that the receivership constitutes a *modus vivendi*, the New York Sun (Rep.) makes these points:

"The existence of a dispute or controversy between two nations temporarily agreeing to refrain from the full assertion of what they respectively regard as their rights is the essential feature of the *modus vivendi*. What dispute or controversy or clash of interests now exists between the Government of the United States and that of the Dominican Republic requiring a *modus vivendi*? What dispute exists, so far as is publicly known, between the United States and any foreign Power on the face of the globe over any question concerning Santo Domingo? What the President now proposes to do in Santo Domingo for the protection of the Morales Administration there and the benefit of European creditors of the republic cannot be done as a *modus vivendi*. That term is grotesquely inappropriate to the proposed proceeding. Perhaps there is nothing in the Constitution that prevents Mr. Roosevelt, in his personal and private capacity, from acting as receiver of the Dominican Republic at President Morales's request. But it is clear enough that his usefulness in that office would be limited to

purely personal activity. The moment the efficient performance of his duties as receiver and protector required the use of the ships and guns and soldiers and sailors of the United States he would be decidedly at a loss for lawful authority to employ them.

Victory for Municipal Ownership in Chicago

Chicago registered on April 4 perhaps the most emphatic approval of the municipal ownership idea that has ever been expressed in this country. The all-important issue in the city campaign had been the question whether the municipality should at once undertake the operation of its street railways. To this general idea, both candidates were committed, but John M. Harlan, the Republican candidate, and an original agitator of city ownership, adopted a conservative attitude during the campaign, promising that the scheme would be undertaken as soon as feasible. Edward F. Dunne, the Democrat, declared, on the other hand, for immediate ownership, and was elected by a plurality of 24,000. It is interesting to note in passing that Mr. Roosevelt carried the city last fall by more than 100,000, and that in the presidential election the Socialists cast 45,000 votes, whereas the vote of that party as such in this city election was 20,000. It seems clear, therefore, that a very large percentage of Judge Dunne's vote came from the Socialists. This strengthens the evidence that the victory was essentially one for the municipal ownership idea. The make-up of the city council does not promise well for the radical platform on which Judge Dunne was elected so far as party lines are concerned, since it is composed of thirty-seven Republicans and thirty-two Democrats, leaving the body in control of virtually the same men who were in the majority last year. Still Mayor Dunne answered with an emphatic affirmative a question as to whether he expected to see municipal ownership established within two years, and added: "The traction interests will recognize the inevitable, take a fair price for their property, and give us municipal ownership in two years. This, I expect, in every probability. If they want a fight we will give it to them in and out of court." In a general way, the plan provides that the city shall offer the railway companies a fair price for their rights and property, and take the case into the courts by beginning condemnation proceedings should the offer be refused. As an earnest

of the good faith of his promise to begin operations at once, a day or so after his election, Mayor Dunne sent a cablegram to Glasgow, which has a highly successful municipal street-railway system, asking that city to loan to Chicago one of its traction experts, and that request was promptly granted. In an address delivered before the Municipal Ownership League of New York City, immediately after his election, Mayor Dunne said:

- We presented a platform to the people that was clear, emphatic and distinct. It bound us positively to cease all negotiations having for their object the extension of franchises. Our platform also pledged us to take immediate steps to bring about municipal ownership, and we have won in the most decisive manner. People in Chicago know that gas is being manufactured by municipalities in Great Britain and is being furnished to citizens for about one-half the rate paid in Chicago. They know that all over America, where private ownership of street car systems prevails, the charge for fare is five cents, while in Glasgow one and seven-eighths cents is the average fare paid. In Europe, where municipalities are operating the street car systems, the fare varies from two to three cents per ride. None of the friends of municipal ownership in Chicago, or elsewhere, advocates the ownership and operation of any utility by municipalities unless in connection therewith there is a Civil Service law under which all applicants for position, irrespective of their politics, will be treated exactly alike, and under which just and reasonable tests will be applied to public servants to ascertain their fitness to perform the work entailed upon them. We have such a law in the city of Chicago, under which, for several years past, it has been practically impossible for any man to place a friend upon the Police Department, Fire Department or Water Department. The only other serious objection urged in Chicago against the operation by the public of its own utilities was that the municipality had no money. We in Chicago propose to raise all the money necessary to purchase an up-to-date street car system upon certificates which are special or limited promises to pay out of the income collected from the system. They are not general promises to pay which will entail taxation. Under the law of the State of Illinois these certificates are termed street car certificates. They should more properly be called income bonds.

**Jules Verne:
True Friend of
Every Boy**

In a well-considered estimate of Jules Verne, the New York Evening Post remarks that his death "should strike with a sense of personal bereavement all boys who read and all men in whom the romantic imagination of boyhood has not yet perished," and continues in part as follows: "Wherever love of adventure, coupled with curiosity as to the mechanism of the universe, exists, there Jules Verne finds his

disciples. Verne's novels lacked, we must admit, the great and enduring excellences of 'Robinson Crusoe,' yet to fall short of that matchless tale is far from failure. We lay down our 'Crusoe,' notwithstanding all its prolixities, with the conviction that we know the man. Whether wearing his skin cap and attended by Friday, or dressed as a sailor or a merchant, that heroic embodiment of ingenuity, piety, and fortitude could not escape our instant recognition. Captain Nemo, on the other hand, would be unrecognizable off the Nautilus, and with his clothes changed; Cyrus Harding is a mere walking handbook of 'Facts Every Boy Should Know'; and even Phileas Fogg is not a convincing personality. In the art of characterization Verne is feeble. His creatures have certain tricks of dress or speech; they have specialties in knowledge, but no blood and vitality. Fortunately boys are not contemplative philosophers. They will tolerate skilful character drawing in a story that is crammed with incident; but, given the incident, they are entirely happy with characters which are differentiated in the most rudimentary fashion. Nothing is better in its kind than the 'Arabian Nights'; nothing was ever written in which the califs, beggars, and robbers are more palpably wood and pasteboard. The fascination of the tales lies in the enchantment and the astounding adventures which vivify every page. The books of Jules Verne are the 'Arabian Nights' elaborately fitted with all modern improvements. The genii and the sorcerers of a few centuries ago have their lineal descendants in the accomplished gentlemen who are sometimes described as 'the wizards of science.' On the scientific side of Verne's writing one may easily lay undue stress. He was not the first to embed scientific knowledge in stories for boys, though he was uncommonly successful in sugar-coating the pill. The average boy can shed information as a duck sheds water. Who ever followed through those complicated calculations for constructing the great cannon and aiming it at the moon? If parents were severe minded and doubtful about the propriety of the novel, the young reader could protest. 'See, father, it tells us that at 32,000 feet below the surface of the ocean pressure on the human body would be 97,500,000 pounds'—an unanswerable argument. But the science, after all, was a mere husk. The kernel was of such stuff as dreams are made of."

Doubtless it is true that, perversely or otherwise, "the average boy can shed information as a duck sheds water," especially if he be made aware that it is mere information. On the other hand, we are disposed to believe that many boys have got, and that many more will get, whether or no, a deal of a certain very valuable kind of information from Verne's books. For example, we suppose that the average boy will get from "Around the World in Eighty Days" certain vivid and approximately correct ideas about places, peoples and distances which he would not, indeed could not, get from his dry-as-dust geography; and that none of his school-

books will give him any such conception of the immensity and the mystery of the ocean as is that which he will absorb, in spite of himself, as he follows the adventures of Captain Nemo. To have absorbed, even unconsciously, such impressions is to have had the scope of one's general intelligence very greatly expanded. Finally, but by no means the least important consideration, however much of the incredible there may be in these adventures, or of the impossible in the heroes of them, it remains true that there is nothing base or debasing in them. On the contrary, their appeal is mainly to the higher faculties and to the better impulses.

Chronology

(March 15 to April 15.)

Political Events—American

March 15.—Governor Hoch of Kansas is informed that John D. Rockefeller is willing to buy that State's issue of bonds for building the proposed oil refinery.

March 16.—The joint assembly of the Colorado Legislature seats James H. Peabody, the Republican candidate for re-election, as Governor.

March 17.—The Attorney-General of Missouri begins proceedings against the Standard Oil Company.

March 17.—Governor Peabody of Colorado resigns and is succeeded by Lieutenant-Governor McDonald.

March 18.—Major William Warner, a Republican, is elected United States Senator from Missouri, on the sixty-seventh ballot.

March 18.—The Senate adjourns, leaving the Santo Domingo treaty unratified.

March 20.—George B. Cortelyou announces that he has appointed Harry C. New to succeed him as chairman of the Republican National Committee.

March 21.—The Governor of Texas signs a bill placing Houston in the hands of a commission of five men, and legislating out of office all the officials elected at the last general election.

March 23.—The Delaware Assembly again adjourns without having elected a United States Senator, the deadlock between the Addicks and the anti-Addicks men not having been broken.

March 24.—The Nebraska Legislature appropriates \$250,000 for building a binder-twine factory.

March 28.—President Roosevelt gives orders providing that the United States shall act as temporary receiver for Santo Domingo.

March 29.—President Roosevelt, through Secretary Taft, calls for the resignation of all the Panama Canal commissioners.

March 30.—A bill is introduced in the Texas Senate appropriating \$15,000 to be used in investigating the operations of the Standard Oil Company in that State.

April 1.—The Junkin anti-trust bill, aimed at the beef packers, has passed both branches of the Nebraska Legislature.

April 3.—The War Department announces the make-up of the new Panama Canal Commission as follows: Chairman, Theodore P. Shonts, of Illinois; Charles E. Magoon, of Nebraska, who will also serve as Governor of the Canal Zone; John F. Wallace, of Illinois, chief engineer; Rear-Admiral M. T. Endicott, Brig.-Gen. Peter C. Hains, U. S. A., Col. O. H. Ernst, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., and Benjamin M. Harrod, of Louisiana. Mr. Harrod is the only member of the old board who is retained.

April 4.—The Democrats are successful in the Chicago city election and the vote on the street-railway franchises is generally against the companies concerned.

April 6.—Kansas demands a fee of \$20,000 from the Western Union Telegraph Company for the right to do business in that State.

April 10.—The United States Supreme Court decides that the Constitution applies to Alaska.

April 13.—United States Senator J. R. Burton is reindicted by the Federal Grand Jury at St. Louis.

April 13.—The New York Assembly passes the bill transferring the power to grant franchises from the New York City Board of Aldermen to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The measure now goes to Mayor McClellan for his approval.

April 13.—The assassin of Grand Duke Sergius is identified as Ivan Kalaieff, a student who was expelled from the University of St. Petersburg in 1899, for political reasons.

Political Events—Foreign

March 18.—Despatches from St. Petersburg announce that the peasant uprisings in Russia are steadily growing more considerable and more ominous.

March 20.—An unsuccessful attempt is made to assassinate M. Mjasojadoff, the Russian Governor of Finland at Helsingfors.

March 21.—Eight hussars are assassinated at Warsaw by the explosion of a bomb.

March 21.—The new French Government's bill for the separation of the Church and the State is introduced in the Chamber of Deputies.

March 21.—Premier Parent of Quebec resigns.

March 21.—The military fired on a group of peasants in the Kutno district, killing about ten and wounding fifty. The peasants were protesting against an order for a supply of horses for the army.

March 22.—Dr. von Bethmann-Hoillweg is appointed Prussian Minister of the Interior, to succeed Baron von Hammerstein-Loxten, who died March 20.

March 25.—It is reported that Maxim Gorky is to be tried for treason.

March 27.—Insurgents at Therisso, Crete, form a provisional assembly and proclaim the union of Crete and Greece.

March 28.—A "minor state of siege" is proclaimed in Russia's Baltic government of Livonia, owing to the recent riots there.

International Affairs

March 29.—It is announced at Washington by an agent of Venezuela that his Government and the French Cable Company have reached an agreement whereby the possibility of a rupture between the two countries has been averted.

March 29.—Prince George of Greece, as High Commissioner for Crete, issues a proclamation announcing that the powers have ordered their troops to quell the uprising in that island.

March 31.—President Arnal, of the Venezuelan Supreme Court, decides that the French Cable Company's contract with his Government has been forfeited, but disallows the Government's claim for damages from the company.

March 31.—M. Delcassé, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, denies, in the Senate, that France is attempting to establish her interests in Morocco to the exclusion of other countries.

April 6.—King Edward and President Loubet confer presumably on the question of the present relations between France and Germany.

April 6.—Crown Prince Gustaf, of Sweden, calls a joint council to consider arrangements for bringing about political equality between the two countries.

April 7.—M. Delcassé, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, declares in the Chamber of Deputies, that France is anxious to maintain peace, but will insist upon the "open door" in Morocco.

April 9.—French troops assist the Moroccan forces in repelling an attack upon Ujda, by supporters of the pretender, and disperse the rebels, killing many of them.

Events of the War

March 15.—The Russian loan of \$120,000,000 is to be negotiated at Paris. The terms provide for a commission of 4½ per cent., a treaty which will increase the importation into Russia of French wines, and the deposit of a large sum of money in France to pay for war-ships building there.

March 16.—It is announced that General Linievitch will succeed General Kuropatkin as commander of the Russian army in Manchuria.

March 16.—The Japanese occupy Tieling, and the Russians continue their retreat.

March 21.—The Japanese occupy Changtufu.

March 23.—Negotiations for the issue of a Japanese loan of \$150,000,000 are concluded at

London and New York. The selling price is 90, the interest 4½ per cent., and the term twenty years. The security will be the net receipts of the tobacco monopoly, aggregating 32,000,000 yen.

March 24.—The Moscow correspondent of the London Standard says it is estimated that the war has already cost Russia \$1,000,000,000.

March 25.—Statistics published by the Russian War Department indicate that that country's army in the field since the war began may have numbered 1,000,000 men, of whom about 500,000 have been lost.

March 28.—The Japanese casualties at the battle of Mukden are now estimated at 57,000.

April 3.—The report of the committee of the London Board of Trade, appointed to investigate the Dogger Bank incident, strongly condemns the action of the Russian fleet.

April 8.—The Russian fleet under Admiral Rojestvensky is sighted off Singapore.

April 14.—It is reported that General Stoessel has been sentenced to be shot for surrendering Port Arthur, the sentence being a formality and not to be executed.

Various Events

March 16.—Despatches from Bombay announce the rapid increase of the bubonic plague, with a weekly average death-rate in India of 35,000.

March 16.—William Marconi marries, in London, the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, sister of Baron Inchiquin.

March 18.—Secretary of State John Hay, evidently in a much weakened condition physically, sails from New York for Naples.

March 18.—The armored cruiser *Washington* is launched at South Camden, N. J.

March 18.—Ten men are killed by an explosion of fire-damp in two coal-mines near Thurmond, Fayette County, W. Va.

March 18.—Two captains, a sub-lieutenant and two gunners of the battery from which a charge of grape-shot was fired (November 19), narrowly missing the Czar, are found guilty of negligence, without malicious intent. The officers are sentenced to imprisonment for eighteen, seventeen and sixteen months respectively.

March 19.—A second explosion in one of the coal-mines near Thurmond, W. Va., killed fourteen men in a rescuing party.

March 20.—Eight persons are killed by a tornado at Doublehead, Chambers County, Ala.

March 20.—Fifty-eight employees are killed by the explosion of a boiler, and in the fire that followed, at the shoe factory of R. B. Grover & Co., in Brockton, Mass.

March 22.—The Tokio correspondent of the London Telegraph reports that a new island was thrown up volcanically three miles south of Iwo Island, southern Japan, on December 5. The island, which has been named "Nushima," is two and three-quarter miles in circumference and 480 feet high.

March 22.—The investigation of the beef trust by a Federal Grand Jury at Chicago begins.

March 22.—Six miners are killed and two mortally injured by an explosion of powder in a coal-mine at Princeton, Ind.

March 22.—The house at Argamasilla, Spain, in which Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" has been burned.

March 23.—Commander Peary's new vessel, in which he is to try again to reach the north pole, is launched at Bucksport, Me., and is christened *Roosevelt* by Mrs. Peary.

March 26.—Baron von Nolken, chief of police, is wounded, a detective killed and several policemen injured by the explosion of a bomb in Praga, a suburb of Warsaw.

March 26.—Mobs at Yalta, in the Crimea, set fire to the town in several places, wreck the jail and liberate the prisoners.

March 27.—Sixty-two Confederate battle-flags, sent by the War Department, are received at Richmond, Va.

March 27.—Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick is sentenced, at Cleveland, O., to serve ten years in the Ohio penitentiary, and to pay the costs of her trial.

March 28.—Thomas J. Connors, general superintendent of Armour & Co., is arrested in Chicago on a bench warrant charging him with corruptly influencing witnesses summoned to appear before the Federal Grand Jury in the investigation of the beef trust.

March 28.—It is announced that Andrew Carnegie has promised to give \$100,000 to Rochester (N. Y.) University, provided the institution will raise the same amount.

March 29.—Ouster proceedings are begun at Jefferson City, Mo., against the Standard Oil Company, the Republic Oil Company and the Waters-Pierce Oil Company for alleged violations of the anti-trust laws in that State.

March 30.—Famine causes much suffering and several serious outbreaks in Andalusia, Spain.

March 31.—The United States Steel Corporation announces at Pittsburg an increase of 10 per cent. in the wages of all employees.

April 1.—Caucasian newspaper accounts of the recent Baku massacre say that it was inspired by Russian authorities, that the slaughter went on for four days and that about 2,000 Armenians were killed by the Mussulmans.

April 2.—Soldiers in dispersing a crowd of Jewish Socialists at Warsaw kill five and wound many more.

April 3.—President Roosevelt leaves Washington for his two months' vacation in the Southwest.

April 3.—Dr. Herman V. Hilprecht resigns his post as curator of the Babylonian section of the Museum of Science, University of Pennsylvania.

April 4.—A violent earthquake affecting Lahore, British India, and that general vicinity, kills many persons and damages much property.

April 8.—Judge Landis decides (at Chicago) that Thomas J. Connors, of the Armour Company, must stand trial on the charge of tampering with witnesses in the beef trust investigation.

April 8.—The American Baptist Mission Union accepts \$100,000 from John D. Rockefeller.

April 9.—A severe earthquake shock is felt at Benvenuto, Italy.

April 10.—The treasurer of the American Baptist Mission Union announces that John D. Rockefeller has given another \$100,000 to that association.

April 11.—It is announced that Andrew Car-

negie has given, unconditionally, \$150,000 to the Springfield (Mass.) public library, to be used for a new library building.

April 11.—The Prudential Committee of the American Board decides to accept the gift of \$100,000 from John D. Rockefeller.

April 13.—Three employees of, and an attorney for the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Company, meat packers, are indicted by the Federal Grand Jury at Chicago, on the charge of obstructing the beef trust inquiry.

April 13.—The University of Virginia accepts \$100,000 from John D. Rockefeller.

April 14.—The body of Paul Jones, for which Ambassador Porter has been searching for many years, is found in the St. Louis Cemetery in Paris.

April 15.—Fresh earthquakes are reported at Sultanpur and Kulu, with great loss of life.

Obituary Mention

March 17.—Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, formerly Governor of, and United States Senator from Connecticut, dies in Washington, D. C. He was born in Stewartsville, N. C., October 31, 1826.

March 20.—Baron von Hammerstein-Loxten, Prussian Minister of the Interior, dies at Berlin. He was born in 1842.

March 22.—Antonin Proust, who was Minister of Fine Arts in the Gambetta Cabinet, dies in Paris of self-inflicted bullet wounds. He was born in Niort, France, in 1832.

March 22.—Elmer Hewitt Capen, president of Tufts College, dies at his home in Medford, Mass. He was born in Stoughton, Mass., in 1838.

March 24.—The sculptor, Taracchi, dies in Milan.

March 24.—Señor Don Manuel de Aspiroz, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Mexico to the United States since 1889, dies in Washington. He was born in Puebla in 1836.

March 24.—Jules Verne, the famous French writer, dies in Amiens. He was born in Nantes, February 8, 1828.

March 25.—Maurice Barrymore (Herbert Blythe), the actor, dies in a sanitarium at Amityville, Long Island. He was born in India in 1847.

April 2.—William Frederick Potter, president of the Long Island Railroad Company, dies in New York City, aged 49.

April 4.—Jean Baptiste Meunier, the sculptor, dies in Brussels, aged 84.

April 5.—Mrs. Mary Frances Grant Cramer, a sister of Gen. U. S. Grant, dies in East Orange, N. J.

April 11.—Alfred Francis Toulmin, harpist, dies in New York City. He was born in London in 1827.

April 11.—Col. Nicholas Pike, naturalist, and formerly consul to Mauritius, dies in New York City, aged 88.

April 13.—H. T. Craven, England's oldest dramatist, dies in London.

April 15.—General John Palmer, former Secretary of State and Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army, dies in Albany, N. Y. He was born in Stapleton, Staten Island, on March 22, 1842.

Two Southern Views of the Race Question

HUXLEY, it will be remembered, said of Spencer, that his conception of a tragedy was "an induction killed by a fact." Such a conception may not be wide-spread, but, nevertheless, it would be difficult to overestimate the havoc among popular opinions that would result from a fuller general knowledge of the facts. Especially is this true with regard to such "problems" and questions as from their very nature inevitably arouse antagonisms and prejudice, social, religious, political, racial, sectional or otherwise. Possibly no present-day problem presses so insistently for solution, or requires for its solution a completer knowledge of plain, unvarnished facts, than the so-called negro problem, in reality a congeries of problems, in the United States. It has been written about almost *ad nauseam*, but only too seldom in the right spirit or in the right way. As the author of a significant paper, "A Plea for Light," which recently appeared in the "South Atlantic Quarterly," says: "The number of concrete local investigations, written to display the facts of the negro's life, not to prove theories, can be counted almost on one's fingers." Again he says, and with equal truth: "The facts have been so twisted and distorted that the average man has a confused idea that there is a negro problem, and little else." Almost everywhere, unfortunately, prejudice and bias appear. The Southerner, for instance, smarting from his reconstruction wrongs, and realizing acutely the seriousness of the situation, is likely to scent race contamination, as Burke says the American colonists scented oppression, in every tainted breeze. He is thus, and naturally enough, prone to be, at times, supersensitive, and from the very nature of the case, must resent what he regards as the pernicious meddling of outsiders, whose smug self-righteousness probably often seems worse to him than their essential ignorance. The Northern negrophile, on the other hand, full of a commendable love for the "under-dog," has only too often written as a doctrinaire, and, ignorant of the negro as he is, has formed conclusions on absurdly insufficient data, creating *a priori*, a being such as never was with a jaunty

nonchalance equal to that of Rousseau, who, utterly ignorant of anthropology, constructed his "natural man" on the naive assumption that "coming from the hand of the Author of all things, everything is good." Nothing so much as the writings of these two classes of men has tended to keep alive sectional prejudice; for the proverb, "The man we don't like is the man we don't know," surely remains just as true if for "man" we read "section."

As helping to remove this sectional misunderstanding, therefore, any book or books which honestly and frankly state either side of the case must be welcomed. Two such books,* each by an able and representative Southern man, have recently been written for the purpose of expressing the sentiment of the South. In this review an attempt will be made merely to summarize the views of these two men, whose ability and whose familiarity with that whereof they write are such as to entitle them to speak with some authority, and whose position and standing are such as to justify us in supposing that they may fairly be regarded as trustworthy spokesmen of their section. At the outset it should be said that both Mr. Page and Professor Smith, almost of necessity, write of the "negro problem," instead of the "negro problems," though, as Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy in his interesting book, "Problems of the Present South," has recently pointed out, the latter term is more accurately descriptive, inasmuch as conditions are local rather than general.

Much of Mr. Page's book, it will be remembered, first appeared as magazine articles, and one chapter, "The Race Question," was published several years ago in a collection of essays, "The Old South," by the author. This will account for the noticeable repetitions and for a certain lack of continuity of thought in the present volume. However, these are minor matters. The general character and scope of the book

*THE NEGRO: THE SOUTHERNER'S PROBLEM. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25 net; and THE COLOR LINE: A BRIEF IN BEHALF OF THE UNBORN. By William Benjamin Smith. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

may perhaps best be understood by a glance at the chapter headings. They are: "Slavery and the Old Relation between the Southern Whites and the Blacks," "Some of Its Difficulties and Fallacies," "Its Present Condition and Aspect as Shown by Statistics," "The Lynching of Negroes—Its Cause and Its Prevention," "The Partial Disfranchisement of the Negro," "The Old-Time Negro," "The Race Question," and "Of the Solution of the Question."

The author thus characterizes the importance of the problem: "Next to Representative Government," he says, "this is to-day the most tremendous question which faces directly one-third of the people of the United States, and only less immediately all of them. It includes the labor question of the South, and must, in time, affect that of the whole country. It does more; it affects all those conditions which make life endurable, and, perhaps, even possible, in a dozen States of the Union. Wherever it exists, it is so vital that it absorbs for the time being all the energies of the people, and excludes due consideration of every other question whatever. In dealing with this Question in the past, nearly every mistake that could possibly be made has been made, and to-day, after more than thirty-five years of peace and of material prosperity, the Question is apparently as live as it was over a generation ago, when national passion was allowed to usurp the province of deliberation, and the negro was taught two fundamental errors: first, that the Southern white was inherently his enemy, and, secondly, that his race could be legislated into equality with the white. . . . It has kept alive sectional feeling; has inflamed partisanship; distorted party policies; barred complete reconciliation; cost hundreds of millions of money, and hundreds if not thousands of lives, and stands ever ready, like Banquo's ghost, to burst forth even at the feast."

We have presented to us the singular fact that two sections of the same race, with the same manners and customs, the same traits of character, the same history and, until within a time so recent that the divergence is within the memory of living men, the same historical relation to the negro race, should regard so vital a question from such opposite points; the one esteeming the question to be merely as to the legal equality of the races, and the other passionately holding it to be a matter that goes to the

very foundation of race domination and race integrity.

The position which Mr. Page takes in his book is familiar enough. At the close of the Civil War, during which "no race ever behaved better than the Negroes," the two races, the author says, had possibly been "brought nearer together than they had ever been before." The white, understanding the negro and realizing his needs, stood ready to do all in his power for the uplifting and betterment of his former slave—but emphatically not ready to treat him in any way as a social equal. The negro, on the other hand, looked trustingly to his former master for support and assistance. Goodwill was mutual. Then the North, misguided—however good its intentions—intervened. "The North believed that the Negro was, or might be made, the actual equal of the white, and that the South not only rejected this dogma, but, further, did not accept emancipation with sincerity, and would do all in its power to nullify the work which had already been accomplished, and hold the Negroes in *quasi*-servitude. The South held that the Negro was not the equal of the white, and further held that, suddenly released from slavery, he must, to prevent his becoming a burden and a menace, be controlled and compelled to work. . . . To ignorance and opposition of views on the part of the two sections, unhappily, were added at the outset the misunderstandings and passions engendered by war, which prevented reason having any great part in a work which was to affect the whole future of the nation. . . . The Negro appeared to the politicians a useful instrument, and to the doctrinaires 'a man and a brother' who was the equal of his former master, and, if he were 'armed with the weapon' of the ballot, would be able to protect himself, and would inevitably rise to the full stature of the white." When reconstruction had finally been accomplished, the whites, impoverished, were left with bitter memories of the hideous orgy of negro misrule; the negro had grown to regard the Southern white as his natural enemy; his taste of power had rendered him far less capable of settling down to routine work, and he had come to consider himself the equal, political and social, of the white. The white, however, promptly asserted himself. "The day the bayonets were withdrawn from the South, the Negro

power, which but the day before had been arrogant and insolent as ever in the whole course of its brief authority, fell to pieces." Eventually also the ballot was withdrawn from all but the more intelligent of the negroes. The author's chapter on "The Partial Disfranchisement of the Negro" is a strong and, at the same time, temperate statement of the Southern side of the case.

At the present day, according to Mr. Page, the situation is, in some respects, worse than ever. "It is useless," he says, "to blink the question. The old relation of intimacy and affection that survived to a considerable extent the strain and stress of the reconstruction period, and the repressive measures that followed it, has passed away, and in its place has come a feeling of indifference or contempt on the one side, and indifference or envy on the other. . . . The rule is a changed relation and a widening breach." The war left the negro "a trained laborer or a skilled artisan." Since then more than \$100,000,000, "raised by the votes of the whites from taxation on the property of the whites, has been expended on his education." Though many negroes have done well, the result is on the whole greatly disappointing. At present, the author says, the negroes may be divided into three classes: "The first is a small class, comparatively speaking, who are more or less educated, some being well educated and well conducted; others with a semblance of education and none too well behaved. The former constitute what may be termed the upper fraction; the latter possess only a counterfeit culture—lack the essential element of character and even moral perception. The second class is composed of a respectable, well behaved, self-respecting element; sensible, though with little or no education, and, except when under the domination of passion, good citizens. This class embraces most of the more intelligent of the older generation who were trained in slavery, and a considerable element of the intelligent, middle-aged, conservative workers of the race who were trained by that generation. The two together may be called the back-bone of the race. The third class is composed of those who are wholly ignorant, or in whom, though they have what they call education, this so-called education is unaccompanied by any of the fruits of character which education is supposed to produce. Among these are many who esteem

themselves in the first class, and, because of a veneer of education, are not infrequently confounded with them. The first two classes may easily be reckoned with. They contain the elements which make good citizens and which should enable them to secure all proper recognition and respect. They need no weapon but that which they possess—good citizenship. Unfortunately, the great body of the race, and a vast percentage of the growing generation, belong to the third class. It is this class which has to be reckoned with. It is like a vast sluggish mass of uncooled lava over a large section of the country, burying some portions and affecting the whole. It is apparently harmless, but beneath its surface smoulder fires which may at any time burst forth unexpectedly and spread desolation all around. It is this mass, increasing from beneath, not from above, which constitutes the Negro Question."

The author presents an array of statistics to prove that the progress of the negro has been grossly exaggerated, and in summing up, says: "So far then, as statistics would indicate, the improvement that exists among the negroes is not shown by the race at large as is usually alleged, but is shown in the main by the upper fraction. This proposition is borne out also by the testimony of the great majority of the Southern whites, who live in constant touch with the blacks; who have known them in every relation of life in a way that no one who has not lived among them can know them. Universally they will tell you that while the old-time Negroes were industrious, saving, and, when not misled, well-behaved, kindly, respectful, and self-respecting, and while the remnant of them who remain still retain generally these characteristics the 'new issue' for the most part, are lazy, thriftless, intemperate, insolent, dishonest, and without the most rudimentary elements of morality. They unite further in the opinion that education such as they receive in the public schools, so far from appearing to uplift them, appears to be without any appreciable beneficial effect upon their morals or their standing as citizens. But more than this, universally they report a general depravity and retrogression of the Negroes at large in sections in which they are left to themselves, closely resembling a reversion to barbarism. . . . Southerners of every class and calling, without exception, bear witness to the depressing fact that, leaving out the small upper fraction, the Negro race

has not advanced at all in morality. . . . To-day, no woman in the South goes alone upon the highway out of sight of white men, except on necessity, and no man leaves his women alone in his house if he can help it. Over 500 white women and children have been assaulted in the South by Negroes during the last twenty-five years."

We cannot follow the author in his discussion of the unpleasant subject of lynching; that chapter, however, should be read by all those who wish to understand the causes and the extent of that hideous crime. Nor can we quote from the author's description of the old-time negro; it is, however, a delightful chapter, just such as readers of Mr. Page's charming stories would expect from him. One is naturally interested, however, in any proposed solution of the problem. "The answer at present," the author says, "would appear to be alternative: either they must live separately among us—that is, a people within a people, separate and distinct—or they must be amalgamated and mixed in with the whites; or they must be removed and still live separate and distinct, whether in some country beyond the confines of the United States, or in some portion of the country which shall be given up to them." Amalgamation, however, is unthinkable; deportation, though possible, is highly improbable. "The first step toward the solution of the problem would be taken if the Negro were simply let alone and left to his own resources, with such help as equity or philanthropy might contribute—in other words, if the whites and blacks were left to settle their difficulties and troubles in the various States and sections precisely as they would be left were all whites or all blacks. . . . Left alone, the whites and the blacks of the South would settle their difficulties along the lines of substantial justice and substantial equity. . . . The final settlement must be one in which the great body of that portion of the white race who know the Negroes best shall acquiesce," and "must be by the way of elevating both races." The negro should therefore be educated, but largely along industrial lines, the true principle being "elementary education for all, including in the term 'industrial education,' and special, that is, higher education of a proper kind for the special individuals who may give proof of their fitness to receive and profit by it."

Professor Smith's book is probably one of

the most powerful arguments that has ever appeared to prove the inherent inferiority of the black race—an inferiority which, as he believes, no education, no philanthropic endeavor, no effort, however earnest or long sustained on the part of the race itself, can ever possibly remove. The book is written by a man of logical mind, of catholic training and culture, who has ever before him the specter of race intermixture, from which he shrinks back with undisguised and very articulate horror. He trusts nothing to the reader, but indefatigably brings his batteries to bear on positions which have surely been long ago abandoned by all except a few of their more obstinate defenders. Surely an overwhelming majority of thinking men would readily agree with the author when he asserts the racial inferiority of the pure negro and the unspeakable calamity of amalgamation. The arguments are historical, statistical, biological, ethnological, and anthropological; and are presented in an orderly and forcible manner. Altogether the book is written with such sheer ability, such intellectual vigor, and such abundant knowledge that it deserves to be read by everyone who wishes to see the case against the negro stated with unusual strength and force. To the ardent negrophile, if he happen to be unsupplied with a learned counterblast, the book will be depressing, indeed.

Professor Smith thus states the problem: "What, then, is the real point at issue, and what does the South stand for in this contention—stand alone, friendless, despised, with the head and heart, the brain and brawn, the wealth and culture of the civilized world arrayed against her? The answer is simple: She stands for blood, for the '*continuous germ-plasma*' of the *Caucasian Race*. . . . Here, then, is laid bare the nerve of the whole matter: *Is the South justified in absolute denial of social equality to the Negro, no matter what his virtues or abilities or accomplishments?* We affirm . . . that the South is entirely right in thus keeping open at all times, at all hazards, and at all sacrifices, an impassable social chasm between black and white. This she *must* do in behalf of her blood, her essence, of the stock of the *Caucasian Race*. . . . If we sit with Negroes at our tables, if we entertain them as our guests and social equals, if we disregard the color line in all other relations is it possible to maintain it

fixedly in the sexual relation, in the marriage of our sons and daughters, in the propagation of our species? Unquestionably, no! . . . And herein lies the profound and disastrous significance of the Washington incident and its fellows. They are open proclamations from the housetops of society that the South is radically wrong, that no racial distinctions are valid in social life, that only personal qualities are to be regarded. The necessary inference is the perfect equality of the races, as *races*, the abolition of the color line in society, in the family, in the home. The unescapable result would be the mongrelization of the South, and her reduction below the level of Mexico and Central America.

. . . But some one will say that we are fighting 'bogies'; that no one in the North, much less in the South, desires any such amalgamation. Do not believe it! The intense, the supreme yearning of large bodies of Negroes is for social recognition among the whites—more especially for intermarriage with their haughty old-time despisers. Who does not know this simply does not understand the dominant facts of Southern life."

We cannot here follow the author through his long argument to prove, what surely was in little need of proof, that the negro race in history and at present is inferior, as a race, to the white race, and that the results of race intermixture would be disastrous for the white. The author's views with regard to what the future has in store for the negro is perhaps of greater general interest.

"If social equality," he says, "must be resolutely denied him forever, if he is to be treated as an outcast and a pariah because of his race and the weight of inheritance which he can never shake off from his shoulders, what hope remains? Where are the blessings of freedom? Is, then, emancipation but an apple of Sodom, turning to ashes on his lips? . . . In the light of the foregoing, it is vain to appeal to education. We know that many noble and excellent spirits expect wonders from this potent agency. . . . The work that education may accomplish is undoubtedly great; and in spite of many discouraging disappointments, the task of educating the Negro will assuredly be bravely performed, in larger and larger measure, for all generations to come. But it is a colossal error to suppose that race improvement, in the strictest sense of the term, can be wrought by education. The reason is simple and easily understood: Race

improvement is organic; education is extra-organic. Any change or amelioration that affects the race, the stock, the blood, must be inherited; but education is not inherited, it is not inheritable. . . . If the children of the cultured acquire more readily than their fellows, it is not because they have inherited parental culture, but only the inherited parental capacity for culture; not because their parents knew more, but because they had more inborn power to know. . . . These propositions lie beyond possible contradiction.

. . . The testimony of every-day observation is, on this point, so unanimous and so overwhelming that further insistence would seem superfluous. We may refer, however, to the broad, patent, universally recognized fact that centuries of culture and most careful training have never been known to improve the breed, the stock, the inherent quality of any race of men or plants or domestic animals. Wherever any of these have been organically modified, it has been by other agencies, more especially by some form of natural or artificial selection.

Education, then, can do much; but its mission is to the present—it cannot stamp itself upon the future. The limits of its efficiency, though absolutely wide, are relatively narrow, and are speedily reached. It plays with man the function of care and training, of cultivation and domestication, with the lower animals and with the products of the soil.

. . . But it is the sheerest folly to expect of education the impossible—to dream that it can affect the blood, or transmute racial qualities, or smooth down the inequalities between individuals of the same breed, much less between the breeds themselves.

. . . Let us, then, educate the Negro, to make him a more useful and productive, a law-abiding and happier member of the community; but let us not hope too much from this education, if we would not be bitterly disappointed.

"Mr. Washington has undertaken a great and beneficent work for his race—one in which some measurable success may reasonably be hoped for. . . . Let it be said, boldly, that the Negro will not enter generally or in great numbers into the field of skilled labor—neither in the North nor in the South. It is, of course, not unattended with danger to venture into the realm of prophecy, but in this case the bases of prediction seem particularly broad and solid. We all know that skilled labor is daily growing more and

more thoroughly organized. . . . It is only in great numbers, in compact and readily wielded organizations, that the individual workman can count for anything whatever.

. . . . Now, to such federations of labor, to such combinations for the common weal, . . . even the Caucasian nature is by no means full grown, and the Negroid is altogether unequal. There is not the slightest probability that the great labor organizations would, in general, think of admitting to their membership an element of such notable weakness as the Negro would certainly be. Such would be the case, even if other considerations were absent. But they are present. As inferiors, accustomed to a lower standard of life and more pliant to the demands of employers, the Negroes would present the same problem and the same menace as the Chinese—only in a more aggravated form. In their admission in large numbers to the ranks of skilled labor, this latter could not fail to see a terrible and instant threat of reduced wages, of lowered life, of baser thralldom. Race prejudice, if you call it so, would blaze out immediately, and with irresistible violence. . . . What fields of employment, then, remain open to the Negroid? We answer: Those he has thus far occupied, where there is no great organized competition of the whites. The plantation and the countless forms of personal and occasional service are undoubtedly the regions where his abilities may be most naturally and most profitably employed. There, too, his better qualities, his endowments, both of mind and of body, find fullest and most useful play. Small farming and retail dealing he may also do successfully; he may teach his kind, he may preach and plead and prescribe and publish for them. Superior artisans will show themselves here and there, and occasionally abilities of still higher order will crop out, especially among Mulattoes. If they will, these can find ample scope for their powers within the ranks of their own people. . . . Vain and foolish for even the superior Negroid to try to take the kingdom of heaven by force, to conquer a position among the whites commensurate with his abilities as a black. . . . In general, whatever tends towards the sharp demarcation of the two races, towards the accurate delimitation of their spheres of activity and influence, will unquestionably make for peace, for prosperity, for mutual understanding, and for general contentment. On the other hand, every at-

tempt to blur these boundaries, to wipe out natural distinctions, to mix immiscibles, must always issue in confusion, discord, failure, reciprocal injury, and final ruin.

"We think that universal history attests the correctness of this observation. Wherever border lines have been closely drawn and distinctly recognized, whether between species or races, nations or tribes, castes, classes, or individuals, there have been found at least comparative quiet, harmony, mutual regard, and even happiness. But ill-defined borders have been everywhere and everywhen the fruitful source of strife, destruction and misery. . . . We affirm, then, that drawing the color line, firm and fast, between the races, first of all in social relations, and then by degrees in occupations also, is a natural process and a rational procedure which makes equally for the welfare of both. That this process will actually go on, though with many interruptions and much opposition, we cannot doubt. The latter will be due in the main to aspiring Mulattoes, to purblind philanthropists, and to designing politicians—all three the real enemies of the Negro and the disturbers of his peace." The author points out the tendency of the Negroes to flock to the cities, and to the frightful death rate among them there, and says: "Hitherto, the rate of multiplication has been in a measure maintained by a high birth rate in the face of a fearful mortality. But this cannot last. The plain indications now are that the birth rate is falling and must fall, while the death rate rises. Moreover, the gloomy hopelessness of the situation must become apparent as the decades glide by. The Negro must feel that competition is becoming sharper, that his territory is becoming narrower and narrower, that twentieth century citizenship is, like the Gospel commandment, made for those who can receive it, that he is unequal to the load cast upon him, that he is sinking beneath the burden of an honor unto which he was not born. Herewith the joyousness of life must depart, the old time buoyancy of the race give place to a deepening despond. As the generations pass on, the Negro will be hemmed every way within straiter and straiter limits, his numbers will decrease, his digit will move further to the right in the great sum of humanity—slowly, silently, steadily he will be driven to the wall. Possibly he may emigrate to some tropical clime which nature has forbidden to the Caucasian. . . . If

the blacks should . . . colonize some outlying tropical region . . . the experiment would most likely be a repetition of Haiti; removed from the sustaining atmosphere of European civilization, the Negro would most probably sink back into barbarism.

. . . The doom that awaits the negro has been prepared in like measure for all inferior races. Except where they are bulwarked by the climate, they must be drowned by the mounting wave of their superior rivals. To the clear, cold eye of science, the plight of these backward peoples appears practically hopeless. They have neither part nor parcel in the future history of man; they are rejected as dross from its thrice-heated furnace. This may sound harsh and unfeeling, but in reality it is not so. We do

not mean that the inferior should be treated unjustly, unkindly, unhumanly. Far from it. Let equity be dealt with an even hand.

. . . The processes we have in view lie deeper than any legislation; they are woven in the living garment of the God-head."

Professor Smith's book, though in many ways abler, is probably not nearly so representative of the South as is Mr. Page's; it is not likely that many could give such a learned and scientific account of the faith that is in them. The average man much more probably would recognize Mr. Page as his spokesman. At all events, any reader must acknowledge the candor and frankness of both writers, however much he may disagree with them.

Charles C. Whinery.

Modern Japan as Seen by One of Its Makers*

THERE are several reasons why Mr. Henry Dyer's "Dai Nippon" should be rated among the important works on Japan. It embodies a compact and accurate account of the intellectual and material development of the Japanese people since the Restoration; it involves a conscientious study of the forces making for this development as understood by one who, during two of the most important lustra of the transition period, took an active part in the upbuilding of the empire; and it affords a comprehensive idea of the problems, religious, social and economic, which the nation in its upward march is now called upon to face. As a literary production Mr. Dyer's book leaves much to be desired, but it has abundantly compensatory excellencies of spirit and method, and in the last analysis its merits far outweigh its defects.

At the outset Mr. Dyer, following the lead of Sir Ernest Satow, endeavors to combat the idea that the advent of foreigners was the exciting cause of the political upheaval that has resulted in the amazing progress of the Japanese. The minds of the people, it is pointed out, had already been deeply stirred by the writings of the second Prince of Mito (1622-1700), who had taught that the Shogun was a usurper and that all power

over the nation was vested by Heaven in the Mikado. Mito's colossal "History of Japan," a work of two hundred and forty-three volumes, had remained in manuscript until 1851, when a wide-spread demand brought about its publication. At the same time there was an active revival of Shintoism, and, altogether, forces were at work to render inevitable the revolution that was hastened by the demand of the foreign envoys for trade treaties with the countries they represented. Searching for the roots of the national growth since the reopening of Japan to the world (for history proves that it was actually a reopening), Mr. Dyer perceives them in "the fact that the Japanese have a high sense of personal and national honor, which their critics not unnaturally put down to conceit and vanity. From the time that the first treaties were made with foreigners, they felt that some of the conditions were such that they were placed in a position of inferiority, which they could not endure. I can recall the bitterness with which some leading Japanese spoke to me of the presence of a British regiment in Yokohama for the purpose of protecting the foreign settlement. They felt it as a national disgrace which ought to be got rid of as soon as possible, although they recognized its need for some time after it came. The terms of the treaties by which foreigners

*DAI NIPPON, THE BRITAIN OF THE EAST. By Henry Dyer. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

were placed under the jurisdiction of their own national authorities were considered humiliating to Japan. The responsible statesmen, of course, recognized that such arrangements were necessary until Japan had brought herself somewhat into line with Western nations as regards the methods and the administration of the law, but all classes of the community felt that the arrangements should not continue for any length of time. Their educational system was recognized in order that men might be trained who would be able to discharge the national duties; legislation and administration were brought into harmony with Western ideas so that their claims for recognition as equals might be admitted by the other powers.

"The Japanese, however, were not long in learning that foreign Powers were more amenable to the arguments to be drawn from a large army and a powerful navy than those to be drawn from improvements in education and administration, and they determined to make themselves a strong military nation. The sound of the cannons at the Yalu River really awakened Europe and America to a knowledge of the fact that a nation had been born in the Far East, which had not only brought itself up to a considerable degree of Western culture, but had developed its administration to such an extent as to give it a strong claim for entrance to the comity of nations on terms of perfect equality. The effective action of the Japanese army and navy during the war with China, moreover, proved that they were able to enforce their rights with something stronger than mere arguments."

Following this up, Mr. Dyer makes a painstaking study of the constituents of the Japanese mind, in the effort to show the traits which, stimulated by this lively sense of honor, have combined to make the people what they are to-day. Basic elements are found in the influence of Confucianism, Buddhism and Shintoism. "From the two former the Japanese were furnished with a sense of calm trust in Fate, a quiet submission to the inevitable, a stoic composure in sight of danger or calamity, and even a disdain for life and a friendliness with death. A soldier inspired with this spirit does not know the meaning of fear. A nation inspired with the spirit of Buddhism is continually striving to bring itself into harmony with the Absolute. The tendency of such a spirit is to lose itself in contemplation, and

to become very indistinct; hence the neglect of material conditions which are necessary for moral and physical welfare. In the case of the Japanese, however, Shintoism supplied a corrective, to a considerable extent, for it brought into prominence the national as distinguished from the moral consciousness of the individual. . . .

Another point to be noted is that the real nature of the religious and national life of Japan has been and still is predominantly communal, and that individualism has only had a minor part in forming the nation. The combination of Shintoism, Buddhism and Confucianism which constituted the Japanese religion and philosophy was therefore not a mere mechanical mixture; it was of the nature of a chemical compound which was very different from any one of its elements; and this accounts not only for the essential difference of the Japanese mind from that of other Eastern nations, but also for the social order and in great part for the changes which have taken place in recent years in Japan."

The old charge, still enjoying unjustifiable currency, that the Japanese are defective in originality, is strikingly refuted in Mr. Dyer's thoughtful analysis of their achievements. Naturally, as first principal of the Imperial College of Engineering, he is especially interested in the progress shown in that sphere of endeavor, but he by no means neglects other important phases. In chapters marked by a clear grasp of essentials, he paints religious, literary, artistic, social, industrial, commercial, financial and political Japan of to-day—Japan in all its aspects, lovely and unlovely. And it is precisely because he is quick to discern the defects of modern Japan that his work is of such high value to the serious-minded. These defects, it appears, are in large measure born directly of that which has given the people their present greatness—their receptivity. For in the wake of the benefits accruing from the influx of Western ideas have come ills to which Japan, in its former days of isolation, was a stranger, and these have come to find the nation in many ways unprepared to cope with them. Mr. Dyer puts the situation thus:

"The development of commerce and industry has had a profound effect on social and economic conditions, and that development has been hastened by the improvement which has taken place in the roads and by

the introduction and extension of railways, steamboat services, telegraphs and telephones. These means of communication have had the effect of consolidating the empire and causing almost the last vestiges of the feudal system to disappear; they have made intercourse between the people in all parts of the country not only possible but in the majority of cases very easy; they have allowed its natural resources to be developed, have thus added greatly to its wealth and made it possible to undertake many national functions . . . which have enabled Japan to take a position of equality among the nations of the world. On the other hand, . . . these changes have not been without some very serious drawbacks.

"In many parts of Japan many of the old customs and methods of life still survive, but in the neighborhood of large towns they are rapidly disappearing before the pressure of modern commerce and industry and the competition which they inevitably bring along with them. The results of that competition, with which we are so well acquainted in Britain, are beginning to appear, and Japan is now face to face with many of the social problems which have been the puzzle of Western social reformers and statesmen for several generations. Large fortunes (comparatively speaking) are being accumulated at one end of the social scale, while degrading poverty is appearing at the other, and as yet no effective means have been devised either to alleviate or prevent it. The increased strain, worry and anxiety, even among the well-to-do classes, make not a few of the older generation look back with regret on the conditions which existed in the days of their youth. Some of the most distinguished men in Japan indeed have been so impressed with the seriousness of the position that they have given up all their other pursuits in order that they may assist in the solution of the social problems which lie before their country."

The appearance of the "trust" has still further complicated the situation, giving rise in certain quarters to an active socialistic propaganda. One of the most important problems of the future, in our author's opinion, is: What forms will these combinations of capital, which are already beginning to exercise a potent effect on the condition of the people, ultimately take, and to what

will they lead? "Will they," he further asks, "cause a return, in a modified form, to the semi-communistic conditions of the feudal system in which the due maintenance of the lives of the people was considered the first charge, or will they tend to become more and more capitalistic in their nature, and dividends for the fortunate few be ground out of the lives of the workers?" Whatever shape they may assume, he adds, "it is to be hoped that the organization of the future will allow the work which is to be done to be representative not only of the Japanese ideals of life and art, but also embody many of the features of the new civilization, and in this way Japan would be able to exercise great influence on the life and thought of every country in the world."

Firmly as the Japanese themselves does Mr. Dyer appear to believe that their mission is "to reconcile the East with the West; to be the advocate of the East and the harbinger of the West." And to this end he exhorts them to "retain all that is characteristically Eastern in so far as it helps the higher life, and adopt only those Western methods which will enable them to live their own lives in their own way and according to their own ideals; . . . subordinate their external trade to the welfare of the great masses of their own people and estimate their national wealth, not by the value of their cheap productions, but by the results on the Japanese nation and on the world; . . . abstain from any attempt at territorial aggrandizement in Asia and confine (themselves) to commercial and industrial intercourse and to guidance in the rejuvenation of that vast continent." Thus and only thus will the nation achieve its highest destiny, thus and only thus will it continue in peace and prosperity.

Everything, therefore, depends on the "moral standard" of the people, which Mr. Dyer, with all his friendliness, sees fit to pronounce "very indefinite." He perceives three distinct forces striving for supremacy—the religion of old Japan, crass materialism and Christianity. "The ideals of 'Bushido' which inculcate right-doing combined with the highest code of honor have still a great hold on the minds of many of the people of Japan. Life without honor is not worth living, and death is faced without fear if either personal or national honor is in question. Buddhism, which perme-

ates the thoughts of the common people; Shintoism, which makes the bond of personal loyalty to the Emperor so strong; Confucianism, which guides their practical ethics; and the influence of Western science, philosophy and religion must all be reckoned with in considering the possibilities of the future. That future is therefore difficult to forecast." On the whole, however, the author is inclined to believe that the dominant factor will prove to be Christianity, but a Japanese Christianity, a Christianity divested, as Dr. Nitobe has expressed it, "of its foreign accoutrements and the superstructure of Western metaphysics with which it has been loaded." And in this he finds the hope of the future, not only for Japan, but for the world.

"It is gradually being recognized," he observes, as he draws his work to a close, "that if religion has any meaning, science, industry and commerce must not be used as ends in themselves, but as means to raise the standard of life of the people, not only materially, but also intellectually, morally and spiritually. The Easterns, as a rule, in contemplating eternity forget terrestrial realization of individual and social life, and consequently fall into a degraded condition. The civilization of the West is in danger of extinction through social upheavals and moral decomposition, and faith is disappearing before the most dangerous form of skepticism; namely, that which arises from the doubt of the possibility of regenerating society and making the Kingdom of God

stretch over the earth. For the highest culture we require a combination of Eastern with Western thoughts and methods, so that in this way may be reconciled the forces which on the one hand make for the renunciation of the world and on the other for the accumulation of wealth. Science must become religious, and religion must become scientific, and both must be applied to the solution of social and political problems. The most thoughtful men in the West are beginning to recognize that these problems are most likely to be solved by calling in the old world to redress the balance of the new. . . . A new Power has arisen in the Far East which has not only a large share of Anglo-Saxon virility, but is also deeply imbued with Eastern thought, and it may have very important functions to perform not only in the domains of industry, commerce and politics, but also in the realms of thought. The tendencies of the present day seem to show that Eastern philosophy streaming back to the West will produce a fundamental change in our thought and knowledge, and profoundly affect social and political conditions. . . . It will be interesting to watch how far the Britain of the East is in alliance with the Britain of the West, not only for political purposes, but also how far the two Powers are able to co-operate in the solution of the most important problems which lie in the future, and thus promote the highest welfare of the human race."

H. Addington Bruce.



Cartoons upon Current Events



BILL, YOU'RE A WONDER!

—Warren in Boston Herald



WILL IT COME TO THIS?

"Were you ever employed in any trust or combine, in a saloon, brewery or wine business, or any gambling or games of chance, grain or stock speculation, card game prizes, etc., etc.?"

—Brinkerhoff in Toledo Blade



SPRING—"SOMEHOW OR OTHER THAT PERSON LOOKS SUSPICIOUS"

—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer



THE OLD FLAG AT LAST

Congress has adopted a resolution providing for the return of all captured confederate flags.—News Item.

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer



ANDY'S OTHER LEG

The Small College—This leg is shorter than it really ought to be.

—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal



TERRIBLE TO CONTEMPLATE

The Benighted Heathen—What we want to know, before accepting your services, is, whose money is being used to send you here? No Standard Oil in ours!

—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal



SPRING GARDENING
Roosevelt—"And, Gentlemen, I never planted a thing!"
—Brinkerhoff in Toledo Blade



ASSISTANCE NEEDED
—Westerman in Ohio State Journal



DELIGHTEDOSAKI!
—Geo. Herriman in Houston Chronicle



THE WILDCAT. "RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! HERE COMES TEDDY!"
—Baltimore Evening Sun



"WELCOME, DREAD FURY, TO MY WOEFUL HOUSE"
—SHAKESPEARE
—Farnison in Pittsburg Dispatch



THE PUPILS FLOCK TO THE NEWEST SCHOOL
"Nothing succeeds like success"
—Maybell in Brooklyn Daily Eagle



THE NEWEST THING IN TRUSTS

—May in Detroit Journal

People in the Foreground

Hon. Andrew
D. White

Although we have not been able to print our review in this number of "The Autobiography of Andrew D. White," we are glad to be able to present our readers, in the frontispiece of this number, with a fine portrait of Mr. White. In lieu of the extended notice which we shall give the autobiography in our June number we give herewith in the words of the publishers' notice some account of Mr. White's career:

"The autobiography of the Hon. Andrew D. White is a living, breathing, inspiring record, not alone of a life which has been a powerful factor for good in American growth and progress, but of the people and events which have shaped American history and thought in the last half-century. The youth White was an unusually eager and intelligent student. The young man was earnest, thoughtful, and of much promise. The man has led a life filled to overflowing with active usefulness in many causes—education, politics, statecraft, diplomacy, and literature.

"Just through college, Mr. White went to St. Petersburg as an attaché of the American legation, and there remained during the winter of 1855 and the spring of 1856, that is during the last days of Nicholas I and the first days of Alexander II—the most interesting period of the Crimean War. Then, during about three years, he was a student at the University of Berlin, at the College of France and at the Sorbonne in Paris, and a traveler in various parts of Europe, thence returning to become professor of history at the University of Michigan. He was a State

senator from 1864 to 1868, and, as such, introduced various measures important to the State, among these a bill chartering Cornell University. This measure he carried against great opposition, and then, having been unanimously elected by its

trustees President of the University, held that position during twenty years, and his work in advancing the cause of American education is beyond all estimate. He was one of the commissioners to Santo Domingo in 1871, and a commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1878. He was Minister to Germany in 1879-1881, and to Russia in 1892-1894. He was a member of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission in 1895, and Ambassador to Germany from 1897 to 1903. Last, but by no means least, he was president of the American delegation to The Hague Peace Conference. In the midst of demands that would have overwhelmed most men, Mr.



GERALDINE BONNER

White has found time for important and valuable writings on political and historical subjects. His work has brought him into intimate relations with very many persons of note in this country and abroad during the half-century of his active share in the world's affairs, and he has made friends of great men on both sides of the Atlantic.

"This is the wealth of material which enters into the making of this autobiography. As a record of events and men it is a model of proportion, of simplicity, of vividness. The two handsome volumes are a contribution to American history standing well-nigh alone in breadth and accuracy, in scholarship and charm. The work will take en-

during rank among the classics of American literature."

**Miss Geraldine
Bonner**

Regular readers of that wide-awake and stimulating journal "The Argonaut," of San Francisco, are familiar with the name of Geraldine Bonner, who has just published a novel of early California life, "The Pioneer." She is one of the guild of Californialiterary women of whom we have occasionally spoken in these pages, and is helping to make the literary history of that State:

Miss Geraldine Bonner, whose second stirring novel of California life has just been issued by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, passed through a strenuous literary apprenticeship. Her father was for many years on the editorial staff of the New York Herald, and later of "Harper's Weekly." Then he went West with his little daughter, living in the mining camps of Colorado and California. He educated her from childhood to be a writer by means of reading and composition under his personal supervision. When he thought it best for her to begin to write for publication he secured her a small position on the the San Francisco Argonaut. Still supervised and directed by him she wrote what was called "light editorial matter." Miss Bonner would work all day, reading, taking notes in the library, writing the article, and then go over it with her father. It was hard work.

The result of all this preparatory labor shows in the smoothness, the masculine force and feminine grace of Miss Bonner's style. On the publication of "To-morrow's Tangle," two years ago, she was hailed as a worthy successor to the delightful artist who made us familiar with Roaring Camp and Poker Flat. "The Pioneer" is a strong, sane, warm-hearted novel, a fine achievement in dramatic fiction.

**How Mrs.
Humphry Ward
Writes**

A writer in "Harper's Weekly" of recent date quotes a description by Mrs. Humphry Ward of her method of literary composition, which will be of interest to readers of her remarkable new novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe," reviewed at length elsewhere in this number. "You scribble down on your first sheet of paper," says Mrs. Ward, "such and such incidents. Your hero is to end badly

or to end well. Marriage-bells there shall certainly be!—on that last, far-off page. Or if you are in a sterner mood, you see all the forces of the pit unchained about your poor puppets. A shipwreck—a railway ac-



Copyright 1905 by Harper & Brothers.
MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, AUTHOR OF "THE
MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE"
From a new portrait by Albert Sterner

cident—some new disease with a long name—you write it down inexorably. But then you begin your work. And after a little while, as your grip tightens, as your characters come out of the mist, they begin to make themselves, to shape their own story. Your idea remains, if it had any virtue. Often one looks back with a strange thrill to see how near the thought of the end has been to the thought of the beginning. But on the way it has taken to itself a score of fresh forms and developments."

The accompanying admirable portrait is by Mr. Albert Sterner, whose illustrations for Mrs. Ward's novel are notable not only for their artistic quality but for their thorough sympathy and insight into the author's conceptions. They really illustrate, which is more than can be said for the work of many American illustrators. Studio arrangements and compositions, studies of poses of draped models, with a few irrelevant accessories thrown in and resembling nothing so much as high-class milliners' and tailors' advertisements—these are not illustrations.

Literary copartnership of husband and wife has at present one or two such shining examples in the field of fiction that their successful enterprise may possibly lead to many such "teams" in the near future. Certainly, as



CHARLES NORRIS WILLIAMSON

a scheme of living and working, few arrangements could be more delightful than that of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, joint authors of "The Lightning Conductor" and the more recent "The Princess Passes." As everyone knows, they have made the subject of automobiling tours their own forever, and here are a few notes about this interesting couple:

Mrs. Williamson, like the heroine of both stories, is an American, and her husband, like the hero, an Englishman.

Mrs. Williamson was a Miss Alice Muriel Livingston, of the historic family of that name, whose mansion is still to be seen near Poughkeepsie. She became an actress, and then a journalist, and was at one time a contributor to the Boston Transcript. In 1892 she went to England, where she began by contributing to the "Sketch" and "Black and White," and finally married the editor of the latter, C. N. Williamson.

Charles Norris Williamson was educated at University College, London. He then

studied science and practical engineering (knowledge which he probably found useful in handling his motor car), later going into journalism. "The Lightning Conductor" is the first book that bears his name on the title-page, though it is known that when a boy he wrote a two-volume "Life of Thomas Carlyle." Mr. Williamson was, with the exception of Alfred Harmsworth, perhaps the youngest man who ever started an important London paper. He was the founder of "Black and White," having previously been connected with "The Graphic." It is not generally known that Hughenden Manor, afterward bought by Disraeli, was originally the property of the Williamson family, on the mother's side. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson live by the river, at Hampton Court, in the summer, and the rest of the year they spend in traveling abroad, going often to out-of-the-way places. Mr. Williamson is an expert automobilist, driving his own car, often



ALICE MURIEL WILLIAMSON
Author of "The Princess Passes"

without a chauffeur, and "The Lightning Conductor" was suggested by a long tour which he and his wife took in their automobile through the various countries named in the book.

Richard Mansfield in a new Rôle The artist to whom the theater-loving public looks today most confidently for lofty dramatic aims, finished art, lavish and scholarly stage-craft, is Richard Mansfield. He has within the month added another to the long list of fine dramatic portraits with which his name is identified. The classic French drama has

est, and, second, as an encouragement of the hope that the art of playing the older comedy of manners, although almost lost to the contemporary stage, may not yet be dead beyond all possibility of resurrection. It is long since even Mr. Mansfield played to a larger or more brilliant audience, and the performance was a success from the first, the witty, caustic, and controversial dia-



MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD AS SHYLOCK IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"
From a portrait in oil by Edgar Cameron

been the source of his inspiration on this occasion and the play is Molière's "Le Misanthrope."

The performance, says the New York Evening Post, "achieved a degree of success which was doubly gratifying, first, as one more demonstration of the ready appreciation New York is always ready to bestow upon a work of genuine literary and artistic inter-

logues being followed by a constant accompaniment of rippling laughter and hand-clapping, plainly the product of intellectual enjoyment. Of uproarious applause there was not much—nothing of the sort was to be expected—but the representation passed off, on the whole, astonishingly well, and congratulations are due to Mr. Mansfield upon the result of his experiment.

A Novel of Reincarnation

A GOOD story has no laws. Rather, it creates its own laws. The one essential thing is for it to be a good story, and then the critics may say what they will. Mrs. Humphry Ward, in "The Marriage of William Ashe,"* has produced a novel that charms and holds the reader. It is, doubtless, a strange variety of novel—the third of that variety which the author has experimented with. It is not historical; yet all its main characters belong to history, and to the social chronicles of England. William Ashe is a reincarnation of William Lamb, Lord Melbourne; Lady Kitty is Lady Caroline Lamb; Mary Lyster is Isabella Milbanke; Geoffrey Cliffe is Lord Byron; Lady Transmore is Lady Melbourne, and so on. Each character is at once recognizable, and in many deeds and circumstances the historical facts are repeated with accuracy. But yet William Ashe is not Lord Melbourne when Mrs. Ward wishes him to be otherwise; nor is Lady Kitty Lady Caroline wherever the novelist chooses to make her act differently from her prototype. It is as if the novelist, taking a bit of

real life full of wildness, of romance, of pity, of tragedy, considered that she could improve upon it at will, softening the occasional grotesqueness of reality by the veil of illusion, and suppressing altogether the points that seem unsuitable to her purpose. She calls it "an adaptation to our own times of the lives of certain famous men and women well known

to an earlier England." The "novel of reincarnation," as it has been called, is, of course, a doubtful experiment. The critic may reasonably object to it with warmth, and ask why the historical romance, out and out, would not have been simpler and more artistic. To take actual characters and put them in a time [where] they do not belong, and of which they are not the product, inevitably raises the doubt as to any possible truth of character drawing under the circumstances. Having



LADY KITTY BRISTOL
Frontispiece from "The Marriage of William Ashe"

ample memoirs, a splendid and brilliant background, and a moving plot, all ready to hand, why distort them all to make a nondescript anachronism?

It is all very well to say this. Mrs. Ward's answer in this case is, however, that unanswerable one—a good story. For the first time in her life she gives us a heroine whose

*THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE. Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.50.

charm we can feel for ourselves. Marcella was wearisome, Eleanor lackadaisical. On every page Mrs. Ward told us of Julie le Breton's charm, but we never could have discovered it from anything said or done by Julie herself. The backgrounds were brilliant, the art was admirable, but— In Lady Kitty's case there is no "but." From the moment of her first entrance on the stage, young, beautiful, audacious, appealing, to the last scene of her tragedy, she fascinates and holds the spectator. Ashe's infatuation, realized by himself as unwise, is nevertheless accepted by us as the most natural thing in the world. Who could help falling in love with Lady Kitty on the stone bench beneath the yew hedge?

"You shouldn't look as if you enjoyed your life so much. It's *bourgeois*. It is, indeed." And she frowned upon him with a little extravagant air that amused him.

"By some prescience, she had put on that morning a black dress of thin material, made with extreme simplicity. No flounces, no fanfaronnade. A little girlish dress, that made the girlish figure seem even frailer and lighter than he remembered it the night before in the splendors of her Paris gown. Her large black hat emphasized the whiteness of her brow, the brilliance of her most beautiful eyes; and then all the rest was unsubstantial sprite and airy nothing, to be crushed in one hand. And yet what untamed, indomitable things breathed from it—a self surely more self, more intensely, obstinately alive than any he had yet known.

"Her attack had brought the involuntary blood to his cheeks, which annoyed him. But he invited her to say why cheerfulness was a vice. She replied that no one should look success—as much as he did.

"And you scorn success?"

"Scorn it?!" She drew a long breath, clasped both her hands above her head, then slowly let the thin arms fall again. "Scorn it! What nonsense! But everybody who hasn't got it hates those who have."

"Don't hate me," said Ashe, quickly.

"Yes," she said, with stubbornness, "I must. Do you know why I was such a wild-cat at school? Because some of the other girls were more important than I—much more important—and richer—and more beautiful—and people paid them more attention. And that seemed to *burn* the heart in me." She pressed her hands to her breast with a passionate gesture. "You know the

French word *panache*? Well, that's what I care for—that's what I adore! To be the first—the best—the most distinguished. To be envied—and pointed at—obeyed when I lift my finger—and then to come to some great, glorious tragic end!"

"Ashe moved impatiently.

"Lady Kitty, I don't like to hear you talk like this. It's wild, and it's also—I beg your pardon——"

"In bad taste?" she said catching him up breathlessly. "That's what you meant, isn't it? You said it to me before, when I called you handsome."

"Pshaw!" he said, in vexation. She watched him throw himself back and feel for his cigarette-case; a gesture of her hand gave him leave; she waited, smiling, till he had taken a few calming whiffs. Then she gently moved towards him.

"Don't be angry with me," she said, in a sweet, low voice. "Don't you understand how hard it is—to have that nature—and then to come out of the convent—where one had lived on dreams—and find one's self——"

"She turned her head away. Ashe put down his new-lit cigarette.

"Find yourself?" he repeated.

"Everybody scorns me!" she said, her brow drooping.

"Ashe exclaimed.

"You know it's true. My mother is not received. Can you deny that?"

"She has many friends."

"She is *not* received. When I speak of her no one answers me. Lady Grosville asked me here—*me*—out of charity. It would be thought a disgrace to marry me——"

"Look here, Lady Kitty!——"

"And I——" she wrung her small hands, as though she clasped the necks of her enemies—"I would never *look* at a man who did not think it the glory of his life to win me. So you see I shall never marry."

No reader but understands why William Ashe promptly marries her. No reader but understands, at the same time, Ashe's own misgivings, and sympathizes with Lady Tranmore and Mary Lyster's point of view. Impossible not to love Lady Kitty—impossible to love her with any comfort and satisfaction. Her vagaries set the teeth on edge—her wit and wildness are adorable. Both sides are impartially shown, yet Mrs. Ward victoriously endows her latest heroine with the conquering charm of an irresistible woman. She suggests the indescribable until we feel it,

and take Lady Kitty's part even against herself, from the first scene to the last.

And besides, never before has Mrs. Ward given us so brilliant a background. The first part of "Lady Rose's Daughter" (from which the last part fell off so wofully) is not only equaled, but fairly eclipsed by the sparkling, many-colored, changing social scenes of "The Marriage of William Ashe." Lady Grosville's house-parties, the reception at the Embassy, the terrace at Haggart, Don-

na Laura's "day" at the Vercelli Palace—scene after scene rises to mind, crowded with social life brilliantly and surely drawn. Kitty at the great fancy-dress ball, in her way, can almost challenge comparison with Beatrix Esmond, coming down the stair, radiant with the compelling charm that refuses to be forgotten. "The slim ankles and feet were cased in white silk, cross-gartered with silver, and shod with silver sandals.

Her belt held her quiver of white-winged arrows; her bow of ivory inlaid with silver was slung at her shoulder, while across her breast, the only note of color in the general harmony of white, fell a scarf of apple green holding the horn, also of ivory and silver, which, like the belt and bow, had been designed for her in Madame de Longueville's, Paris.

"But neither she nor her model would have been finally content with an adorn-

ment so delicately fanciful and minute. Both Kitty and the goddess of the Fronde knew that they must hold their own in a crowd. For this there must be diamonds. The sleeves, therefore, on the white arms fell back from diamond clasps; the ivory spear in her right hand was topped by a small genius with glittering wings; and in the masses of her fair hair, bound with pearl fillets, shone the large diamond crescent that Lady Tranmore had foreseen, with one small attendant star at either side.

" 'Well, upon my word, Kitty!' said a voice from her husband's dressing-room.

"Kitty turned impetuously.

" 'Do you like it?' she cried. Ashe approached. She lifted her horn to her mouth and stood tiptoe. The movement was enchanting; it had in it the youth and freshness of spring woods; it suggested mountain distances and the solitudes of high valleys. Intoxication spoke in Ashe's pulses; he wished the



Copyright, 1904-05, by Harper & Brothers

THE FINISHING TOUCHES

From, "The Marriage of William Ashe"

maids had been far away that he might have taken the goddess in his very human arms. Instead of which he stood lazily smiling.

" 'What Endymion are you calling?' he asked her. 'Kitty, you are a dream!' It is a delicate and yet sumptuous picture, and the setting is worthy of it:

"The hall and staircase were already filled with a motley and magnificent crowd. The zest and pleasure of the show shone in

their eyes and movements. At all times, indeed, and in all countries, an aristocracy has been capable of this sheer delight in its own splendor, wealth, good looks and accumulated treasure; whether in the Venice that Petrarch visited; or in the Rome of the Renaissance popes; in the Versailles of the Grand Monarque; or in the Florence of to-day, which still in moments of *festa* reproduces in its midst all the costumes of the Cinquecento.

"At the top of the stairs stood a marquis in a dress of the Italian Renaissance, a Gonzaga who had sat for Titian; beside him a fair-haired wife in the white satin and pearls of Henrietta Maria; while up the marble stairs, watched by a laughing multitude above, streamed Gainsborough girls and Reynolds women, women from the courts of Elizabeth, or Henry Quatre, of Maria Theresa or Marie Antoinette, the figures of Holbein and Vandyck, Florentines of the Renaissance, the youths of Carpaccio, the beauties of Titian and Veronese.

"Kitty, make haste!" cried a voice in front, as Kitty began to mount the stairs. "Your quadrille is just called."

"Kitty smiled and nodded, but did not hurry her pace by a second. The staircase was not as full as it had been, and she knew well as she mounted it, her slender figure drawn to its full height, her eyes flashing greeting and challenge to those in the gallery, the diamond genius on her spear glittering above her, that she held the stage and that the play would not begin without her.

"Absurd! such a little thing to attempt Diana!" . . .

"The remark was spoken in the ear of Louis Harman, who stood in the gallery, looking down. But Harman shook his head.

"You don't understand. She's not Greek, of course, but she's fairyland. A child of the Renaissance, dreaming in a wood, would have seen Artemis so—dressed up and glittering and fantastic—as the Florentines saw Venus. Small, too, like the fairies—slipping through the leaves; small hounds, with jewelled collars, following her!"

"He smiled at his own fancy, still watching Kitty with his painter's eyes.

"She has seen a French print somewhere," said Cliffe, who stood close by. "More Versailles in it than fairyland, I think."

"It is *she* that is fairyland," said Harman, still fascinated."

Cliffe is Byron reincarnated, with the greatness left out. The duel, so to speak,

between him and Lady Kitty is well handled by Mrs. Ward, and she is not indebted to history for it, either. Of all sorry infatuations, that of Lady Caroline Lamb for Byron least bears dwelling on, and it has been wisely transformed here into something less unpleasant, even at its worst, and with a touch of fineness where Cliffe holds out the dangers of the insurgent camp and urges Kitty to "come and open another door in the House of Life. Come and look at the elemental things—death and battle—hatred, solitude, love." But the incident through which he triumphs over her hesitation jars on both the art and the nature of the book. It is unbelievable of Mary Lyster, whose character the novelist has carefully analyzed before our eyes, that she should commit a crime of this particular kind against her rival. Jealous moments in plenty Mary may have had, and passionate impulses. But such an act was impossible to her nature. It belonged to the Ricci, perhaps; never to Mary Lyster; and it blots the book. Any other expedient would have been better, and nothing could well have been worse.

In fact, of all the characters except Lady Kitty, the reader occasionally feels that they are made and moved from the outside, not from within. In their doings, they partly follow history, partly the necessities of the author's plot. We never quite understand them, as we do real characters, if we may use the expression, such as Becky Sharp or Lydgate; and we suspect that the author, too, approaches them from the outside, and knows the heart of them no more than we do. William Ashe remains for us, after all, a description, not a man. The sketch of Lord Melbourne, given in somebody's memoirs, with his habitual lazy saying in regard to any annoying tendency or crisis in affairs, "Well, why can't you let it alone?" is Ashe in miniature; and Ashe in five hundred and odd pages is simply the same sentence in large, worked out in incident and dialogue. But Lady Kitty carries the book, and is real; and the rest play their parts among such clever and moving scenes that few will stop to think of the character drawing. The subordinate actors in the drama are described with delightful art. Lady Parham, the Prime Minister's wife, is a fountain of joy. "When Lady Parham talked longer than usual with the French ambassador, his German and Austrian colleagues wrote anxious despatches to their governments;

when a special mission to the East of great importance had to be arranged, nobody imagined that Lord Parham had very much to do with the appointment of the commissioner, who happened to have just engaged himself to Lady Parham's second girl. No young member on the government side, if he wanted office, neglected Lady Parham's invitations, and admission to her more intimate dinners was still almost as much coveted as similar favors had been a generation before in the case of Lady Jersey, or still earlier, in that of Lady Holland. She was a small old woman, with a shrewd face, a waxen complexion and a brown wig. In spite of short sight, she saw things that escaped other people; her tongue was rarely at a loss; she was, on the whole, a good friend, though never an unreflecting one; and what she forgave might be safely reckoned as not worth resenting." When Kitty breaks lances with this redoubtable lady, things become exciting indeed.

There are points in the story which seem in florid bad taste, such as the scene on the terrace at Haggart, or the burning of Cliffe's letters. These are, however, simply the places where the original Lady Caroline shows herself most in her modern reincarnation. They only prove what a remarkable

triumph Mrs. Ward has scored in her latest heroine. Julie le Breton fell far below Julie de Lespinasse, and the inconsistent commonplace of her ending showed false and ugly beside the wild and inevitable tragedy of the real story. Lady Kitty is, on the contrary, a tremendous improvement upon the grotesque eccentricities of Lady Caroline Lamb. She is conceived and held on the keynote that is struck when she says to her husband: "I seem to be always in a hurry—in a desperate, desperate hurry—to know or to feel something—while there is yet time—before one dies. There is always a passion, always an effort. More life—*more life*—even if it lead to pain—and agony—and tears!"

And Mrs. Ward has had the courage to let Fate work out its necessary reprisals on her heroine this time. For this reason, the book may not be a success with that unthinking public that insists upon "a happy ending," and which sees with complacency such stories as "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "Merely Mary Ann" dramatized to end in wedding-bells. But it is undoubtedly Mrs. Ward's highest artistic success so far—a novel to be taken up with anticipation, and laid down with regret.

Priscilla Leonard.

The Broken Glass

WHEN it was whole, across this mirror fine
What images of strength and beauty passed!

Here was the loveliness of woman glassed,
Of children, too, and, only less divine,
The forms of rocks and trees, the glorious shine
Of suns and stars, and, wondrously amassed,
The journeying clouds; beneath them, ocean's vast
Illimitable surge of restless brine.

'Tis shattered now, and all these things and more—
Great thoughts, imaginations strong and free—
Are in this glass reflected brokenly;
Crazed is the dance upon that polished floor.
Poor useless frame that held this sacred trust,
Too soon thou canst not crumble into dust!

John White Chadwick in Scribner's.

The Centenaries of Hans Andersen and Schiller

THIS year of literary anniversaries, beside the centenary in December last of Sainte-Beuve and the tercentenary of Cervantes, both noticed in our February number, includes the centenary of the birth, April 2, 1805, of the Danish author, Hans Christian Andersen, the "children's poet," and the centenary of the death, May 9, 1805, of the famous German poet and dramatist, Schiller. Thus, one hundred years ago, was born a little peasant lad whose great ambition through life was to be a great dramatist and poet—an ambition which had been realized to the full by Schiller, who within a month after the birth of the little Danish boy, died at Weimar in the height of his brilliant career. Although Hans Andersen never won fame in the field to which he aspired, although he believed that he was qualified so to do and that he was unappreciated by the public, he did win unfading laurels in a field which is acknowledged to be most difficult—that of writing for children. With the perversity of human nature, however, this great author esteemed but lightly his acknowledged genius as a writer of fairy tales, and embittered many years of his life with vain regrets for his comparative failures in fiction and the drama. He was a veritable "ugly duckling," like that of his own immortal story. His appearance even in manhood was uncouth and such as to excite derision. "His nose was large, his neck and limbs long and lank, and his hands and feet very large; yet he fancied himself distinguished-looking and had a child's delight in dress and decoration. His character, too, hovered between the child-like and the childish. He never realized the limitations of his own genius." It was not until 1835, after he had published a farce, some poems and other fugitive writings, that the wonderful fairy tales began to reveal the true bent of his genius; but within ten years their fame had made his name familiar the world over and filled his later years with honor and affection.

Of his work and his place in literary history an excellent "appreciation" was recently printed in the Providence Journal, the concluding paragraphs of which are here quoted:

Yet even after his own countrymen had recognized the greatness of his charm as a writer he was still an unhappy man. It was not as a writer of fairy tales that he wished to be known. He believed that he could write acceptable novels and especially plays, and that in the failure of the latter was to be found only an indication of the stupidity of the public. He was besieged for more fairy tales, but would not often accede to the request, caring little for the praise which was bestowed upon him for such work. To the day of his death Andersen was never satisfied with the reasons for his great popularity. He continued to write the fairy tales, but he could not look upon them as his finest works.

The judgment of posterity has not reversed that of Andersen's own time. Well worthy of remembrance as the two novels already mentioned are, his fairy tales must always remain his most perfect achievement, as they unquestionably are the most perfect fairy tales ever written. In his own field, the field which he never acknowledged as his special province, he was pre-eminent. The child who has read Andersen first will always realize with the unerring instinct of childhood that the Grimm tales, however beautiful, still do not possess that intangible charm, that marvellous delicacy of invention and expression which are to be found nowhere but in Andersen's stories. No man was a more unerring master of pathos than he; his art in this direction is infallible. He was never maudlin; his sentiment did not become sentimentality. Another man would have made the little match-seller absurd; yet who has ever dared to hold up the tale to ridicule? Mr. Andrew Lang's collections of stories gathered from the folklore of all countries have their individual charm, and we could not miss one of the series of these fairy books which are year by year delighting the children of this generation, but even here the perfection of Andersen's art still stands the test. He was indubitably the greatest master of the fairy tale who has ever lived. Even in this prosaic age there are men who will not suffer the awkward, oddly vain peasant with the wonderful imagination to be forgotten. The fame may not be of the kind he sought; but it is fame of a high and enduring quality.

THIS year also is generally referred to as "Schiller year," as being the hundredth anniversary of the death of Schiller, and it will be commemorated by many and various exercises both in this country and in Germany. Already the first observance here has been celebrated at Harvard University. On January 3, a date chosen simply to denote the beginning of the anniversary year, an afternoon meeting in the Fogg Museum was held, at which addresses were

given by eminent men, and in the evening at Sander's Theater a dramatic performance of the third act of Schiller's "Maria Stuart" and of the "Song of the Bell" was given by Herr Conried's company of German players. The Northwestern University will also hold commemorative exercises; the German societies of New York and Brooklyn are to hold meetings; and the German citizens of Philadelphia will aid the University of Pennsylvania in an extended celebration.

In the Fatherland itself, the theaters, the universities, the press, the learned societies, are all in the full swing of commemorative recognition, so that it would seem that no side of Schiller's personality or genius shall remain unexploited. In view of this extraordinary volume of appreciation, it is not out of place to consider for a moment just what valuation posterity places to-day upon the life and work of this remarkable man. A recent article in the Boston Evening Transcript gives a concise and clear consideration of this question, and we regret that we may only quote in part from this admirable summary:

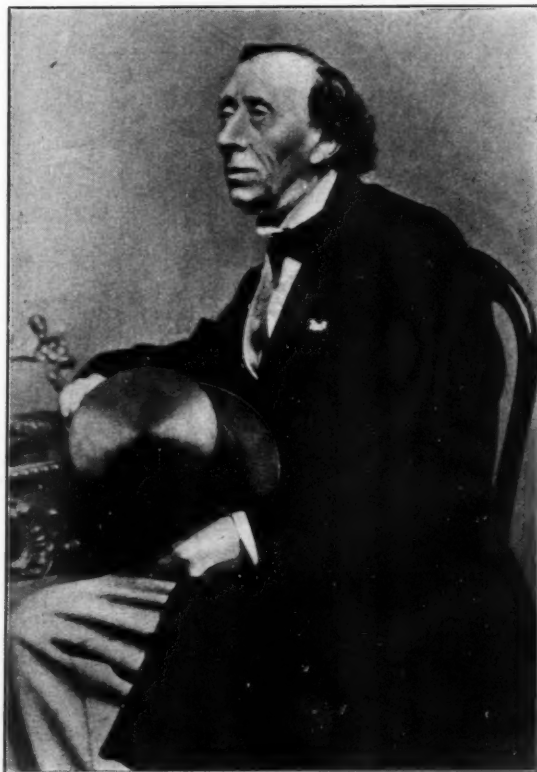
Most conspicuously, the vitality of Schiller's work is shown by the hold which his dramas exert upon the German stage of to-day. There is no possible doubt that Schiller, with Shakespeare, occupies a position in this field of absolute dominance. Even his crude youthful dramas, such as "The Robbers" and "Kabale and Love," with all their turgidness of language, their overdrawn characters and impossible situations, are an unfailing source of revolutionary ardor and enthusiasm; for what they appeal to is not so much the sense of the horrible and the atrocious—although

this sense also is gratified, perhaps too much—as the love for eternal justice and moral right. One clearly feels in these works that it is righteous indignation at the corrupt condition of society that has produced them. Even in these distorted pictures of life we divine, as it were, a better, juster and nobler condition of society. There is nothing in them of the sensationalism which revels in the ugly and the depraved.

Of his mature, his really great works, it may be said that the ideal view of life predominates altogether. They are indeed triumphal songs of humanity. Here one might even feel that there is too much idealization—that the darker side of life has been too much left out. Such characters

as Thecla or Joan of Arc seem really somewhat too brightly painted—to lack a strong grasp upon the realities of life. Yet even they are made irresistible by their pure, ingenious spirituality; and whenever Schiller succeeds in setting off his idealistic view of life against a background of actuality, as in *Wallenstein*, *Maria Stuart*, or *William Tell*, he produces characters of deepest poetic significance, characters that bring us face to face with the eternal destiny of man. All of these works appeal to what is really permanent in human nature, and upon every presentation they are received with as great enthusiasm as they were a century ago. Indeed, their dominance in German life and letters has not only endured, but has steadily increased; they have become a permanent possession of the German people.

But Schiller was not only a great dramatist; he was a great patriot, a leader of his people. "At a time," says Professor Francke, "when the glory of the ancient German empire sank into the dust, when the very foundation of the existing political and social order seemed to give way before the irresistible onslaught of Napoleonic conquest, Schiller was foremost among the men who saved the national honor by conquests in the realm of the spirit. He, more ardently than any other poet of his time—not even excluding Goethe—worked for the regeneration of his people; he, more



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875)

deeply than any of his compeers, was imbued with the conviction that it is the mission of art to raise man to the stature of his true self; his works, and his life as well, stand out as sublime symbols of the power of the human will to overcome circumstance, proclaiming the sovereignty of moral freedom and the ultimate victory of ideal aspirations." Literature was to Schiller not simply a means of private enjoyment, but a great force making for good citizenship.

In view of these qualities, it is not surprising that the first Schiller centennial in 1859, the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, developed into one of the greatest political demonstrations which Germany has ever seen. It was a colossal

The third element in Schiller which survives to-day is his liberalism. There is manifest throughout his entire work the most uncompromising hostility to all manner of narrowness, whether racial, political or personal. He was essentially a cosmopolitan. He formed a part, and an important part, of the great liberal movement which in the nineteenth century swept all Europe. He did not formulate demands for popular government; he demanded personal freedom and unhampered opportunity for the individual to develop all his powers and thereby best to serve the community. In all his works, from "Don Carlos" to "William Tell," this spirit is the keynote; and it is this spirit which has given a most



JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER
(1759-1805)

protest against the reactionary policy of the German Government of the time—a continuation of the spirit of 1848. In every town throughout the land there was a Schiller celebration, and at every one the watchword was the same—German unity and German freedom. There can be no question that Schiller is one of the makers of modern Germany

powerful stimulus to every struggle of the German people for emancipation, whether from the petty tyranny of pre-revolutionary absolutism, from the ignominy of foreign oppression, or from the reactionary policy of Metternich. It may be suggested also, perhaps, that in this field Schiller is not only a living force to-day, but that he has still a great work to perform.

S. A. C.

The Woman's Book Club

THE recent presidential and gubernatorial elections in Colorado, where women have the elective franchise, have focused public attention upon this phase of political history to an unusual degree. The March number of "Men and Women" publishes an article by Jessie Partlon-Tyree upon this subject which deserves wide reading, and which we reprint at length. After asking in the title of her article "Is Woman Suffrage a Success or a Failure?" Mrs. Partlon-Tyree proceeds to say: "Equal suffrage is on trial for its life in Colorado—the first State in the Union to extend the franchise to women. Not that Colorado will ever be other than an equal suffrage State; its women are too advanced ever to take the backward step. But the gift of the franchise to the women of America depends largely on the use to which their Western sisters put their power.

"The revelations of wholesale fraud and corruption in the recent gubernatorial election in Colorado has attracted National attention to the State where woman is an active factor in politics, and where, last November, several thousand more votes were cast in the city of Denver alone than there were actual voters! Men high in office have been arrested charged with conniving at election frauds, and for the first time in America the Federal authorities have been called on to decide the result of a State election. The spectacular fight for the Governorship of Colorado between Alva Adams, Democrat, and James H. Peabody, Republican, has been decided in favor of Adams; but that does not necessarily mean that one political party bought and paid for all the illegal votes cast at the last election. It would be a charitable and comforting thing to believe that the women voters of Colorado knew nothing of the gentle art of 'repeating,' and that they had no hand in this latest exhibition of political chicanery. But as the women of Colorado cast over forty per cent. of the total vote, this theory is untenable.

"Contrary to the expectations of the advocates of equal suffrage, woman's entrance into the political arena has not purified pol-

itics to any noticeable extent. It has made the fight more bitter; added something to the general fund of cunning and double dealing; and it has provided a new occupation for those women who have little taste for purely feminine employment. Twelve years of equal suffrage in Colorado has robbed the women voters of the State of that rapt passion for clean politics. Equal suffrage in theory is one thing; in the actual operation with women as practical politicians it is another and a far different thing. The long, hard fight waged by the women of Colorado for the right to the ballot served as a preliminary training in political warfare, and they have learned their lesson well.

"For the first five years following the enfranchisement of Colorado women their interests were one. Party feeling had not yet invaded the feminine soul and Republican and Democratic women voted as a unit on all measures affecting the right and privileges of women. Then principle was above party. To-day every kind, condition and degree of woman politician can be found in Colorado. Every shade of political opinion is represented—and some that Eastern men and women never heard of. Silver Republicans and Gold Democrats are to be found dwelling more or less peacefully under the same roof and fighting with the energy and good will of Kilkenny cats in public. Politics has invaded the home, and when one has weathered the heat and passion of a political campaign in Colorado, one ceases to wonder at the large number of divorced women to be found making a business of politics—and making it pay.

"A study of the Western woman in politics on the 'stump,' as a 'ward heeler,' a political candidate, or at the polls on election day, is fraught with deep interest to her sisters of the non-suffrage States. The power that is hers to-day may be ours tomorrow. The right to a voice in the making of laws under which she and her children must live seems a not unreasonable thing for woman to ask. Her right to suffrage is seldom denied. The argument invariably advanced by those who object to the ballot in woman's hand is, 'The Nation needs true

womanliness and high ideals more than it needs politicians.'

"This is usually followed by the time-worn axiom, 'You can't touch pitch without being defiled.' All of which would seem to imply that politics is a very unsavory business indeed. With a truly feminine lack of foresight the women of Colorado are doing all they can to prove these pessimists in the right. It would puzzle a Solomon just now to decide whether equal suffrage is a blessing or a curse to Colorado.

"A few years ago political economists pointed to Colorado as a shining example of the perfect working of equal suffrage and a great deal was heard of woman's refining influence at the polls. This was during the early days of equal suffrage when the ballot was as yet a sacred trust—a divinely appointed medium through which women were to right all civic wrongs and bring health and healing to the body politic. This condition lasted for about five years, and in this time much good was accomplished by the intelligent women voters of the State. Woman's vote gave Denver a brief respite from gang rule in 1897, when women of all political creeds joined with the Tax Payers' Party in nominating and electing an Independent Municipal ticket. The ensuing administration was the best Denver ever had.

"Through the suffrage of women and the untiring efforts of women members of the Legislative Assembly, Colorado has to-day the most advanced and liberal laws governing women and children of any State in the Union. Women voters of the State were instrumental in establishing a State Home for Neglected and Dependent Children; a State Home and Industrial School for Girls; in passing the Curfew Laws; raising the age of consent to eighteen; removing the emblems from ballots, and in making women co-equal guardians in law of their children.

"Perhaps after testing their power and making a record for themselves, the women electors of Colorado took stock of the other States and, fearing to leave them too far in the rear, ceased their commendable efforts. Certain it is that Denver lapsed from virtue, repudiated reform, and is now run by the 'Machine;' the liquor traffic flourishes apace and the social evil remains unabated. Meanwhile the women voters of Colorado sanctioned this deplorable condition of affairs by their silence at the polls. No permanent social or political transformation has resulted

since woman took her place at the polls by the side of men in that State.

"The men of Denver with whom I came in contact were not so sure that equal suffrage was an unmitigated blessing. Judge Amos Steck, an ex-member of the Legislature that enfranchised Colorado women, was frankly disappointed in the actual operation of equal suffrage. 'I voted for equal suffrage thinking the ballot in women's hands would revolutionize Colorado politics,' said Judge Steck, somewhat ruefully. 'Well, it has; but not as I expected!'

"The principal fault men of Judge Steck's standing find with the women electors of the State is, that they have made no effort to control the liquor traffic, have totally ignored the social evil, and take little interest in civic reform. On the other hand, noted educators, such as Prof. J. Lee Rossignol of the University of Denver, point with pride to the public school system of Colorado as an instance of what can be accomplished by the ballot in the hands of intelligent women. Colorado has had three women State Superintendents of Public Schools since the adoption of equal suffrage.

"Many of the arguments usually advanced in opposition to women suffrage are disproved by a close study of the real situation. It has been contended that once given the right, women would not vote and would lose all interest in politics. This is not true in Colorado. From the social leader who goes to the polls in her carriage to the care-oppressed wife of a street laborer, who appears at the voting booth with several children hanging to her skirts, all classes of woman-kind are represented.

"The women of Colorado do not vote blindly in accordance with their husband's wishes. Ten per cent. of the married women of the State exercise an independent franchise and hold opposite political views to those of their husbands. There is no independent woman vote. Bitterly partisan, the women of Colorado place party above sex and have no interests as a class opposed to those of the party with which they are affiliated. Since the free silver agitation in '96 party lines have been closely drawn and the peculiar instance of a house divided against itself, politically, is a common one in Colorado.

"The fear, so often expressed, that the extension of the franchise to women would result in the lowest class of women voting

and the better class staying at home, appears to have been unfounded in Colorado. Women of the lower class in Denver, the principal city of Colorado, take no interest in politics, and when they do appear at the polls on election day it is at the command of the party in power and to support the administration that offers them the fullest protection. Despite the unlovely features attending woman's active participation in politics; the gradual lowering of her high ideals; the tendency to put personal interests before those of the State and Nation; the atmosphere of trickery and deceit that politics engender; the ballot in woman's hands is an educator whose value can scarcely be estimated.

"Equal suffrage in Colorado has developed a democratic spirit along social, educational and civic lines, and in no other city in America is the social barrier between rich and poor less marked than in Denver. False ideas of caste are gradually being eliminated and true character and ability, not money or position, are coming to be recognized as the real standards of social worth. The Denver Woman's Club, of which Mrs. Elizabeth Goddard, wife of Judge Luther M. Goddard, is President, is an illustration of the growth of this sentiment in the State. Here, in the magnificent \$50,000 club house erected by the members, wives of both multimillionaires and poor men, and young women earning their own living in various fields of industry, meet and mingle on a basis of perfect equality. Brains, and the desire to be of use to others, is the open sesame to this ideal club, and the dues have been placed as low as six dollars a year to enable poor women to come in and help in the club work.

"Mrs. Minerva C. Welch, of Denver, President of the Colorado Equal Suffrage Association and the Republican Woman's Club (incorporated), is a type of the successful woman politician. Mrs. Welch enjoys the distinction of having caused a sensation in Colorado politics, that, for the time being, rivaled the famous Peabody-Adams fight in public interest. Mrs. Welch taught her sister politicians a new trick; she caused a split in the Republican party and swung hundreds of votes to Adams, the Democratic candidate for Governor, at the same time supporting

the entire Republican ticket, with the exception of Governor Peabody.

"Another Denver woman, Mrs. Frances A. Lee, has been honored in a way that comes to few men. While a member of the Colorado Legislature she was chosen Speaker of the House during the illness of the regular Speaker and filled that difficult position with such dignity that she was invariably called on to act as Speaker during the remainder of the season when the presiding officer was absent.

"This is but a glimpse at the sunny side of Colorado politics. There is also a shady side. The colossal frauds perpetrated at the November election were not the result of chance and a favorable opportunity. The plans were laid many weeks in advance and in carrying them out the men found the women invaluable aids. From the unusual activity of the campaign managers and the deep interest taken in the fight for Governor preceding the late election I supposed a heavy vote would be polled. I had no idea, however, that this interest was strong enough to raise the dead and cause them to vote repeatedly for both Adams and Peabody.

"Equal suffrage has undoubtedly lost many adherents on account of the scandal involving the electors of Colorado—both men and women—who shamelessly sought to render ineffective the will of the people as expressed at the polls in the last election. The high ideals of civic righteousness held by the early advocates of equal suffrage have been lost sight of in the frenzied desire for victory at any price. Women electors of Colorado are not ignorant of the charge brought against them of having been false to a sacred trust.

"'We are no worse than the men. All we ask is to be judged on an equal plane with man!' is the answer of the woman voter to criticism of her methods. And she usually ends with a triumphant 'You will find the average women in politics better than the average man!' All of which is very true!

"But to those of us who still cling with something of reverence to the old-fashioned notions of womanly honor and purity this is not enough. If woman must lose that innate and fine sense of honor that scorn to temporize with wrong, in return for the right to vote, then it seems to me, the price is too high!"

The Golden Bible and Mormonism

SEVENTY-FIVE years of conflict and of growth have made the little band of disciples that followed Joseph Smith into the wilderness a factor of great importance in the economic and political world. The senatorial inquiry into the doctrines and the conduct of the Mormon church is responsible for the publication of various works partizan in character, but fairly representative of different phases of Mormon growth, two of which are reviewed in this article. Professor Nelson's "Scientific Aspects of Mormonism"* would be of more immediate importance if it included the social aspects of the subject, a study to be given later, but it attempts to present in rational form the metaphysical teachings of the church and it emphasizes the scientific temperament of present-day Mormonism, otherwise evinced by the prominence of the physical sciences in Mormon academies and colleges. The confessions of John D. Lee,† who was executed in 1877 for the Mountain Meadow massacre, are of a different character, and throw light upon the actual evangelistic movement, which recruited the armies of the Church of Latter-Day Saints. This work was printed in 1877, has appeared at least twice since, and is probably not as difficult to procure as the introduction to the present volume would indicate. Its present form is made more readable by its elimination of some details and by making the narrative a continuous one. It is the memoir written by Lee in prison, his confession dictated to W. W. Bishop, his last letter and brief accounts of his arrest and execution. It has one illustration of value, a photograph of Lee made on the morning of his death. In fact Lee was seated on his coffin as he posed for his picture. The work is strongly written, in the plain language used by Davy Crockett and other

masters of homely speech, and arouses a singular interest in its author, who was made a tardy sacrifice to justice.

Mormonism began with the Book of Mormon described as an addition to the Christian Bible, but in nominal acceptance of all its teachings. Its present attitude is thus stated by Professor Nelson: "Mormonism claims to be, not a sect, but a religion,—the religion of Jesus Christ"; and, again: "Time was when to prove a doctrine scriptural was to prove it true. People are weary of wrangles concerning interpretation. Suppose you show the Bible is on your side. What then? You have merely shown that the Bible is on your side. The vital question is not, Does this doctrine square with scripture? but, Does it square with life as interpreted in that newer revelation of God, the book of nature?" "It is not my purpose to contend that the Mormon conception of God is that of the revelation of Scripture," says Mr. Nelson, in speaking of the personality of God, which is described in a purely physical way, and with a curious analogy to pagan conceptions of the succession of Chaos, Saturn, Jupiter and his children, the heroes and Roman emperors, until in later ages an election to the chair of Cæsar added to the number of the gods.

It is a large contract that is undertaken, and Professor Nelson approaches the language of Mrs. Eddy in his statement: "Suffice it here to point out in brief that Mormonism interprets, correlates and thinks into one vast and progressive unity all the experiences that can come to the human family during the passage of the ages." Beginning with the Deity, "God is conceived as the Father—in a very literal sense—of the spirits of all men. He must therefore be, like Christ, a glorified, perfected man. These spirits, like Christ their elder brother, lived a spiritually organized pre-mortal life, perhaps for thousands, perhaps for millions of years; and the ego, the I AM or principle of self consciousness, never had a beginning . . . to quote again the aphorism of psychic evolution, 'As man is, God once was; as God is, man may become.' But note now the dilemma when we oppose

*SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF MORMONISM OR RELIGION IN TERMS OF LIFE. By Nels L. Nelson, Professor of English in the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1904.

†THE MORMON MENACE, CONFESSIONS OF JOHN DOYLE LEE, DANITE. Introduction by Alfred Henry Lewis. Home Protection Publishing Company, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, 1905.

to this aphorism the absolute and irrevocable demand of reason that God must be eternal. For if this aphorism be true there was a time when our Father was not God. Who then was God? His Father, do you say? Well by the same necessity there must have been a time when He, too, was not God. Who then? This brings us face to face with another difficulty: there is but one God. . . . But if the aphorism above quoted be true there must be an infinite number of beings related to each other by sequence, yet all reigning co-ordinately as Gods."

This is his statement, without the props of the Adam-God theory, a hard row to hoe in the Mormon theological garden. Returning to the pre-existent spirits, homes are found for them by a more careful scrutiny than an immigration board can give to embodied spirits entering the new world. I give a few lines at random:

"The flower of the Hamitic race were accordingly sent to the earth when the world was young and empty; when, outside their own ranks, they must war upon rocks and trees and the wild beasts of the forest."

"Here [in Greece] bounded by insignificant geographical limits, was incarnated a group of spirits so allied in psychic tendencies that they speedily became a light unto the world. . . . Would this have been possible had these gifted spirits been distributed, say, throughout the humdrum hordes of China?"

"These psychic influences were nothing else than the spirit of the Greeks themselves made visible."

"The Jewish nation . . . was a people fitted by the very quintessence of their soul-bias to keep alive the most important truths that men can know, the nature and attributes of the one true God, maker of heaven and earth, and the relationship of liberty which ought to subsist among all men."

Surely it is not the metaphysical reasoning that produces this picture of the Mormon people: "Called by the voice of the Spirit, 'two of a family and one of a city,' and led and driven alternately to the barren wastes of the Rocky Mountains, they are to-day holding up the highest standard of righteousness that the world has ever seen. Judged superficially they may, indeed, seem what their traducers call them, the poor, the unlettered, the despised of the world; for

in the language of Paul, 'not many wise men, after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble' have the moral courage to accept the real gospel of Jesus Christ. As in the days of Christ, they have been chosen from the ranks of the fishermen, the farmers, the artisans of the world; but humble as they are, they are raised to the ranks of true manhood and womanhood by a virtue which you that read, scholar and fine gentleman that you are, perchance may not possess—the moral courage to forsake houses and lands, break the dearest ties of kindred, face the obloquy of a surprised and outraged social circle, and cast in your lot with people counted 'the filth and off-scourings of all things'—for the sake of an ideal."

I have given no space to discussion of topics common to all religious faith, nor to questions treated elsewhere in this article, but wish to show Professor Nelson's gleaming in poetic fields for inspiration more fully given to Joseph Smith.

Yet ofttimes a secret something
Whispered, You're a stranger here;
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

Mormonism rests primarily upon the discovery of the Golden Bible—thin gold plates covered with inscription—by Joseph Smith, Jr., near Palmyra, New York. Miraculously translated by Joseph, who dictated to Harris and Cowdery, the Book of Mormon was printed in 1830, and the Mormon Church established in that year. The book describes the wanderings of two bands from Asia to America, and the preaching of the Gospel to their descendants, the ancestors of the present Indian tribes. The plates were subsequently buried, and were never shown by their discoverer to any of his disciples. The narrative has been fairly well identified as substantially a manuscript written by Solomon Spaulding as a biblical romance. Removing to Kirtland, Ohio, a flourishing community was established with Sidney Rigdon as its preacher and Joseph Smith as prophet and head, from which missionaries were sent forth and a second community established in Jackson County, Missouri. Driven from both places, a new stake was built at Far West, Missouri, where John Doyle Lee's story begins.

Lee was a self-reliant, capable frontiersman, whose services as builder, farmer and commissary were of great use to the hapless community, and his life, omitting the bloody

record, was probably typical of the ten thousand who founded the state in the desert and made it blossom like the rose. "But they alone and under terrific difficulties," says Professor Münsterberg, "carried civilization across the prairies, and as a token of their industry the largest church in America stands there, the Mormon Temple, which they built by forty years of labor, exactly according to the plans which Young saw in a vision." There were to come many trials before the Western migration gave them a fixed habitation. Lee had been preceded by a neighbor, who brought back a good report, on which both entered the Mormon community. Lee's account gives the causes which made the Mormon missions successful in winning converts. "My neighbor Stewart, who had just returned from Missouri, brought the most cheering and thrilling accounts of the power and manifestation of the Holy Spirit working with that people; that the spiritual gifts of the true believers in Christ were enjoyed by all who lived faithfully and sought them; that there was no description about it; that every one had a testimony for himself and was not dependent upon another; that they had the gift of tongues, the power of healing the sick by the laying on of hands, prophesying, casting out devils and evil spirits."

In our own day we have seen the rise of Christian Science not as a school of medicine, but as a great church, based upon the claim of healing power. A similar movement in England—in which was Rev. Edward Irving—happened to coincide with the appearance of the Book of Mormon. "It has been left to us," says a contemporary review, "to witness the establishment of a sect of intellectual *convulsionnaires* upon the broad foundation that faith in Christ and the power of working miracles are one and the same thing." Scotland furnished, in the linguistic performances of the Macdonalds of Port Glasgow, a parallel to the gift of tongues, but without interpretation. The Millerite delusion of an immediate destruction of the world also prepared a body of enthusiasts to receive the command to emigrate to the New Zion. This consolidation of the sect and the promise of immediate material good appealed to the pioneers of the west and to the landless poor of Europe, and was in my opinion the chief cause of the Mormon success. "I had a small fortune," writes Lee, "a nice home, kind neigh-

bors and numerous friends, but nothing could shake the determination I then formed to break up, sell out and leave Illinois, and go to the Saints at Far West, Missouri."

"Sidney Rigdon delivered an oration that day," July 4, 1838, a month after Lee's arrival, "in which he said the Mormons were, as a people, loyal to the government, obedient to the laws, and as such they were entitled to the protection of the government in common with all other denominations, and were justified in claiming as full protection in their religious matters as the people of any other sect; that the Mormons had suffered from mob rule and violence, but would no longer submit to the mob or unjust treatment that had so long followed them. Now and forever more would they meet force with force. 'We have been driven from Kirtland,' said he; from Jackson County, the true Zion, and now we will maintain our rights, defend our homes, our wives and children and our property from mob rule and violence. If the Saints are again attacked we will carry on a war of extermination against our enemies, even to their homes and firesides, until we despoil those who have despoiled us, and give no quarter until our enemies are wasted away. We will unfold to the breeze the flag of our nation and under that banner of freedom we will maintain our rights or die in the attempt."

The Saints were at this time placed on a military basis and the secret band of avenging Danites was formed, but the expulsion from Missouri soon followed, and Lee's missionary journeys began, which continued until the death of the Prophet. This part of his life has received the fullest treatment, and I quote some passages:

"The time I started on my first mission was about the 1st of April, 1839. I bade adieu to my little family and started forth an illiterate, inexperienced man, without purse or scrip. I could hardly quote a passage of Scripture, yet I went forth to say to the world that I was a minister of the gospel, bearing a message from on High, with the authority to call upon all men to repent, be baptized for the remission of their sins, and receive the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands. I had never attempted to preach a discourse in all my life. I expected trials, and I had them to undergo many times."

"I started off in a southwesterly course over the Cumberland Mountains, and went about seventy miles through a heavily timbered country. I found many species of wild fruit in abundance along the way. Springs of pure, cold water were quite common. I passed many little farms and orchards of cultivated fruit, such as cherries, peaches, pears and apples. As I proceeded the country became familiar to me—so much so, that I soon knew I was on the very ground I had seen in my vision in the Baptist Church. I saw the place where I had held my first meeting and my joy was great to behold with my eyes what I had seen through a glass darkly."

"The meeting place was in a valley near a cold, pure spring; on either side was a high, elevated country; in the center of this valley there stood a large blacksmith and wagon shop, surrounded with a bower of brushwood to protect the audience from the sun. This bower in which I was to preach would seat one thousand people. In the center of the bower they had erected a framework or raised platform for a pulpit. I took my place and preached for one hour and a half. My tongue was like the pen of a ready writer. I scarcely knew what I was saying. I then opened the doors of the Church for the admission of members. . . . I labored at this place for two months and baptized twenty-eight persons, mostly the heads of families. I then organized them into a branch of the Church."

"In the after part of the day we remembered the advice of the morning and stopped at every house. The houses were about half a mile apart. We were refused at every house. The night came on dark and stormy, the rain fell in torrents, while heavy peals of thunder and bright flashes of lightning were constant. The timber was very heavy, making the night darker than it would otherwise have been. The road was badly cut up from heavy freight teams passing over it, and the holes were full of water. We fell into many holes of mud and water and were well soaked. About ten o'clock we called at the house of a Methodist class leader, and asked for lodging and food. He asked who we were. We told him we were Mormons. As soon as he heard the word Mormon he became enraged and said no Mormon could stay in his house. We started on. Soon afterwards we heard him making efforts to set his dogs on us. The dogs came running

and barking as a pack of hounds always do. When the dogs came near us I commenced to clap my hands and shouted as though the fox was just ahead of us; this caused the dogs to rush on and leave us in safety."

"Agreeably to arrangements we preached in the Methodist meeting-house to a very attentive audience upon the first principles of the gospel. We alluded to the treatment of Christ and his followers by the Pharisees and Sadducees, the religious sects of those days, and said that we preached the same gospel, and fared but little better. At the close of our remarks the class leader who had set the hounds on our track was the first to come to the stand to invite us home with him. I told him that the claims of those who did not set their dogs on us, after they had turned us from their doors hungry, were first with me."

The Mormon vote had become a matter of importance by the time the settlement was made at Nauvoo, Ill., and a model city charter was granted by the legislature giving almost independent statehood to the colony. Prosperity brought the attendance of murderers like Rockwell and river thieves to shelter themselves under the cloak of the religious community. Polygamy began to be practised secretly, and the unlimited power of the Prophet proved too much for his good judgment. A paper was issued making a bitter attack upon him. He caused the press and type to be destroyed. Though not present, Lee's account of the disturbance is full of interest.

"The owner of the grocery where the press was employed John Eagle, a professional bully, and others to defend it. As the Danites entered, or attempted to enter, Eagle stood in the door and knocked three of them down. As the third fell the Prophet struck Eagle under the ear and brought him sprawling to the ground. He then crossed Eagle's hands and ordered them tied, saying that he could not see his men knocked down while in the line of their duty without protecting them. This raised the ire of Higbee, Foster and others, and they got out writs for the arrest of Joseph, and laid their grievances before the Governor [Ford]. Joseph, knowing the consequences of such a move, concluded to leave for the Rocky Mountains and lay out a country where the saints would not be molested. He crossed over into Iowa with a few faithful friends. These friends begged him to return and stand his trial;

saying that the Lord had always delivered him, and would again. He told them he would be killed, but that if he went away he would save his life and the Church would not be hurt; that he would look out a new country for them. The Governor had advised him to do this. Those old grannies then accused him of cowardice, and told him that Christ had said he would never leave his brethren in trouble. He then asked if his Emma wished him to return. They answered: Yes. Joseph then said it was all light before him and darkness behind him, but he would return, though he felt as a sheep led to slaughter. The following day he crossed the river into Illinois. He kissed his mother, and told her that his time had come, and that he must seal his testimony with his blood. He advised his brother Hyrum not to go with him, saying that he would be a comfort to the Church when he, the Prophet, was no more. Hyrum said: "No, my brother; I have been with you in life, and will be with you in death!"

"Joseph the Prophet and Hyrum, his brother," is Lee's arraignment of the Church's enemies, "were assassinated on the 24th day of June, 1844, at Carthage, about twenty miles from Nauvoo, while under the pledged faith of Governor Ford, of Illinois. Governor Ford had promised them protection if they would stand trial and submit to the judgment of the court. By his orders the Nauvoo Grays were to guard the jail while the prisoners awaited trial. The mob was headed by Williams and Sharp, editors of the Nauvoo Signal. When they approached the jail the guard made no resistance."

With the death of Smith came Brigham Young, whose autocracy, sometimes strengthened by civil appointment, continued until 1877. Lee was his adopted son and executed various orders with characteristic directness, guarding the new prophet's life for many years. This led many to charge Young with complicity in the Mountain Meadow massacre, prior to the death of Lee, and lent strength to Lee's contention that he was a sacrifice for others. It was at Nauvoo that the sealing of wives began, according to Lee, and in this his testimony does not stand alone. "In less than one year after I learned the will of God concerning marriage among the saints, as made

known by him in a revelation to Joseph, I was the husband of nine wives. I took my wives in the following order: First, Agathe Ann Woolsey; second, Nancy Berry; third, Louisa Free; fourth, Sarah C. Williams; fifth, old Mrs. Woolsey (she was the mother of Agathe Ann and Rachel A.—I married her for her soul's sake) . . . ninth, Martha Berry." That was Mr. Lee's best year for wives, and his total accumulation was only double that year's crop, but easy come, easy go; when Lee was in disgrace with fortune and in men's eyes, "Brigham sent word to my wives that they were divorced from me and could leave me, if they wished to do so. This was the hardest blow I ever received in my life, for I loved my wives. As the result of Brigham's advice eleven of my wives deserted me, and have never lived with me since that time."

The removal to Iowa in 1846, the participation in the Mexican War, and the choice of a valley in the Rocky Mountains for the home of the new people, was all matter of great importance to the Mormon Church. At the time of emigration their new home belonged to Mexico and came into the United States by treaty. The large numbers of the Saints protected them from the Indians, but the Church claimed a peculiar interest because of their Book of Mormon being in a sense the Indian Bible. Their history became now that of a state hostile to the Government over it and the establishment of governmental relations was not without serious friction for which the blame cannot be placed wholly on them. The Mountain Meadow massacre occurred in the year 1857, the year that Albert Sidney Johnston was sent out to reduce the Mormon state to proper subjection. A wagon train under Captain Fancher, forty men with their wives and children, were attacked by Indians and Mormons and all were killed except a few children too young to testify against their murderers. Their fate was not suspected for a year and no attempt to punish the guilty was made until 1874, when John D. Lee was arrested and three years later executed for his part in the crime. In a study of the history of Mormonism his book is an important exhibit, but it is not altogether testimony for one side.

William C. Ewing.

Recent Notable Poems

Lyrics of Evening.....Atlantic

THE SWEETEST MUSIC

Not in the light is sweetest music made,
But when the evening shadows, tardy, staid,
Sleep-flowers are bringing,
And the loves are sitting round,
Their eyes upon the ground,
And the dreams are singing.

TO THE EVENING STAR

A sound as of the falling leaves
While yet the summer dies,
When the tired wind no longer grieves,
And only the silence sighs;

A grace as of the mist that clings
In tops of faded trees
Or where the graybeard thistle swings
In pastures of the bees;

A scent as of the wilding rose
Fond summer's heart must keep,
In dreamland of the under-snows
Sweetening all her sleep;

A fair face out of memory
And love's long brooding made,
Too fair for rude reality,
Too real for a shade;—

Are these thy gift, lone winter-star,
Hung 'twixt the night and day?
They come with thee and from afar
Chance up thy golden way.

.....
John Vance Cheney.

"Give Thanks, O Heart!".....Independent

Give thanks, O heart, for the high souls
That point us to the deathless goals—
For all the courage of their cry
That echoes down from sky to sky;
Thanksgiving for the armed seers
And heroes called to mortal years—
Souls that have built our faith in man,
And lit the ages as they ran.

Lincoln, Mazzini, Lamennais,
Living the thing that others pray;
Cromwell, St. Francis and the rest,

Bearing the God-fire in the breast—
These are the sons of sacred flame,
Their brows marked with the secret name;
The company of souls supreme,
The conscripts of the mighty dream.

Made of unpurchasable stuff,
They went the way when ways were rough;
They, when the traitors had deceived,
Held the long purpose, and believed;
They, when the face of God grew dim,
Held thro' the dark and trusted him—
Brave souls that fought the mortal way
And felt that faith could not betray.

Give thanks for heroes that have stirred
Earth with the wonder of a word.
But all thanksgiving for the breed
Who have bent destiny with deed—
Souls, of the high, heroic birth,
Souls sent to poise the shaken earth,
And then called back to God again
To make heaven possible for men.

Edwin Markham.

The Trojan Women of Euripides. Independent Review

CASSANDRA'S PROPHECY

Little he knows, that hard-beset
Spirit, what deeps of woe await him yet,
Till all these tears of ours and harrowings
Of Troy, by his, shall seem as golden things!
Ten years behind ten years, athwart his way
Waiting; and home, lost and unfriended . . .

Nay;

Why should Odysseus' labors fret my breath?
On: hasten: guide me to the house of death,
To lie beside my bridegroom! . . . Thou
Greek King,

That deemst thy fortune now so high a thing,
Thou dust of the earth a lowlier bed I see,
In darkness not in light awaiting thee;
And with thee, with thee, there where yawn-
eth plain

A rift of the rocks, torn through with winter
rain,

Dead—and outcast—and naked. It is I
Beside my bridegroom; and the wild beast
cry

And ravin on God's chosen.

O ye wreaths,

Ye garlands of my God, whose love yet
breathes
About me; shapes of joyance mystical,
Begone! I have forgot the festival,
Forgot the joy . . . Begone! I tear ye so,
From off me. . . Out on the swift wind they
go.

With flesh yet clean I cast them back to thee,
Yet white, O God, O light that leadest me!
Where lies the galley? Whither shall tread?
See that your watch be set, your sails be
spread!

The wind comes quick! . . . Three powers
. . . mark me, thou! . . .

There be in Hell; and one walks with thee now!
Mother, farewell, and weep not! O my sweet
City, my earth-clad brethren, and thou great
Sire, that begat us, but a little now
And I am with you! Yea with crowned brow
I come, ye dead, and shining from the fall
Of Athens house, the house that wrecked us
all.

Gilbert Murray.

Irish Melodies The Living Age

A voice beside the dim enchanted river
Out of the twilight where the brooding
trees

Hear Shannon's Druid water chant forever
Tales of dead Kings and Bards and Shan-
achies;

A girl's young voice out of the twilight, sing-
ing

Old songs beside the legendary stream;
A girl's clear voice, o'er the wan waters ring-
ing,

Beats with its wild wings at the gates of
Dream.

The flagger-leaves whereon shy dew-drops
glisten

Are swaying, swaying gently to the sound,
The meadow-sweet and spearmint, as they
listen,

Breathe wistfully their wizard balm
around;

And there, alone with her young heart and
heaven,

Thrushlike she sings, and lets her voice go
free,

Her soul of all its hidden longing shriven
Soars on wild wings with her wild melody.

John Todhunter.

The American Desert Metropolitan

A vast expanse of yellow sand,—

With here and there a bunch of withered
grass,

A little brush,—and in some rocky pass
'Mid cliffs and boulders—strange, chaotic
mass—

A few dwarf cedars stand.

And that is all:

No road, no fence, no house to greet the eye,
No noise of many people passing by;

Nothing but glare of sand and blue of sky—
And silent, waiting, Death.

The Desert wind is wild and free!

And whirled aloft in columns high, the
sand

Goes drifting, scudding, o'er the barren
land,

As water-spouts, by some supreme com-
mand,

Go racing o'er the sea.

O wondrous work!

The aspect of the land is changing fast,—

'Tis ever new. Two things alone outlast:

Great ruins, and the cliffs of ages past,
When God and man built well.

And rivers? No! The streams are such

In name alone! For, winding in and out,
Through cañons deep, where echoes never
shout,

They flow but sand,—and Nature does
without.

No Life is seen or heard.

The land is dead!

And in this trackless waste the cry of Fear
Rings out in vain! with no one there to hear.

Man's love of gold and fortune costs him
dear—

Thirst is the friend of Death.

John Lee Clarke.

I'll Loose the Web of My Desire Atlantic

I'll loose the web of my desire:

I'll let thee free, I'll let thee free!

Fly forth on wings that never tire—
Nor think of me.

To farthest kingdom of delight,

My lover, roam! my lover, roam!

But when comes on the solemn night—
Come home. *Evelyn Phinney.*

Sidney Lee's Great Englishmen

of the Sixteenth Century*

THIS volume of Mr. Lee's is based upon a series of lectures delivered in this country in 1903, but it covers its chosen field more comprehensively, and in fuller detail, than was possible in the original oral treatment. At the opening of his book the author, with a sweeping glance, and with the brevity and concision proper to an introductory chapter, speaks in the most general terms of the whole mighty movement of the Renaissance, passing by those phases of it that were purely national, and dwelling upon the great features that characterized its appearance in every country of western Europe. After a brief consideration of the primary causes of the intellectual awakening, he enlarges upon the tone and temper of that stirring and splendid era, and touches upon its chief achievements.

When one remembers the momentous influences and startling discoveries that ushered in and accompanied the sixteenth century it need be no matter of wonder that the men of the time were stimulated to a many-sided intensity of living, which has never since been paralleled. Columbus and Vasco da Gama swept away the old narrow horizons, and revealed lands and seas before undreamt of to the wondering eyes of Europe. The revelations of the scientist were as stupendous as those of the explorer. The world, Copernicus showed, was not the center of things. The inverted bowl of the sky then opened out into infinite vistas, and men were startled at the conception, which dawned upon them then for the first time, of the strange limitless expanses above and below them, and were awed at the thought of their own insignificant place in the economy of the universe. Hand in hand with this revelation of a new heaven and a new earth went the intellectual revelation of a new knowledge and a new culture that were to influence the spirit of man even more potently than the most startling discoveries in the physical world. The literature, art and philosophy of Greece and Rome brought

back the gods from their long exile, inspired a fresh delight in life and beauty, and bred a bold inquiring temper that struck for freedom of thought and action. The spirit of man broke at last from the dark medieval keeps and cloisters, and ran joyously in the open sunshine. The passion for inquiry and criticism that went with the new learning resulted, in the religious sphere, in Protestantism, that compromise with the spirit of rationalism which many prefer to regard—however historic truth may shake its head—as the revival of a divinely inspired system. In the midst of these revelations, when the ferment of thought was at its height, came the printing-press to spread the news of these wonderful discoveries and to sow broadcast the seeds that were to bloom into a new philosophy and a new literature.

Mr. Lee's studies as a biographer have made him familiar with all the eager life of this most inspiring period. He has felt the strong pulse of the time, and its breath stirs in the pages of this volume. The first chapter of it, dealing chiefly with the spirit of the sixteenth century, is a notable bit of writing, both by its sure sense for the essential and by its lucid, orderly and comprehensive statement.

It is to a magnanimous company that Mr. Lee introduces us in the body of his book—to Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser, Bacon and Shakespeare, all of them, save only More, men of the spacious Elizabethan times. In the studies that follow the introductory chapter biography and literary criticism are combined and blended. To the lives of those of whom Mr. Lee has chosen here to speak, the world will always turn as to a moving spectacle, in the contemplation of which they may forget the wear and tear of familiar fretting circumstance, and brace themselves against the rough buffetings of life. And the author's present task happily affords him the opportunity of telling the story, that cannot be too often told, of a number of incidents which, by virtue of their tragedy, their heroism or their beauty, will ever be cherished in the memory of English-speaking peoples.

*GREAT ENGLISHMEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Sidney Lee. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1904.

Once again we read in these pages of the piteous fate of More, that shocked all Christendom—of the meekness, serenity, and cheerful courage with which he faced a mar-



FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN
From the portrait by Paul Van Somer in the National Portrait Gallery

tyr's death. Once again we read of Mary Roper, More's favorite daughter, who, careless of the threatening halberds of the guard that led her sentenced father to the Tower-Ward, pressed on to receive the old man's blessing and embrace him for the last time, and of how, after his execution, she rescued his head from the pole on London Bridge, preserving it in spices, and clasping it in her last trance of death. It is she who appears in "The Dream of Fair Women"—

Morn broadened on the borders of the dark,
Ere I saw her who clasped in her last trance
Her murdered father's head.

Once more we follow the story of Sir Philip Sidney—of

Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,

and are made to feel the pathos of his early death. Nor can time stale the story, also here retold, of Raleigh, the dauntless discoverer and audacious adventurer, who, with a handful of daredevil followers, plunged into the wildernesses of a new world in search of El Dorado, the city of fabulous wealth, and who, when at last he met death, the destroyer whom he apostrophizes so sublimely in his "History of the World," faced him fearlessly, and without complaint, laying his head upon the block with a jest as brave as it was grave—"What matter how the head lie so the heart be right?"

Not less stirring and audacious in its way than the career of Raleigh was that of Bacon, who, as he himself said, took all knowledge for his province. Like Raleigh, he, too, was a pioneer and a discoverer—a voyager in strange seas of thought. To speak in terms of eulogy of his character, stained as it was by time-serving meannesses, blotted indelibly by treachery to his friend Essex, and pitifully clouded at its close, is quite impossible. His nature, like Raleigh's, was an inextricable tangle of good and evil, of magnanimity and mean self seeking. Yet in his career, too, when considered in its nobler aspect, there is the potent stimulus that comes from his massive and towering intellect, and from the grand scale of his endeavor for "the glory of God and the good of man's estate." As for the darker side of Bacon's name and fame, one is glad to leave it, as he left it, to "future times and men's charitable speeches."

In writing the lives of the six men whom he studies in this volume, Mr. Lee has made no attempt to provide full biographies, or exhaustive summaries of biographical facts. He aims to present only leading traits, and dwells emphatically upon features peculiarly

characteristic of the age, and of the individuals with whom he is concerned. Versatility of interest and experience, for example, were regarded in the Renaissance as the touchstone of human excellence. Specialism was entirely alien to the generous, catholic temper of the times. Men richly endowed with literary genius plunged into the active business of life. Scholars credited all goals of human endeavor with inherent unity. It is characteristics such as these, typical at once of the man and the period, that Mr. Lee seeks to exemplify in his biographical sketches. Thus More is presented as a deep student of ancient and modern literatures, and also as a man of affairs, distinguished in politics and at the bar; Sir Philip Sidney was at once poet, scholar, courtier, diplomatist, and soldier. Raleigh is seen as "a daring soldier, sailor, traveler, and colonizer . . . a poet of exuberant fancy, a historian of solid industry and insight, and a political philosopher of depth—as one to whom the things of the mind appealed equally with things of the senses and the sinews." In a word, Mr. Lee succeeds in leaving his readers with a lively sense of those human traits which the conditions of the age brought into bold relief.

The judgments Mr. Lee pronounces upon the characters of the men he treats are, in general terms, indisputably sound, and yet they lack—and this is notable in the cases of Raleigh and Bacon—the delicate shadings of extenuation which only complete sympathy and psychologic insight can supply, and which must enter into every truly just estimate.

That part of the present work which is given to literary criticism aims to consider in their more important aspects the great achievements of the English sixteenth century.

The author follows the series of literary exploits that begins with the wonderful enlightenment of More's "Utopia, and culminates with the work of Bacon and

Shakespeare. In the case of More, Mr. Lee follows out the strange paradoxes that had a place alike in his life and writings, and made both so thoroughly characteristic of the period. On the one hand, More is seen as the ascetic. He fasted, he prayed, he kept vigils, he wore a shirt of hair. On the other hand, he appears as the humanist who had drunk deep of all the culture of the Renaissance. The same man who conceived the radical and revolutionary ideals of the "Utopia" died on the scaffold, a martyr to beliefs that confined man's intellect and denied it freedom of thought.

The literary works of Sidney and Raleigh



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

From the portrait attributed to Federigo Zuccaro in the National Portrait Gallery

Mr. Lee regards as prime examples of the versatility of the time. In each case the breadth of intellectual ambition impoverished achievement. Both men wasted splendid

gifts in too wide and multifarious a range of endeavor—"they did a strange variety of things to admiration, but failed to do the one thing of isolated pre-eminence." What is here said of Spenser's poetry is not upon the whole notable, and quite lacks freshness, originality and enthusiasm. In speaking of the "*Faerie Queene*," Mr. Lee, like Aubrey De Vere and Professor Dowden, rightly lays stress upon its moral import, which Lowell, with what seems like a strange perversity, insisted upon regarding as insignificant, and

finitely suggestive "counsels of imperfection," over which is poured that dry, white light of the intellect, so devoid of all cordial warmth.

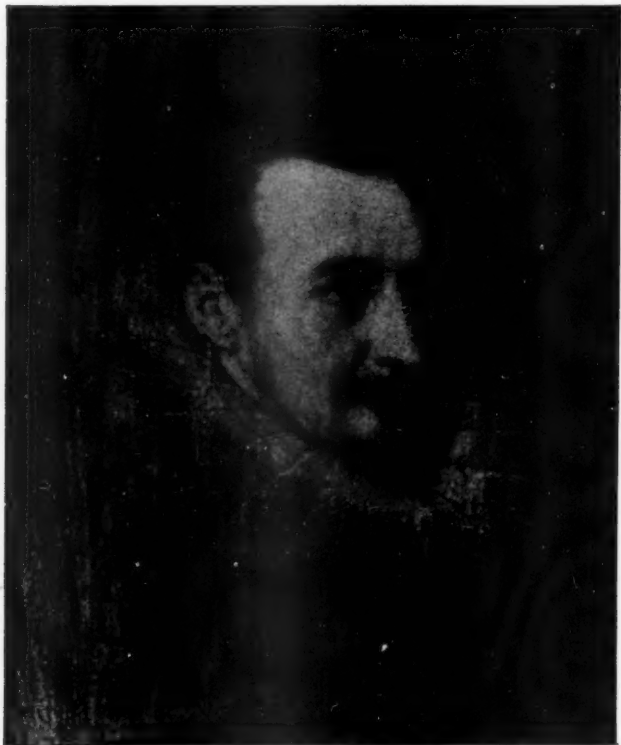
To speak briefly of Shakespeare's achievement without falling into commonplace is, to-day, no easy matter; and Mr. Lee has not overcome the difficulties his task involves. Where he speaks of the life of the great dramatist, he is admirable; but his literary criticism of Shakespeare's work is not noteworthy, unless it be where he pauses to illumine some dark corner, or where he departs from his general plan, as in the digression that treats of the foreign influences upon the dramas and poems.

In this volume as elsewhere, Mr. Lee appears more at home in the field of scholarship than in the realm of literary criticism. In the latter sphere he never rises above the level of the commonplace; witness his criticism of the "*Faerie Queene*." He is himself when his feet are on the ground, and he grasps a fact. And where he deals simply with matters of fact, not with matters of taste, he speaks with an assurance that comes of perfect familiarity with his subject, and gives his views the note of authority. He well understands the mustering and arrangement of the materials which a careful patient scholarship has made ready to his hand.

It is plain that in "*Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*" we have a volume that is the result of original research. It is stamped every-

where with the marks of scholarly industry and first-hand knowledge. Though his book is not designed for the edification of the expert, such an one may still find his account with it, for again and again it throws new light into out-of-the-way corners, and gathers in here and there bits of new information that will make it worth the scholar's perusal.

Mr. Lee is an acquisitive writer; imagination rarely lights his criticism, and what



EDMUND SPENSER

From the portrait in the possession of the Earl of Kinnoul at Dupplin Castle

a mere annoyance—"a bit of gravel in a dish of strawberries and cream." He also lays great stress, and very properly, upon the deep scholarship which Spenser's poetry everywhere evinces. The criticism of Bacon's work is much weightier than that of Spenser's. It is just, comprehensive, well-considered, close-packed with varied information, and marked by original thought. One might wish, however, for a fuller consideration of the essays, those worldly-wise, and in-

passes through his hands gains little but lucidity and order. In his manner there is occasionally an encyclopedic dryness. For a writer of so experienced a pen, his style is singularly heavy-handed. It lacks flexibility and natural ease; it has no flow; the sentences are but links in a chain. The attempts to bring variety of movement into the cadences by putting the cart before the horse in short periodic sentences produces results so awkward that one who knew the author only by this book would be justified in concluding that he was just beginning to cultivate the literary graces. His vocabulary is copious, and stored with rich old words, which, however, are woven into no rich texture of style, but stand lonely, like distinguished strangers whom

chance has thrust into a common place company.

After having indicated what Mr. Lee's book is not, and what it does not pretend to be, it still remains to say that it meets a definite want. It is not, the author himself tells us, intended primarily for the scholar. Nor is it for one who is familiar with the general features of the literary landscape of the sixteenth century. It is of value to the reader who comes to the subject as a stranger and who is seeking a thoroughly informed and trustworthy guide, who can make him acquainted with the great men of the age, conduct him to its great literary monuments, and give him such information about them as everyone of general intelligence should possess.

Horatio S. Krams.

Newspaper Verse

Serious and Otherwise

A Song to the Soul Atlanta Constitution

Cease thou, O Soul, to dream
Of joys long dead;
Heaven's stars above thee gleam:
Be comforted!

Weeps't thou o'er altars dim,
Whose fires are fled?
Sing thou Faith's sweetest hymn:
Be comforted.

There, in the ashes gray,
Faith's dreams are red;
Love's lamp will light thy way:
Be comforted!

Think, how Love found no place
To lay his head;
Behold His pitying face:
Be comforted!

Do human hearts forsake,
In thorn-paths led?
God's hand thy hand shall take:
Be comforted!

Life, with its wrath and wrong,
Soon—soon is sped;
Heaven be thy joy and song:
Be comforted!

Frank L. Stanton.

The Strength of the Hills Forest and Stream

There's a bird in the loom to-day,
And a song in the shuttle, too;
There's a glimmering scene in the bales of wool
Of the sheep on the slopes, and the heart is full,
But the rosy days are the few.

There's a cast in the breeze to-day
Of the violets sweet in the bloom;
And the yearning heart feels the strength of the
hills,
But turns with a will to the door of the mills,
For another day at the loom.

There's a bond to the woods to-day,
And a call to the meadows anew;
But another bond there is that binds
The willing hand to its work, and finds
That the drones in the hive are the few.

There's a joy in the work to-day,
A delight in the labor to do.
So the woods and the birds, and the bricks in the
wall,
And the clattering loom agree after all
That the mouldy days are the few.

J. S. S.

A Ballade of "Old Mizzouri" Kansas City Star

A feller sez to me,

Sez he:

"When I was a boy in old Mizzoo
I onc't went fishing along the Blue;
Baited my hook with a chunk o' liver
And flung it way over into the river—
Then I yanked out a mud-cat so all-fired big,
Made a hefty load for a two-hoss rig.
And the neighbors in that whole region sed,
When I landed that fish so slick and neat—
The water of the river went down two feet."

Now co'se, I don't know

If this be so,

But that's what the feller sed

A eller sez to me,

Sez he:

"I onc't had an old hired hand named Biz,
And when he was took down with the rheumatiz,
Bought a chunk o' tobaccy the size of a brick
With a smell rank enough to make a man sick.
He soaked it a day in Ceylon tea—
And then he come and he sez to me:
You chaw this gob till you're weak in the knees
Then gulp and swallow the whole dam' cheese.
And I did. From that day to this
I hain't been touched with the rheumatiz.'
Now co'se, I don't know
If this be so,
But that's what the feller sed.

A feller sez to me,

Sez he:

'When a man's onc't raised in this neck o' the
woods,
Then tries to move out with his chattels and
goods,
And dwell 'mongst a different breed o' men—
He may stay a spell—but he'll show up again.
He can hike o'er the country wherever he will,
But the blood of his fathers flows in his veins
still;
For a Missourian born and bred in the bone
Can't live without biscuits and old cawnpone."
Now co'se, I don't know
If that be so,
But that's what the feller sed.

Chas. J. Burney.

O Spring.....Chicago Chronicle

O'spring! Dear spring! O gentle spring!
You blue-eyed, tender little thing!
Oh, how you make the poets sing,
O spring!
You fill our hearts with such delight
That we are just compelled to write
Or burst and fade away from sight,
O spring!

Such thoughtlets in our heads occur;
Our wheels begin to grind and whirr
When pussy willows start to purr,
O spring!

And when you shake your winter coat
The robin clears his little throat,
And then we poets start to gloat,
O spring!

O ecstasy! O deep delight!
The muse is working day and night;
Spring poem microbes start to bite,
O spring!

O spring! Dear spring! O gentle spring!
To you we fondly cling and sing;
You're just too sweet for anything,
O spring!

The Poet and the Spring...Cleveland Plain Dealer

I plucked a quill from Fancy's ring
And swiftly wrote "Reign, lovely Spring!"
It rained.

I turned my Muse to softly sing
In accents sweet, "Hail, gentle Spring!"
It hailed!

Telepathy.....Washington Evening Star

There's somethin' in the atmosphere; I don't
know what it is
That helps a feller to furgit about the rheumatiz;
I know there's somethin' happenin'; same as
folks more wise than I
Kin tell about the weather, jes' by lookin' at
the sky.
There's a twinkle in the sunshine an' a murmur
in the air
That promises a summer day that's free from
every care;
I'd bet a half a dollar—an' I wouldn't be afraid—
That somewhere there's a circus gettin' ready to
parade.

They're talkin' to the elephants an' tellin' 'em
they're due

To get in shape to jine the grand spectacular
review.

An' the lions an' the tigers, they are bein' well
advised

To try an' look ferocious, same as they are adver-
tised.

An' the little speckled ponies is a lookin' sleek
and fine

An' pawin' with impatience to git out into the
line.

I kin sort o' sniff the saw dust, I kin taste the
lemonade—

Somewheres they is a circus gettin' ready to
parade.

Getting Down to One Syllable.....New York Sun

They fought and bled at Tashichiao
And Yang they did not shun.
They charged the syllable Liao
And Sankankankwantun,
But now a year has left its mark—
(Afraid? Exhausted?—bah!)

Yet Slav and Jap

Contrive to scrap

At spots called La and Ta.

Of mighty hosts of men we thought

And spoke with wisdom rare.

We told when, how and why they fought,

But blamed if we told where.

We did not feel a bit at home

Except with General Ma.

But fear and doubt

Are up the spout

With names like La and Ta.

For now no daily papers get

Those Manchu names, to wit,

Three-quarters of the alphabet

Indulging in a fit.

And now the thankful readers smile

As happily they sing:

"Where is the sneeze

In names like these?

Oh, Ta where is thy sting?"

T. R. Y.

A Fisher of Men*



A TURF HUT

THE sealing-schooner *Right and Tight* struck on the Fish Rocks off Cape Charles in the dusk of a northeast gale. It is a jagged, black reef, outlying and isolated; the seas wash over it in heavy weather. It was a bitter gale; there was ice in the sea, and the wind was wild and thick with snow; she was driving before it—wrecked, blind, utterly lost. The breakers flung her on the reef, broke her back, crunched her, swept the splinters on. Forty-two men were of a sudden drowned in the sea beyond; but the skipper was left clinging to the rock in a swirl of receding water.

"'Us seed un there in the mornin'," said the old man of Cape Charles who told me the story. 'He were stickin' to it like a mussel, with the sea breakin' right over un. 'Cod! he were!'

"He laughed and shook his head; that was a tribute to the strength and courage with

which the man on the reef had withstood the icy breakers through the night.

"'Look! us couldn't get near 'un,' he went on. 'Twas clear enough t' see, but the wind was blowin' wonderful, an' the seas was too big for the skiff. Sure, I knows that; for us tried it.'

"'Leave us build a fire!' says my woman. 'Leave us build a fire on the head!' says she. 'Twill let un know they's folk lookin' on.'

"'Twas a wonderful big fire us set; an' it kep' us warm, so us set there all day watchin' the skipper of the *Right and Tight* on Fish Rocks. The big seas jerked un loose an' flung un about, an' many a one washed right over un; but nar a sea could carry un off. 'Twas a wonderful sight t' see un knocked off his feet, an' scramble round an' cotch hold somewhere else. 'Cod! it were—the way that man stuck t' them slippery rocks all day long!'

"He laughed again—not heartlessly; it was the only way in which he could express his admiration.

"'We tried the skiff again afore dark,' he

*THE HARVEST OF THE SEA. By W. T. Grenfell. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. \$1.00.

DR. GRENFELL'S PARISH. By Norman Duncan. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. \$1.00.

continued, 'but 'twasn't no use. The seas was too big. Sure, *he* knowed that so well as we. So us had t' leave un there all night.'

" 'He'll never be there in the mornin',' says my woman.

" 'You wait,' says I, 'an' you'll see. I'm thinkin' he will.'

" 'An he was, zur—right there on Fish Rocks, same as ever; still stickin' on like the toughest ol' mussel ever you tasted. Sure, I had t' rub me eyes when I looked; but 'twas he, never fear—'twas he, stickin' there like a mussel. But there was no gettin' un then. Us watched un all that day. 'Twas dark afore us got un ashore.'

" 'You come nigh it *that* time,' " says I.

" 'I'll have t' come a sight nigher,' says he, "afore I goes!"

"The man had been on the reef more than forty-eight hours!"

Such are the perils and the pluck of the Labrador fisherman. He is a new figure in literature, but he has been living in his forgotten corner of the land and gathering his

gotten fishers have found both a helper and an interpreter. Folk who have Dr. Grenfell to live and work among them and Norman Duncan to write about them cannot remain obscure and neglected. The world looks their way, and begins to understand their plight, and make haste to help them.

Not that they need help as far as their spirit and fortitude are concerned. No man can teach the Labrador fisherman on these points. Both Dr. Grenfell's book and Norman Duncan's are saturated, so to speak, with a cheerful courage as bracing as the salt breeze that seems to blow across their pages. The Labrador "liveyere" knows no better place than his home, and no other occupation for a man but to fish. "They seem not to know," says Norman Duncan, "that fishing is a hard or dangerous employment; for instance, a mild-eyed, crooked old fellow—he was a cheerful Methodist, too, and subject to 'glory fits'—who had fished from one harbor for sixty years, computed for me that he had put out to sea in his punt at least twenty thousand times, that he had been



"THE LABRADOR LIVEYERE"

harvest from the cruel and terrible sea for obscure and uncounted generations. No man, apparently, has cared for his soul, or his body, either. But now, suddenly, these for-

frozen to the seat of his punt many times, that he had been swept to sea with the ice-packs six times, that he had weathered six hundred gales, great and small, and that he

had been wrecked more times than he could 'just mind' at the moment; yet he was the only old man I ever met who seemed honestly to wish that he might live his life over again!" It is not their courage, but their conditions that need improvement. " 'As a permanent abode of civilized man,' it is written in a very learned if somewhat old-fashioned work, 'Labrador is, on the whole, one of the most uninviting spots on the face of the earth.' That is putting it altogether too delicately; there should be no qualification; the place is a brutal desolation. The weather has scoured the coast—a thousand miles of it—as clean as an old bone; it is utterly sterile, save for a tuft or two of hardy grass and wide patches of crisp moss; bare gray rocks, low in the south, towering and craggy in the north, everywhere blasted by frost, lie in billowy hills between the froth and clammy mist of the sea and the starved forest at the edge of the inland wilderness. . . . It is an evil fate to be born there. The saving circumstance is the very isolation of the dwelling-place—no man knows, no man really *knows*, that elsewhere the earth is kinder to her children and fairer far than the windswept, barren coast to which he is used. They live

content, bearing many children, in inclemency, in squalor, and from time to time, in uttermost poverty—such poverty as clothes a child in a trouser-leg, and feeds babies and strong men alike on nothing but flour and water. They were born there; that is where they came from; that is why they live there."

Four thousand of the "liveyeres," whose name explains itself ("Oh, ay, zur, I lives yere!"), dwell along the coast from the Strait of Belle Isle to Cape Chidley. Twenty-five thousand more fisherfolk from Newfoundland sail the Labrador seas in the fishing season, and camp in "tilts" or mud huts in the best locations they can find for these summer settlements. Not only the

men and boys come thus, crowded incredibly upon the fishing boats, but the women and children as well, carrying food, furniture,



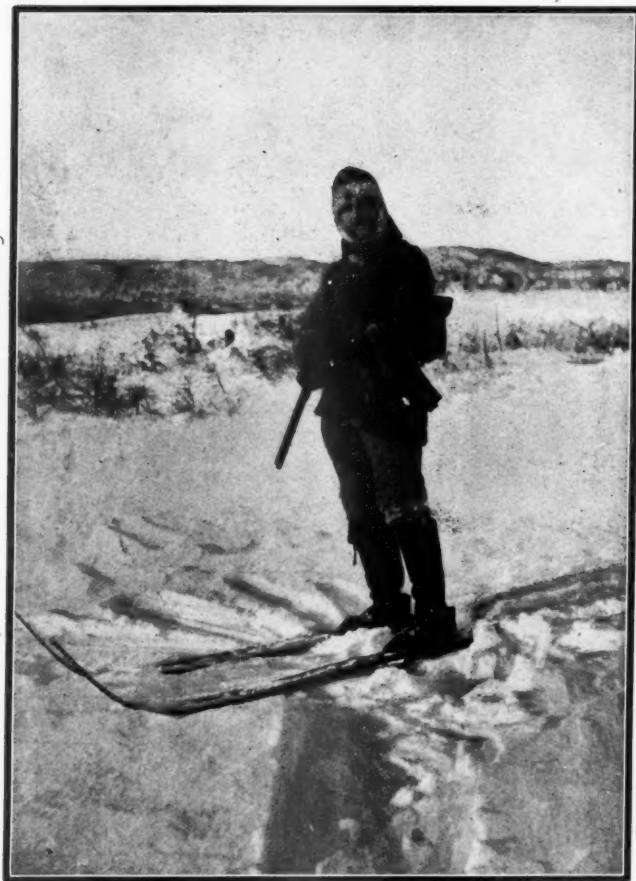
"THEY ARE REALLY THE GREAT COD"

bedding, household utensils, and all necessary gear for the season. Some of the men stay by the rude temporary "stations," and these are called "stationers." They go out fishing near the shore, as the "liveyeres" also do. The rest sail out to the fishing-banks, farther north, and are the "green-fish catchers." The "liveyeres" are cut off from the world all the year round; the rest leave the world behind when they come up to Labrador. Civilization does nothing for them but to buy their fish, if they happen to get any. If the fish do not run well, famine, bitter and ghastly, must inevitably be their portion. There is no harvest possible, except from the sea. To "find the fish" is the one dream

of the Labrador fisher, and as the coast proverb picturesquely puts it, "the fish have no bells." "A dunderhead," they say, "can *catch* fish, but it takes a *man* t' find un." There are seven thousand square miles of fishing-banks off the Labrador coast, and the fish may be anywhere in all that expanse. Dr. Grenfell gives a graphic picture of the coming of the schools of "capelin" to the

mighty cliffs, their jagged faces telling the story of their endless battles at first with fire and then with frost and furious seas. Along the shores is the great host of eager fishermen.

"Suddenly the water is alive. Everywhere the dense masses are 'breaching' the surface, which a moment ago was so still and death-like. Birds flying and diving follow in their wake, with seals and porpoises, sharks and whales, and countless hosts of lean and hungry cod. Ashore, even the wild animals are expecting them, and dogs and bears, otters and minks, are hurrying to the landwash to share in the great feast that comes, like the rain, to good and bad alike. Our net is a great room of twine, anchored down on the bottom by the four corners. There is also a large, straight net running to the rocks. This is called the 'leader,' because as the shoals of cod swim along past the rocks, it leads them right into the door. The net is so shaped that once inside, they never get back to the entrance, but go on swimming round and round. The fishermen keep a watch on the shore, and are soon off in the large trap-boat. Then they look down with a water telescope, and if they see any fish they pull up the door and empty the trap. It is in this way we catch the enormous number of fish necessary to make a living. The fish when dried and 'tallied in' to the merchant on our return are sent to the Mediterranean and Brazilian markets and to the West Indies." The size of the cod can be seen by the quaint illustration.



THE DOCTOR ON A WINTER JOURNEY

river-mouths along the coast, and the cod following them in.

"It is a glorious sight to see, this arrival of the fish. Overhead the marvellous transparent sky; below, the glassy surface of the dark blue ocean; here and there the fantastic shapes of great mountains of ice, dazzling the eye with a whiteness which far exceeds that of the whitest marble. Behind are the

neither man, woman, nor child has sleep or rest, unless an hour's slumber be precariously snatched. The torches are alight on deck, shore, and in the turf huts all night, for the fish must be split and salted and packed in the hold before the schooner puts out again at daybreak, for the fish traps may be miles up the coast. A clever hand can split and clean thirty fish a minute. Yet the cleverest

most fortunate, and most hard-working fisherman is lucky, indeed, if he makes two hundred and fifty dollars in the season. To make a living wage, he must catch, individually, as his share of the voyage, thirty thousand fish. Often instead, he takes home but twenty-five or thirty dollars, and that not in cash, but in trade, which is sadly different. To be born in debt, live in debt, and die in debt is the lot of many a Labrador "liveyere," "stationer," and "greenfish catcher." Yet he does not complain. "'Tis just—life," he says, with simple philosophy.

But some things are bitterer to bear than hard work and privation. The survival of the fittest has made the fishers a hardy set, but still consumption and pneumonia, diphtheria in the crowded huts, accidents upon the perilous trips, claim their victims steadily. And there was, until lately, no medical service that could be called such. No doctor ever lived in Labrador before Dr. Grenfell, and though there was one on the small mail steamer, which came irregularly perhaps six times during the season to the coast and fleet, he was drunk part of the time, and inefficient and ugly tempered when sober, so that the people hated him cordially. While the boat touched at a harbor, say for an hour and a half, he did what doctoring was needed if he felt like it. If not, he sailed away without having examined the cases at all. Practically, the fishermen did without a doctor. What that meant, two incidents will illustrate. Three children in a "liveyeres" hut were taken down with diphtheria. The father did his ignorant best. He blistered his eldest boy's throat by tying a salt herring outside it. It blistered well enough, but that was no help, and the child died. When the second boy began to choke, the father took a tallow candle, and greased the throat inside, with the same result. The third child died, left helplessly alone. In another case, the fisherman came back to his house from the fishing, in the winter, to find his wife ill in bed and his little five-year-old girl nowhere about. She had toddled out of the house unnoticed, and not returned. "When he found her, her legs below the knee were badly frost-burned. They turned quite black and dead, and he was obliged to cut them both off with the only instrument he had—his axe." Men taken ill on the schooners "died where they lay"—seventeen on one voyage, in one instance. No one knew—no one cared—till Dr. Grenfell came.

He has been well described as "a robust, hearty Saxon, strong, indefatigable, devoted, jolly; a doctor, a parson by times, something of a sportsman when occasion permitted, a master-mariner, a magistrate, the director of certain commercial enterprises designed to 'help the folk help themselves'—the prophet and champion, indeed, of a people; and a man very much in love with life." An athletic, well-born, university-bred young doctor, he was walking the London hospitals when he strayed one night into the Tabernacle in East London where Mr. Moody was preaching, and came out resolved, henceforth, to make his religion "practical." He cast about at once for, as he put it, "some way in which he could satisfy the aspirations of a young medical man, and combine with this a desire for adventure and definite Christian work." Used to the sea, and loving it, he found his opportunity in the medical mission to the fisherman of the North Sea, which he established and organized by hard fighting, and then looked for harder work yet in the same line. In 1892 he sailed for Labrador, and found, truly, his "parish" there. "Since then," says Norman Duncan, "in the face of hardship, peril and prejudice, he has, with a light heart and strong purpose, healed the sick, preached the Word, clothed the naked, fed the starving, given shelter to them that had no roof, championed the wronged—in all, devotedly fought evil, poverty, oppression and disease; for he is bitterly intolerant of those things. And—" "It's been jolly good fun!" says he."

That ringing note sounds in both these books, and makes them fascinating beyond measure. They are both books of adventure and of joy in adventure. That is what the fishermen recognized in Dr. Grenfell, after their first impulse of laughter and suspicion—for they are rough folk, with no patience for the mere preacher or patronizer. But when he outdared and outsailed even the Labrador skipper—when it came to be a saying along the coast, when a great gale blew that kept others at home, "This 'll bring Grenfell!" and when they realized that he was still never merely foolhardy, but risked his life to come to cases that sent for him through wind and storm—then they gave him their full confidence and were willing to appeal to him in their need. He had a round of three thousand miles to go, summer and winter. He wore out a whaleboat in one season, wrecked beyond repair; then he

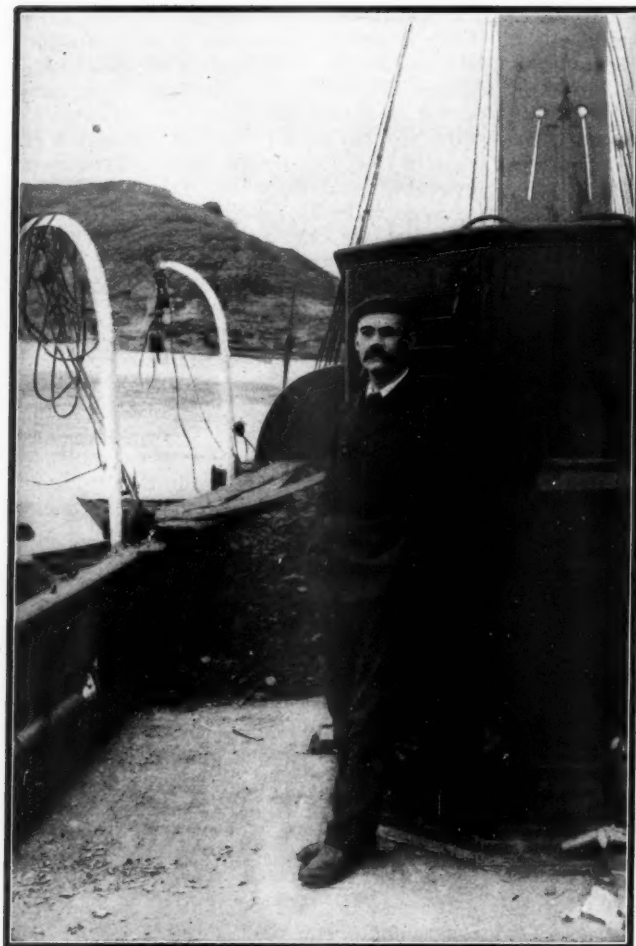
used a new steam-launch till that could hold together no longer under the incessant driving; then a stout little ship, which was crushed in the ice in its turn; and now he has a hospital ship, the *Strathcona*, which neither

occasion the doctor had the 'time of his life.'

"'All that man wanted' I told the doctor subsequently, 'was, as he says, 'to bore a hole in the bottom of the ship, and crawl out.'"

"'Why!' exclaimed the doctor, with a laugh of surprise. 'He wasn't frightened, was he?' " Fear of the sea is quite incomprehensible to this man. The passenger was very much frightened; he vowed never to sail with 'that devil' again. But the doctor is very far from being a daredevil, though he is, to be sure, a man altogether unafraid; it seems to me that his heart can never have known the throb of fear. . . . It is chiefly because of his simple and splendid faith that he is an instrument in God's hands—God's to do with as He will, as he would say. It takes such faith to run a little steamer at full speed in the fog when there is ice on land. The doctor clambbers cheerfully out on the bowsprit, and keeps both eyes open. 'As the Lord wills,' says he, 'whether for wreck or service. I am about His business.'"

There is land work in Dr. Grenfell's parish as well as sea service. Three hospitals now stand on the Labrador coast, two open all the year, the most northern only in the summer. But the northern "liveyeres" are not left to the long winter by themselves. The doctor journeys northward in midwinter with his dog-sled from the second hospital—six hundred miles up into the snow, six hundred back—just he and the dogs alone. The "liveyeres" know when he will start, and



THE DOCTOR

wind nor fog, nor ice, nor storm, can keep in harbor when a call for help comes from beyond. "I have heard of him caught in the night in a winter's gale of wind and snow, threading a tumultuous, reef-strewn sea, his skipper at the wheel, himself on the bowsprit, guiding the ship by the flash and roar of breakers, while the sea tumbled over him. If the chance passenger who told me the story is to be believed, upon that trying

can determine within a month the time of his arrival at various points of call agreed upon. Thither they carry their sick, to be in readiness, or, if the illness is such that the patient's cannot travel, thither they send word for the doctor to hasten to them. It is a journey of continual hardships, of occasional acute danger when the ice is rotten or the snowstorms rage. Yet it is done, year after year, joyfully. Each year brings

new help. Co-operative stores where the fisherman really gets his money's worth, travelling libraries, manual training, night-schools, first aid to the injured and ambulance classes at the hospitals, lumbering and a sawmill, schooner building for themselves—all these things the doctor has started in his parish. "The mission is at once the hope and comfort of the coast. The man on the *Strathcona* is the only man, in all the long history of that wretched land, to offer a helping hand to the whole people."

From Dr. Grenfell's own book, one can gain little about himself—a truly natural thing, considering the man. He presents the life of the fisherman, both in the North Sea and the Labrador fisheries, and tells it in the person of a fishing captain. It contains, however, all the story of the Mission to the Deep-Sea Fishermen and its wonderfully interesting episodes of the fight with the "copers."

Norman Duncan's book supplements the story of the fishermen and the *M. D. S. F.* by giving us also the story of the fisher of men who is the soul of the Labrador Mission. It is hard to tell which of the two volumes is the better. They ought to be read together, Dr. Grenfell's first. The boys of a family will like that the best of the two, probably, and will follow with keen interest the hardships, perils and adventures that are included in "the price of fish." But heroism is higher than adventure, and the man is higher than his work. "In storm and sunshine, summer and winter weather, Grenfell of the Deep-Sea Mission goes about doing good; if it's not in a boat, it's in a dogsled. He is what he likes to call 'a Christian man!' But he is also a hero—at once the bravest and the most beneficently useful man I know." There is the note that draws and holds the readers of "Dr. Grenfell's Parish." May they be many!

Priscilla Leonard.

M u s i c

The Return of Weingartner

Among the eminent foreign musical conductors who have for the last two seasons instilled new life and vigor into the lethargic forces of the Philharmonic orchestra of New York City, the two who have made the most forcible and lasting impressions have been Safonoff, of Moscow, and Weingartner, of Munich. Of their power and magnetism no one could have the least doubt who heard the Philharmonic orchestra play under their direction. Such precision, such fire, such delicacy of shading, such muscularity of tone, were supposed to be forgotten attributes of this body of players. Under the magnetic touch of these foreign leaders they were once more electrified into life, and the thinking portion of the Philharmonic patrons have without doubt longed for a continuation of a renaissance so salutary and beatific. In a way their wishes are to be realized, for one of these men at least is to return to us next season under happy auspices. At the invitation of Mr. Walter Damrosch, the organizer of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Felix Weingartner has accepted an invitation to return in January, 1906, for a series of orchestral con-

certs in this city, a guarantee fund of \$25,000 having been raised for the successful carrying out of the plan.

The details of the scheme are set forth in the following interview with Mr. Damrosch, which appeared in the *New York Globe*:

"The matter has come out prematurely, and consequently the reports are correct in general, but not in all particulars. I had several talks with Mr. Weingartner about his coming back next year, and being an old friend he talked freely with me. I may say he gave me a refusal of his services for a month, not two months. As to the sum of money said to have been subscribed, I cannot talk at present. According to our arrangements, Mr. Weingartner will conduct the New York Symphony Orchestra in a series of concerts in this city, and not out of it. The orchestra will be turned over to him and he will have a free hand. The dates of the concerts have not been arranged, nor have I any other details to give out at present."

"Do you find that the present plan will have the support of the wealthy and influential music lovers of New York? Does there seem to be plenty of money in sight for such a project?" Mr. Damrosch was asked.

"That is a difficult question to answer," said Mr. Damrosch. "If the present harmony that exists in the New York Symphony Orchestra continues the outlook will be most encouraging. I need all the money I can get for this purpose. The Symphony Orchestra is in a sense permanent."

We began in a small way and we hope to accomplish greater things. The orchestra should reach a point where it could stand on its own feet, and the outlook is encouraging.

"I do not think that the plan to establish a permanent orchestra in New York with a foreign leader is altogether wise. An orchestra should be whipped into shape so that the musicians could be placed at any time at the disposal of the best conductors the world has to offer.

"But the orchestra should have as a permanent head a local leader, who would take a purely personal interest in its development. I think that this would be an ideal scheme. Then the permanent leader would have time for study in addition to his work as director, and while he could go abroad and keep in touch with musical matters in Europe, the concerts would be continued under the supervision of an able conductor."

Keeping Faith With the Public

A recent number of the *Musical Leader* printed an editorial, under the title "Artist's Ethics," commenting upon the casual quality of ethics as existing among artists in general, and by citing a recent notable instance of extreme conscientiousness thereby emphasized an exception, which proves the rule. The artist in this story is the favorite singer, David Bispham, and the story was told as follows in the *Oakland (Cal.) Inquirer*.

A striking example of a musical artist and his manager keeping faith with the public was furnished at the concert given at the Home Club last Saturday evening by David Bispham, the eminent baritone. Ever since his arrival in San Francisco Mr. Bispham had been suffering from a cold, and last Saturday evening his vocal condition was further aggravated by the fact that he

had already sung an exacting programme that afternoon at the Alhambra Theater in San Francisco. Notwithstanding that his voice was far from being in "singing" condition—in fact vocalization was anything but a pleasant task under the circumstances—Mr. Bispham decided to go on with his programme rather than disappoint his audience. However, as the programme progressed Mr. Bispham became more and more dissatisfied with his own singing in spite of the manifest approval of his audience. After a consultation with his manager, Mr. Greenbaum, it was announced that Mr. Bispham deemed his singing so unsatisfactory that at the close of the concert each person present would be given a ticket of admission to the concert which is to be given tomorrow afternoon at the Alhambra Theater in San Francisco. In spite of this act of courtesy on the part of Mr. Bispham and Mr. Greenbaum, the singer completed his programme with the exception of possibly one number.

Conducting Without a Baton

When the genial Mr. Safonoff was in this city to direct two of the Philharmonic concerts, he predicted that in a decade his new method of conducting without a baton would prevail generally. His example is already being followed. In Berlin, the other day, Herr Hammer of Lausanne, gave a concert at which he used only his hand to guide the players. The critics, who had apparently not heard of Safonoff's precedence in this matter, promptly put the question whether this was destined to become a fashion. Dr. Schmidt pointed out that the baton has, in any case, been getting smaller and smaller (it used to be a big stick for pounding the floor); but he cannot imagine an operatic conductor without a stick, and as for the concert hall, he thinks such men as Nikisch, Muck, and Weingartner have made the baton a pliable instrument. This may be true, but the question is, could not these great conductors express their intentions still more subtly and effectively with the hands?—*New York Evening Post*.



Nature. In and Out-of-Doors

Edited by Robert Blight

The Meadow Mouse

The impetus which has of late been given to the study of nature has shown itself strongly in ornithology and botany. There is really as much, if not more, interest to be found in studying the habits of the smaller mammals, simply because they call for greater care in observation. The following passage, from a very interesting article in "Field and Stream," by J. Alden Loring, is a good instance of the charm of watching the habits of so difficult a subject as the meadow mouse.

With the breaking up of winter, we, who are fond of nature, yield to the call of the first "spring thaw," and take to the fields and forests. It is one of those days when the chickadee, in his clear, plaintive voice reminds us that spring is coming; the stone flies flit over the scattering patches of snow; and in the meadows we find an industrious woodchuck has pushed from his burrow the dirt partition that for months has sheltered him from the winter blasts. What interests us most are the funny little runways, or paths, that we find in the meadows, in the swamps and along the streams. They section, cross-section and tunnel the melting snow-banks, and in spots where the snow is entirely gone, they are so well defined that they resemble miniature roadways. This is the work of an animal known to the farmers as "meadow mouse," "field mouse," and "vole." It is a chubby, short-tailed, short-legged rodent; dirty-white beneath and reddish-brown mixed with black on the sides and upper parts, and its eyes sparkle like two glass beads.

Let us follow one of the paths on its zigzag course across the field, until it reaches its terminus, a hole in the ground. Leading from this burrow, in all directions, are other runways and ridges of dirt that the little workers have carried from the holes and packed into the tunnels before the snow had melted. Distributed about in clusters are stalks of grass and weeds, cut into lengths three inches long, and bits of twigs and rootlets stripped of their bark. While prowling over the fields and following other runways, we discover a number of neat little nests, some placed on the bare ground, and others in melted spaces in the snow patches. They are hollow balls of dried grass, the size of a hat crown, and in the side of each is an entrance just large enough to admit the owner; sometimes there are two apertures. The outer-covering of the nest is composed of long, coarse grass, the blankets and quilts, so to speak, but the inside, the nest proper, is of the finest materials obtainable. The cavity will easily accommodate two mice.

But how is it that the nest of the meadow mouse is not better concealed? With the arrival of winter the mice abandon their underground nests and build new ones *beneath* the snow. At first these are tiny structures, but as the warmth from the little creatures' bodies melts the snow, the cavity is enlarged and the building continues until the nest is finished. Soon there is an air-chamber several inches wide all around the nest. Leading from this chamber are runways through the snow. Some of the tunnels come to the surface of the snow, but always some distance from the nest. And here, sheltered, from cold and storms, lives the meadow mouse, quite secure from his enemies, although the weasel and the fox sometimes locate him with their keen noses and then dig into his home. When spring arrives and the melting of the snow exposes his winter nests, he abandons them and builds other nests under stones, logs, stumps or board piles, or he tunnels into the ground. I have observed that these nests are smaller and not nearly so compact as the winter nests.

The Pack Rat

I suspect that the animal described under the name of the "Pack Rat" by A. W. Lowdermilk, in "Outdoor Life" for March, is *Neotoma floridana* or, possibly, from the description of the tail, *Neotoma cinerea*. *Neotoma* is commonly known as the wood rat, and is a relative of the Norway, Hannoverian, or whatever you choose to call the common rat. Mr. Lowdermilk's description of the lively creature which so often ruins the packs of hunters in the West is well worth quoting from:

He is but slightly larger than the ordinary barn rat, lighter in color and has a hairy tail. Great stories are told about him and the way he carries off portable articles by hooking on to them with his tail and pulling out. We hear of knives and forks, spoons and much mountain jewelry being stolen by this interesting little animal. That this thievish tendency is well developed in some there can be no doubt, but many persons who are not charitable in their views pass the death sentence on all because of the mistakes of a few.

The pack rat can make more noise to the square inch than any known animal. This includes everything from the tropic of cancer to the tropic of capricorn. He loves solitude and his home is generally in some deserted cabin as far from civilization as he can get. He eats anything—what he lives on when he can't get this can only be conjectured.

The writer once found a pack rat holding a claim in Oregon on the desert with not a bite to

eat in the house and nothing but sand for miles. This particular rat committed suicide that same day by deliberately placing his body in the path of an approaching bullet. Although apparently careless as regards his eating, he shows good judgment at times. If he has the choice of several saddles he invariably selects the best. He fairly dotes on saddle strings and the tender portions of a good saddle.

There is evidently a lot of bachelors and old maids in the pack rat family. Whenever you find one holding down a claim you look in vain for his spouse. Strictly speaking he is not classed as a game animal, yet many are killed each year by hunters. Some people take more pleasure out of getting a pack rat than a bull moose. The writer wonders why they should show such animosity. Much of the valuable timber land in the West really belongs to the pack rat, but his right is not recognized. He has failed to observe the legal machinery and neglected to go to the land office and get sworn in as an American citizen.

It will be nothing short of a misfortune if this curious rat becomes extinct before it has been thoroughly studied. In Jordan's "Manual of the Vertebrates" (revised and enlarged edition of 1890) only *Neotoma floridana* is mentioned, and, as the work is but little better than a catalogue, there is no intimation that the "Pack Rat" is considered as merely a variety of this. In another authority which gives *Neotoma floridana*, it is stated that "a Rocky Mountain species does damage to the stores and equipments of hunters and trappers."

Do Plants Reason?

There is a strong tendency in human nature to speak of all other living things in terms of our own experience. Occasionally we find some purist objecting to this and insisting that we draw a decided line of demarcation between our own noble selves and inferior creation. Is the time coming when it will be demonstrated that there is no such line, but that the mental processes of man differ only from those of other living things in degree, and not in kind? It would seem so, for listen to the following comment on the teachings of the new school of naturalists. The passage is taken from "The Grand Magazine" (London).

Who has not listened, at some time or other, with a smile of superior wisdom, to pretty lips declaring the conviction of their owner that it is as cruel to pluck a flower as to mutilate a butterfly? Yet it would seem that the pretty lips, after all, spoke the truth, and that the superior person was wrong. Professor Leo Errera, the well-known botanist, says that plants are by no means so inert as they have hitherto been sup-

posed to be. That plants have a memory, Errera, and indeed the whole new school to which he belongs, regards as an undoubted fact. That they make intelligent provision for the future, he is equally certain; and he asks, with a visible belief that an affirmative is the correct answer to the question: "Have plants a soul?" Whether they have or not, he says, there is not a single property appertaining to what man terms his "soul" which has not its exact counterpart in plant life.

Something of the same kind Darwin himself long ago hinted at, when he said, as if half jestingly, that the root-tips that found their way so unerringly towards the spot where nourishment awaited them appeared to be endowed with brain functions. It is out of the question, says Errera, to assert, as has hitherto been done, that the motions of a plant are simply due to mechanical cause and effect. When a young plant is placed between two sources of light, it will incline towards the more brilliant, though it derives no immediate benefit from its act, as may be proved by microscopical examination. Its entire existence is, in fact, one ceaseless effort to acquire and store up materials for use at some later period of its career. A plant's organs, too, are of such exquisite sensibility that it is impossible to say they are in any way inferior to those of an animal.

Lastly, in examining certain species of firs, Errera has detected fresh evidence of kinship with the higher orders of creation. The erect terminal spike at the summit of the tree exercises what amounts to regal sway over the lower branches. If it be removed or seriously injured by any disease, a struggle for supremacy at once arises among its subjects. The topmost branches all make a visible effort to seize on the vacant throne, and for a time the result is uncertain. One of them at length carries the day, and is at once as despotic as its predecessor. "Man," in the phrase of Professor Errera, "is but an animal whom luck has specially favored," and between animals it is very difficult, if not impossible, to fix the precise boundary line. The difference is one of degree, not of kind. Men and the trees of the forest are brothers, and in the light of the latest teachings of science the chants of the old Hebrew Psalmist assume a new and living significance.

At the present moment many physiologists are looking to botany to give them the key to that problem of problems, the enigma of life, the pursuit of which, amid the intricate and complex structures of the superior animals, has hitherto baffled the keenest investigators.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the two instances of plants acting from some other principle than mechanical cause and effect can both be satisfactorily explained on that principle. Perhaps Professor Errera has some other problems of which conscious sensation on the part of the plant is the only sufficient solution. We can only wait for further developments of this curious question, "Do Plants Reason?"

Wild Orchids in the Home Garden

Have you ever wished, as you stood before some beautiful specimen of *Orchis spectabilis* or a *Cypripedium* in the woods that you could safely transfer it to the home garden? And has some officious friend assured you that you cannot do so, for removal has been tried and is a failure? If so, you will enjoy the following passage from "Country Life in America" for March.

It is common enough to hear of persons who have transplanted lady's-slippers and other orchids into their gardens, but one rarely hears of these people again. The plants die out. It is very unusual to learn of a garden where our native orchids increase and flourish year after year. We do not like to rob the woods, but, when the timber on our mountain sides began to give way to buckwheat fields, we felt justified in transplanting some of these orchids to a garden where they have a chance to exist. Many of the spots where we found our orchids are now waste places. A place where the showy orchids used to grow in great numbers is now a dumping ground for the borough.

I have quoted this paragraph, although it solves no question, but because it is such a delicate excuse for removing the wildlings from their native beds with the bare possibility of their growing in the garden. This is the right spirit. It marks the true lover of nature, and, doubtless, Flora Lewis Marble, the author of the article in question, succeeded where so many fail simply because, being in sympathy with nature, she accurately reproduced natural conditions.

Seven species of orchids are growing well in our garden. The showy orchids and lady's-slippers are the first to bloom. The lady's-slippers are well known by many people who do not care for orchids. They are a conspicuous wild flower of the woods. The yellow lady's-slipper, *Cypripedium pubescens*, grows best in a damp, rich loam mixed with leaf mold. If proper care is used in transplanting, this is one of the easiest orchids to grow. It is necessary to keep it moist, yet it must have well-drained soil.

Our largest colony is composed of the showy orchids, *Orchis spectabilis*, there being about thirty plants, some of which have bloomed every season for the past six years. This orchid grows in a half-shaded corner of the garden. Every summer it sends out a new tuber from each root, the one which has borne the flower-stalk that year having wasted away; in November these new tubers are seen above the ground. They must then be covered with a thick layer of leaf mold. This orchid is free from worms and easy of cultivation.

The next orchids to bloom in the garden are the *Habenarias*. The purple-fringed orchis, *Habenaria peramena*, is a native of damp meadows, and grows best in rich, wet loam, with plenty of sunshine. In transplanting, it is best to remove the

wild grass from about its roots, being careful not to injure the tender roots of the orchid. The wild grass grows so fast in cultivation that it would soon strangle the orchid. It grows in the garden on a wet, grassy bank. It cannot be kept too wet, if the ground is well drained. One plant now growing in the garden was removed from a little clump of earth in the midst of a brook. It is an ideal plant to naturalize along the banks of a stream.

The most exquisite of them all is the great green orchis, *Habenaria orbiculata*. He who comes upon this pale blossom in the shade of the deep woods for the first time feels that he has surprised a spirit. These plants grow in leaf mold in a sheltered situation. The garden colony consists of only four plants. One of these is young, and puts out but one leaf during a season; two of them are well grown, but only one has blossomed.

The other species in the garden are lady's tresses, *Spiranthes*. All of them have small white blossoms; most of them are fragrant. They do not seem to be at all disturbed by transplanting, but go on quietly with their growing. In Maryland is a country place where the early blooming kind has been naturalized through the broad lawns. It grows there in great numbers, and blooms, like *Narcissus*, before the grass is cut. The plants seem to be the stronger for having their tops cut after blooming. The earliest one to bloom in our garden is *Spiranthes gracilis*, in August. The leaves wither away before the flowers come. It grows on hills and sandy places.

Spiranthes Romanzoffiana blooms through September. The flowers are arranged in three twisted rows up the stem. The little plant grows in rich bogs and along half-shaded marshes, so, in the garden, it wants rich, wet loam. We have seen only the few plants which are now members of our colony. They grow in a wet, sandy soil, in open sunshine. Of course, in all transplanting—in fact, in every department of home-gardening—the desire is to duplicate nature.

The roots of orchids must be handled with the greatest care. If the root of a full-grown orchid is hurt, the plant seldom recovers. When transplanting take up a large clod of earth with the root, then carefully extricate the rootlets. Have the orchid bed dug deep and worked over several times. When the plant is set out, put a liberal sprinkling of sand about its roots; this will protect it from attacks of grubs or cut-worms. The ground must drain well; it must be kept rich by adding leaf mold every fall. The plant is always strengthened by cutting the flower-stalks, so that the seed-pods cannot form. We let one stalk of each species go to seed. The fertilization of orchids by their insect visitors is a study in itself. Orchids from the woods often miss the woodland moths when growing in the garden; so one must do the moth's work. All orchids are slow in growing. It takes from five to eight years for the seeds to grow into flowering plants. For this reason, the orchid-bed once established must not be disturbed. The seeds should be raked into the ground as soon as they ripen; then the orchid grower must have patience.

Educational Questions of the Day

"As Others See Us"

Robert Burns prayed that we might have the gift to see ourselves as others see us, for it would free us from faults. It is easy to cavil at the poet and to say that much depends upon the eyes through which the others look at us, but there is at least the advantage in knowing what others think of us, that it makes us think ourselves. We pride ourselves especially upon the educational facilities which are placed within the grasp of the poorest in the land. This is good. The next thing is to make the education given such as will enable the educated to hold their own against the world. Is it such? The Germans think not. Consul-General Mason, of Berlin, Germany, says:

The throng of German engineers, mechanics, scientists, educators, merchants, and manufacturers who went to America during the past summer, not only to see the Louisiana Exposition Purchase, but to travel over the United States and examine with expert intelligence the details of American railway management, and our agricultural and industrial methods, are now returning and relating to their neighbors and colleagues what they have seen. One can hardly take up a German newspaper without finding a more or less extended report of what some one of these clever observers had found and learned in the United States, and has related to his verein or local chamber of commerce, with his comments and conclusions as to what it all means to Germany. It has been no mere pleasure trip to these thoughtful gentlemen, but an earnest, serious effort to learn everything possible of the real productive and commercial strength of our country, and what Germany will have to meet and compete with in the future struggle for a growing share in the world's trade.

It is quite worthy of note that the general tone of these reports is distinctly reassuring to the hearers before whom they have been delivered. While admitting freely the boundless resources of our country, the energy, industry, and unsurpassed mechanical skill of the people, the superiority of our factory system, the speed and cheapness of rail transportation, and the restless, progressive spirit which is always looking for a new and better machine or method than the one already in use, the German experts find, or think they have found, defects in many parts of the American system, which unless reformed will continue to weaken our country's grasp upon international trade and promote the interests of competing nations.

Most surprising of all appeared to the German visitors the absence of any adequate system of special education for commerce, banking, and

foreign trade. They consider our so-called commercial colleges, where young men with a district or grammar school education are rushed through a three months' course of bookkeeping and commercial usages, as little better than a farce. One of the visitors, a stadtrath and professor of commercial ethics, talked with some of the students of such an institution in one of the Eastern cities, and was surprised at their limited and superficial knowledge, their ignorance of languages, and nearly everything else outside the United States, and their cheerful confidence that their ten weeks at the "college" would equip them for success anywhere. Reduced to simplest terms, these investigators generally conclude that the reliance on a general and more or less superficial education, together with natural adaptability, to fit young men for almost every walk in life, and the lack of specialized study in physical science, modern languages, and the industrial arts, will, if persisted in, neutralize much of the advantage which our country enjoys through natural resources and advantageous geographical position for the South American, Mexican, and Asiatic trade. The general opinion is that on the whole the "American danger" has been greatly exaggerated, and that a steadfast adherence by Germany to the educational system and commercial methods now in practice will leave the Fatherland little to fear in future competition with American manufactured goods.

Overstimulation at the Start

That precocious children are abnormal children is a truism; and yet many teachers and parents take delight in producing precocity. But abnormality is certain, in the long run, to be overtaken by the nemesis which ever is pursuing it—exhaustion and early decay. For this reason, true education will always aim at normal conditions and endeavor to produce results which, while the very best of their type, shall be normal and lasting. This may seem "old-fashioned," but it is none the less true, and in support of it we give an excellent editorial from the "School Journal."

The most mischievous tendency in the fashionable programmes and methods of primary teaching is overstimulation of the pupils' minds. This is a grave danger. The results are already visible in school systems which have long sinned in the direction here indicated. Whole classes in the more advanced divisions of the elementary schools are found to be *blasé*. Progress seems to cease after the fourth, fifth, and sixth year of school attendance. Pupils who made an excellent showing in the early years of their scholastic career appear to have reached a dead line. It

behooves every supervisory officer to be watchful of the very first indications of intellectual satiety. Close investigation of the causes and prompt reformation are his bounden duty. Arrest of mental development is an unnatural condition and a resultant of mis-education. It is the logical penalty for the violation of psychological laws. And overstimulation at the start is the chief sin.

The trouble usually begins in the kindergarten. The fundamental principle here is supposed to be close adaptation to the individual and social needs of the little ones. The very name suggests the very business of the teacher. But what do we usually find? Not a garden, but a hot-bed; not fostering care of natural growth, but impetuous forcing of fruitage. The average kindergarten is a greenhouse for raising precocity in a variety of hues. Summer heat is its normal temperature. When a poor, tired-out child plant hangs its weary head Dame Nature would fain restore its vigor by a short period of rest for mind and nerves. But the dame of the kindergarten has a different plan. She applies some artificial stimulant to produce the semblance of revivification, much as the street vendors cut the stems of their withered violets and after putting them in hot water for a while offer them anew as fresh cut flowers.

The kindergarten is now well established, and it is time to attack the abuses that have been fostered by superficial votaries of the institution. There is no danger of injuring the beneficent cause for which the kindergarten stands. But the wrong that is done in its name must be eradicated without delay. The harm already wrought by dereliction in the handling of this problem is past reckoning. Of course, the old cry will be raised by the charlatans of the kindergarten. They will persuade mothers that the assaults upon the mischievous methods now in vogue proceed from enemies of the institution. However, the course is plain. Enlightened physicians will gladly join hands with the educational leaders who set out to reform the methods of kindergarteners. The welfare of the children demands this reform.

Elementary Education in Sweden

The following series of excerpts taken from an article, in "Education" for March, on "The Swedish Educational Exhibit at St. Louis," will be read with interest.

Peculiar interest attaches to the Swedish educational exhibit at St. Louis, because it illustrated the many lessons of special value which Swedish education offers to the world. The first of these lessons which comes to mind is that of the sloyd system of manual training. The material used in this system and the particular objects made are too well known to require description. In the account of the system we read, "Its aim is the moral, intellectual and physical development of the pupil by teaching him orderliness, attentiveness and perseverance; by training his eye to see better, and his hand to work better; and, above all, by giving, together with gymnastics, a healthy counterbalance against one-sided book work." Attention is fur-

ther called to the fact that—"quality not quantity" being the aim—the pupils are not expected to execute many large pieces of work, but to aim at the greatest possible exactness in each exercise. This exactness is rendered possible by the definite number of exercises (sixty-eight for the complete course), by the careful grading of the exercises according to the material used, and the gradual progress from simple to complex objects. The series of exercises intended for pupils from ten to eleven years of age is worked out in cardboard; wood sloyd follows, which is intended for children eleven to fifteen years of age; metal sloyd may be begun at twelve or thirteen, and continued until fifteen years of age.

As stated in the general account of the system, the exercises named are limited to boys. The cardboard series is taught by the women teachers, and occupies four or five hours a week; the wood and metal series are taught by men teachers, and occupy four to seven hours a week. It should be added that the branch, though not compulsory, is taken by nearly all the boys in the common schools.

What is called sloyd for girls consisted of a progressive series of exercises in knitting and sewing, worked out with the same precision and attention to educational results as the very different order of exercises for boys. Drawing accompanies sloyd, and it is moreover obligatory in all schools; nevertheless the art element is not prominent in the hand work of Swedish pupils. This fact has been clearly recognized, and a veritable art crusade has been started in Stockholm and rapidly extended through the efforts of the society called "Art in Schools." Many school rooms have been recently decorated with beautiful pictures and with plaster casts of fine pieces of statuary. These efforts have been generously aided by the Prince Eugen, who is himself no mean artist, and by the celebrated portrait painter, Zorn.

The careful distinction which is made in Sweden between manual training as a branch of education and work for commercial purposes is indicated by the establishment of workshops in which poor boys receive industrial training outside the school hours, and of cooking schools for girls.

A second important lesson of the Swedish exhibit relates to the manner in which the common schools conduce to the general welfare of the pupils, and even of the community at large. This is done in part by the careful attention paid to physical training. The linc system is universally employed. The school bath as it is maintained in Stockholm also attracted much attention, as did the account of the school dinner, which in Stockholm and Gothenburg are furnished free for the poorest children and at a nominal cost for others. These dinners are prepared in the cooking schools and school kitchens connected with the ordinary schools. The service of medical inspection for schools was instituted in Gothenburg in 1895, and in Stockholm in 1899, and has since spread to many of the smaller towns. The movement to interest the young in outdoor games and athletic exercises was started in the secondary schools of Stockholm as early as 1890. Other cities followed the example, and in time the common schools were reached.

Science and Invention

The Absolute Zero

The confusion which often exists about the term "zero" necessitates a word of explanation. In graduating a thermometer, two points are taken as the standard points. These are the melting-point of ice and the boiling-point of water. In the centigrade, or Celsius, thermometer and in the Réaumur thermometer, now rarely used, the former of these is reckoned as zero, or 0° ; but in the Fahrenheit thermometer, most commonly used for ordinary temperatures, it is marked 32° , so that the Fahrenheit "zero" is 32 Fahrenheit degrees below the centigrade and Réaumur "zero." But degrees differ in measurement, being dependent upon the number into which the space between the melting-point of ice and the boiling-point of water, as indicated by the thermometric body in the thermometer tube, is divided. In the centigrade thermometer this is divided into 100° , in the Réaumur into 80° , and in the Fahrenheit 180° , so that the boiling-point which is called 1000 on the centigrade reads 212° on the Fahrenheit scale. The term "zero," therefore, is a very indefinite one, but "absolute zero" is a very definite one, for it means the entire absence of heat, or the absolute impossibility of obtaining mechanical action by cooling. Measured in terms of either the centigrade scale or the Fahrenheit, it has a mathematical expression which is capable of being conceived. Possibly the following, from "The American Inventor," may give some idea of it.

Dr. James Dewar recently delivered his first lecture of a series of discourses, at the Royal Institution, London. His subject was, "New Low Temperature Phenomena." Sir James' name has been constantly before the public in connection with liquid air demonstrations, and few scientists have accomplished so many new results in its use. But Sir James has been able to attain far lower temperatures than that of liquid or even solid air. By its means he has succeeded in liquefying every known gas, with the single exception of helium, and has reached a temperature of minus 253° Centigrade (that is 253° below the Centigrade "zero," which is the melting point of ice) with liquid hydrogen. When this is attained there is little difficulty in obtaining frozen hydrogen for a short period; as when the liquid hydrogen evaporates it abstracts heat from the portion remaining and so temporarily freezes it.

In this fashion a temperature of minus 265° Centigrade has been reached. There would be no particular significance in this or any other figure if we thought that there was no limit to the degree to which bodies can be cooled. But we shall shortly see that there is a limit, and that Sir James has very nearly reached it.

If heat be a form of energy, or a mode of motion, and cold be simply the relative absence of heat, it is plain that bodies cannot be cooled indefinitely, since the amount of heat energy within them must be finite. There must be, then, an *absolute zero* of temperature, which bodies will have reached when all the heat has been taken out of them. This follows inevitably from the modern conception of heat as a "mode of motion." The determination of the degree to which a body must be cooled so as to be *absolutely* cold would appear impossible, but it is not so. Considerations of various kinds, notably those relating to the shrinkage in gas as it is cooled, have led physicists to agree that the absolute zero must be at *minus 273° Centigrade*. But nowadays physicists are ceasing to use the Centigrade scale—let alone the ridiculously obsolete Fahrenheit to which this conservative people adheres—but are following the advice originally given by Lord Kelvin, to make the absolute zero the zero of their scale. Thus we say that the temperature of liquid hydrogen is about 20 degrees absolute, and that Professor Dewar has probably touched a temperature as low as seven or eight degrees absolute, or even a little lower still.

The Electrical Mysteries of the Sun

The sun is in many respects one of the greatest mysteries of the universe, and not the least so in the electrical phenomena which it presents. This is well set forth in the following editorial from "Electricity" for March 8.

We have held, since Helmholtz enunciated the fundamental law of the conservation of energy, that electricity is but the equivalent of some force by whose transformation merely another phase of its existence is manifested. This idea has been exploited for many years, and of late another presumption has followed closely on its heels—that electricity and matter are mutually identifiable. Interesting as these conclusions seem, wonders of a more fascinating nature pour down upon us from the sky, launched toward the earth with inconceivable speed from the sun. The sun sends us heat, but it also yields its myriads of electric corpuscles, which set the aurora blazing with ghostly gleams in the north and south and sends vast eddies of electricity around the earth with their fluctuating magnetic fields.

It is not so many years ago that a paper was

read by Professor Pupin of Columbia University and reinforced by experiments, in which the electrical origin of the sun's corona was demonstrated to a degree which to-day seems almost prophetic. Photographs of the natural and artificial corona when placed side by side seemed to have been obtained under the same conditions. It is the corona which seems to present and to contain one of the greatest of solar mysteries.

It may seem futile to spend time in speculation as to its cause or nature, but this is more than excusable in view of the inherent electrical character of this colossal phenomenon. Colossal it will be admitted to be, when the fact that coronal streamers have been measured and found to exceed 250,000 miles in length. The extreme tenuity, lambent brilliancy and unrecognizable spectroscopic character have stamped this mysterious crown of the sun as an essentially non-chemical manifestation. Thus a new field of investigation has been opened up in this direction, supported on the one hand by purely terrestrial and, in all probability, secondary evidence, and on the other hand by solar exhibitions of a primary nature that seem to originate from purely electrical causes. The latest exhibition of this kind is in the way of sun-spots, which are known to appear periodically every eleven years, and to give rise on the earth at such times to the well known magnetic storms, auroral lights and earth currents. Marconi has stated that at night he could signal further than during the day, the sunlight seeming to interfere with the waves he projected, the cause probably being not the sunlight, but the electrons striking the earth on the bright side. This might be regarded by some as an accumulation of evidence of a most convincing nature, but the unfortunate fact remains that it has not as yet been properly correlated. It is generally admitted that the 92,000,000 miles of space between earth and sun form not so much a gap as a link, and that the ether bridge is traversed by a variety of forces, among which are certain forms of waves of which we are only now becoming conscious. Mysteries they may be to-day, but we have the hope that the newer knowledge that is coming will enable us to arrange these facts in such a manner that they will present another well written page in the great book of nature.

The Focal-Plane Shutter.

On the cover of "The American Inventor" for March 1 there is a photograph of the Southern Express train while going seventy miles an hour, which is remarkable for its clearness. There is not the slightest sign of motion. It was taken with a camera fitted with the focal-plane shutter, and the explanation of the action of that invention is so simple and clear that amateur photographers will assuredly be interested in it:

It is obvious that the bigger the lens, the more light it will pass, and that the more light there is, the less the required interval necessary to affect the sensitive surface of the plate. Unfortunately,

optical laws and the physical properties of glass forbid the making of lenses of any desired size for any focal length, otherwise we could photograph instantaneously at night. For a lens for general use, about the best that can be made in point of speed is one working at F. 4, which mysterious phrase means that the free diameter of the lens is one-fourth its focal length. If the focal length be eight inches, an F. 4 lens would be two inches in diameter. Such a lens, or at any rate a very fast one, is absolutely essential to high speed photography, a slower lens failing to pass light enough in the small interval of exposure to affect the plate enough to make a printable negative.

Now for the means with which the exposure is made. Imagine an endless band of steel passing in front of the lens, with a hole in it two inches wide and one foot long. If this hole is to pass in front of the lens so that light enters it for only one-twelve-hundredth of a second, it is obvious that the hole must travel twelve hundred feet a second, a manifest impossibility. But the lens is only two inches across, so that an opening two inches by two inches would suffice. This brings the required speed of the band down to two hundred feet a second, or somewhat over two miles a minute—just as great an impossibility as the other. Obviously the shutter making the exposure cannot be a travelling band nor could it be anything which had to start and stop, or constructed on the wing principle. The very fastest shutter made, which works in front of the lens, or between two lenses, is calculated to give an exposure of several thousandths of a second. The solution is found in the "focal-plane shutter," a device which goes slowly and acts quickly, paradoxical as that may seem.

The focal-plane shutter is a curtain which slides in front of the plate, and having a slit cut in it. This slit travels over the plate, exposing it in successive intervals, a little at a time. Now, on a five by seven plate, the curtain, we will suppose, travels from top to bottom along the short dimension. In other words the slit travels five inches. Now, if this slit is five inches across, it is obvious that the exposure will be equal to the speed of the slit; that is, if the slit travels five inches in the thirtieth of a second, the exposure is one-thirtieth of a second in duration. But if the slit be made smaller, two and one-half inches across, and run at the same speed, the exposure will be one-half of the first one. The exposure is then one-sixtieth of a second. With a slit of one and one-quarter inches, the exposure is one one-hundred-and-twentieth part of a second. With an opening ten times smaller, or one-eighth of an inch, the exposure is one-tenth of that amount, or one twelve-hundredth of a second.

And that, in fact, is how such exposures are made. These focal-plane shutters are made with the curtain in two parts, so that the slit can be adjusted, and the actual speed of the curtain seldom exceeds one-fortieth of a second. One-fortieth of a second, the time required to slide five inches, works out for the speed of the slit approximately twelve miles an hour, a speed at which it is quite feasible to start and stop a comparatively delicate piece of mechanism.

Medical Questions of Popular Interest

Dr. Osler's Joke

We have heard so much lately about Dr. Osler's utterance as to the age at which a man's usefulness ceases, that the subject has become almost nauseous. Journals of all kinds, without for a single moment considering the position of Dr. Osler in his profession, have rushed into the arena and have administered trenchant rebuke, made ridiculous jokes, and, in one instance at least, have ascribed a suicide to the depression caused by the statement of the professor of medicine. It may be well to hear the truth of the matter, and this seems to be best stated in an editorial in the "Medical Record" of March 4, under the above caption.

In an address delivered at the commemoration exercises of the Johns Hopkins University on February 22, Dr. William Osler, since 1889 professor of medicine at that university, and for the next four years to be regius professor of medicine at Oxford, signalized his farewell to his colleagues and students by some jocose remarks which have been taken with unexpected seriousness by the press. He spoke first in defence of the rolling stone, of which he may be regarded as a conspicuous living example, having himself (to use his own simile) rolled from Montreal to Philadelphia, and thence to Baltimore, and being about to twirl finally across the sea, and then proceeded to elaborate his old-time witticism regarding the uselessness of men past the so-called prime of life. He had two fixed ideas, he said, the first of which was the "comparative uselessness of men over forty years of age. . . . Take the sum of human achievement in action, in science, in art, in literature—subtract the work of men above forty, and while we shall miss great treasures, we would be practically where we are to-day." To make his point he mentioned a few of the great men of our profession. "In the science and art of medicine there has not been an advance of the first rank which has not been initiated by young, or comparatively young, men. Vesalius, Harvey, Hunter, Bichat, Laennec, Virchow, Lister, Koch—the green years were yet upon their heads when their epoch-making studies were made."

The subtle humor of this statement becomes apparent when we remember that Harvey was born in 1578, and published his work, "Exercitatio de Motu Cordis et sanguinis," in 1628, when he was fifty years old; that Lister was born in 1827, and was close on to fifty years of age when he began to convert the medical world to the principles of antiseptic surgery; and that, while Koch was born in 1843, and was within one year of forty when he discovered the tubercle bacillus, even the least appreciative of his admirers will admit that he has done some good work since 1882. George Washington, on whose birthday

Dr. Osler promulgated his belief in infant prodigies, was over forty-three years old when he was appointed commander of the Continental Army, and was fifty-seven when made first president of the United States. Columbus was about forty-six years old when he discovered America. Bacon, Kepler, Shakespeare, Milton, Oliver Cromwell, Robert Fulton, and Morse, all added to the sum of human achievement long after they had passed the dead line of forty years. Osler published his first medical book when he was forty years old, and Dr. George M. Gould, the accomplished editor of "American Medicine," did not enter the medical ranks until he was forty years of age.

Dr. Osler's second fixed idea was "the uselessness of men above sixty years of age, and the incalculable benefit it would be in commercial, in political, and in professional life if, as a matter of course, men stopped work at this age." He offered the following scheme of division of a professor's activity—"study until twenty-five, investigation until forty, profession until sixty, at which age I would have him retired on a double allowance."

But maybe this portion of the address was not meant for a joke at all. The last paragraph quoted certainly contains the suggestion of a hint to the Oxford House of Convocation that in four years from now (Osler was born fifty-six years ago) the retirement of the regius professor of medicine (on a double allowance) would be the correct thing.

With regard to the euthanasia said to have been advocated by Dr. Osler, the same journal says:

The absurd statement in the papers that Dr. Osler, in his now celebrated address, advocated the chloroforming of all men who reached the age of sixty, seems to have been taken seriously by some, naturally much to the discomfort of the putative author of the statement. He sends a communication to the "Medical Record" requesting a contradiction of the statement that he advised chloroforming men when they arrived at this age, asserting that there was no such recommendation in his address.

The Diet-Cure in Japan

The following excerpt is taken, *verbatim et literatim* from "The Sanitary Journal," a magazine published bi-monthly at Tokyo, and "devoted to the Advancement of the Pleasure and Happiness of Home and Society." How many of those "who spend their days in idle manner" would like to follow the advice given?

Japan has a diet-specialist, whose name is Sagen Ishidsuka: he is often regarded as an advocate of the vegetarianism; but, he is not a

vegetarian in the literary sense. Both of his grandfather and his father practised in the Chinese school of medicine, and he also learned the Chinese pathology in his earlier age; then, the Western medicine through Dutch books which were imported into the country even before the Taikoon did not take the open-port-policy. Dr. Ishidsuka is now quite an old man. While he was under the service of the Imperial Army as a military pharmacist, he has taken special interest in studying the relation of health and diet, and has been investigating scientifically what is the proper food for mankind. He has reached to the conclusion that nearly all illness comes out of the improper diet. The construction of human teeth is the best proof that the grain-food is most suitable one for the man, he says. According to the opinion of Dr. Ishidsuka, those who engage in the work of muscle only may take the meat for their food; it is not always the suitable food for the man of every occupation: those who engage in brain-work as well as those who spend their days in idle manner ought to take the simple vegetable food. The reason why there are so many unhealthy persons among the Japanese nobles is that they take nitrogenous substance as their essential food while they never work hard, is his opinion. He gives the directions of the diet to any patients who request his consultations, after he has examined the latter's physical condition, and is gaining good results. There are many nobles, at present, who are under his ward. He publishes a monthly magazine for the special purpose of propagating his gospel of the diet-cure.

As a sort of footnote to the above, the editor appends the following sage remark;

It is said by Schopenhauer that the trouble of stomach makes man pessimistic. Laughing has good effect on the digestion in stomach, say the modern physiological-psychologist. This is the reason why the optimist laughs all day and night.

Purification of Public Water Supplies

The purification of public water supplies is of such supreme importance that the following passage, taken from a very exhaustive paper by Prof. H. E. Smith, M.D., in the "Yale Medical Journal," will be of interest, and it may be reassuring to those who feel nervous when they hear that copper sulphate, commonly called blue vitriol, is used in the process.

The use of copper sulphate in the purification of public water supplies is a direct deduction from laboratory experiments undertaken to find a remedy for the very objectionable conditions due to the excessive growths of algae and various microscopic organisms in our reservoir waters. These objectionable growths are common enough throughout the country in ponded waters during the warm months, and are very familiar to those interested in water works in New England. It was here, indeed, that Dr. George T. Moore became interested in the problem.

Dr. Moore conducted a large number of laboratory experiments with a variety of the lower vegetable and animal forms, and together with

Carl F. Kellerman, published a valuable summary of the result in a description of his method in May, 1904. The first application of copper sulphate for the purification of public water supply, related by Dr. Moore, was at Winchester, Ky., in July, 1903. The reservoir in question had been in use for thirteen years, and since its third year had been subject to vegetable growths during the summer months to such an extent that the use of the water for any purpose was almost intolerable. At the time of the treatment the reservoir contained a very large growth of the blue-green algae, *Anabana* and *Clathrosystis*. The method of applying the copper salt was to place about fifty pounds of the blue vitriol in a coarse cloth sack, and to trail this over the surface of the reservoir from a row-boat. The reservoir contained about twenty-five million gallons of water, and the quantity of copper sulphate used amounted to one part to four or five million parts of water. The effect was very marked, as shown by the appearance of the water and by the microscopic count of organisms. There was a slight increase of odor for the first two days, but this quickly subsided and the water became clear. There was no further trouble during that year, but in the summer of 1904, at about the same time, the growth seemed to be reappearing, and another slight treatment was made; "with this exception no copper has been added since the original treatment in July, 1903, and it has remained perfectly clear and sweet."

During the past year fully fifty reservoirs have been treated, and from the results which are available in the published accounts, the method has been successful in controlling the objectionable growths, and, as far as is known to me, no serious drawbacks have manifested themselves.

The two questions which naturally suggest themselves for consideration, aside from the accomplishment of the purposes for which the method is used, are, What becomes of the copper? and, What danger is there of copper poisoning to the people using a copper treated water?

There is very little definite information in the published accounts bearing on the fate of the copper. Concerning the toxic effects of copper on man, the most diverse opinions may be cited. The popular opinion certainly attributes toxic properties to this metal, as is seen in the general suspicion with which copper cooking utensils are regarded. In this connection it is interesting to note how commonly copper is contained in our food. Because of the wide-spread occurrence of copper minerals, vegetables in some regions naturally contain notable quantities of this metal. Wheat, for instance, may contain from three to ten milligrams per kilo. The flesh of animals living on copper-containing vegetables contain appreciable amounts of copper, and especially is this true of liver. Canned vegetables commonly have copper sulphate added for the purpose of improving their color, and enormous quantities are consumed with no evil effects. From these considerations one must conclude that there is no apparent danger in the use of water treated with such amounts of copper sulphate as are used in the Moore method for the destruction of the most objectionable organism, and that this would be so even if the copper remained in solution.

In the World of Religious Thought

Edited by Owen R. Lovejoy

The War of Good with Good

The Rev. J. Brierly, a London nonconformist preacher, has made an instructive application of the principle outlined for the "New Theology" by John Fiske that "original sin is neither more nor less than the brute inheritance which every man carries with him" and that salvation is but another expression for the process of evolution. Mr. Brierley says:

What is now dawning upon us is that the story of good and evil is nothing else than the story of human progress. What to us is now evil was an earlier good. It was the best thing known—until something better emerged which put a shade upon it. The war, we see, has always been not so much of good with evil as of good with good; or rather of good with better. There was a time when the primitive instincts were the only incentive. There was nothing beyond them. A tiger's theory of morals is to get its hunger satisfied. There was a stage of the human story in which that was highest. St. Paul strikes at once the history and the philosophy here in his deep remark that "with the law is the knowledge of sin." It was when something higher came into the consciousness that the old good became the new bad. And the whole fight and struggle of the world ever since has been between these two things; the fight has been always between the inferior and the superior good. In this view the saying of our German, that "everything evil is a coming good," is a reversal of the order. Rather should it be said that evil is an old, decrepit good, a good outgrown, outworn and left behind in the upward march. When we sin we are simply falling back upon an earlier holiness, that of the prehistoric savage. We are deserting from the foremost files. From life's university we have come back to the dame school.

The application of this optimistic philosophy is seen in the many struggles which mark the steps of human development. In the conflict, for example, between order and liberty is seen the struggle between two goods "coming from the inability of one good to recognize another." "Order, we say is heaven's first law. It is the foundation of states, the first condition of prosperity, an imperative of church and social life. And yet history is a record of the continual breaking up of order, and that by the best men." The gloom and disaster that have characterized every reform or advance movement are due to the inability of liberty to

respect the good in order and of order to see the virtue in liberty. The sacking of a vanquished town is but a brutal exhibition of the same spirit which, in other struggles, burns books of value and destroys works of art because, forsooth, they are not in harmony with the views of those who hurl defiance at some order which has become an intolerable prison-house. "The old order changeth, giving place to new," but it is a misfortune that the old order cannot learn to retire decently when it has "served its generation," and, like David, "fall on sleep." And when, because of its senility, it fails to do this quietly, it is also unfortunate that liberty, lusty and zealous in its new enterprises, should forget all the value that once dominated its predecessor—and still exists, though impotent—and thus fail to make the good in the old a substantial asset.

That the spirit of liberalism should strike at the superstitions and doctrines impossible to enlightened men is a service for which there should be felt a sense of gratitude. Truth need never fear the assaults of those who condemn its misapplications, and the popular defenses of the Bible are pathetically expressive of the feeble faith of the defenders. To quote again from Mr. Brierley, "In the end the heart's devotion and the mind's freedom will know each other as of the same stock and quality."

He adds that the long fight between the Church and the drama and between the Church and the saloon will end when the Church recognizes the good in these institutions of society."

What in its essence is the drama? If it be evil, then life is evil, for it is the representation of life. All children are evil, for all children are actors. The drama is the human story, embellished by light, color, music, painting. The great preachers are actors. The pulpit has often enough been a stage, and with excellent result. In the miracle plays of the Middle Ages the gospel was acted more effectively than it had often been preached. And the inn, the saloon, do these in their idea represent simply an evil? They are the drawing-room, the fireside of the working man, the caterers for his social side.

And he believes that "the brightness, the movement, the color, the humor, the human

interest represented alike in the theater and in the public house are to be taken into the Church's scheme for the highest furtherance of life. For these are all of the assets of humanity, elements in its social evolution. The problems connected with them are so to be dealt with as to eliminate the baser elements; the remains of a time when the sensual and the animal were man's highest good."

The Common People Heard Him Gladly

One of the Boston pastors, in giving his impressions of the Dawson "New Evangelism" meetings, says: "It was inspiring to see unkempt, collarless, booted laborers, elderly men whose faces revealed their unspiritual lives, and callow, young office boys, flocking with deacons and ministers to hear the word of God." Moral and mental characteristics are used to classify the second and third members of this interesting group, while the first—the laborers—are distinguished from the rest solely by their apparel. The old man who has lived a life of selfishness cannot well fail to show it in his face, nor can the young office boy avoid being callow. But must the laborer uniformly and continually be associated with an unkempt head and a collarless neck? This is but another example of the popular economic confusion which draws a distinction between a laborer and a deacon or minister, while it fails to discern anything radically awry in the fact that the "laborer" is unkempt and collarless. So long as poverty of dress is regarded as the legitimate badge of the only noble mission in life—the mission to labor—and one can distinguish at sight the difference between a laborer and a minister as they flock to hear the word of God, can we seriously hope to fit institutional Christianity to the needs of present-day society, or expect the church to perform the function of spiritual ministrations to men?

Dr. Dawson has spoken the wise word on this question when, in urging that the normal church should be transformed into an evangelistic center, he said, "The difficulties in the way are class feeling, parochialism of ideal and the fastidiousness of a false culture." He affirmed that many churches might justly be described as social clubs, united by moral ideals, rather than spiritual communities quick with divine fire. Other churches "are frankly class churches. The poor are not wanted, and are warned off." We suppose he meant by the poor the kind

of people above described as "laborers." It is Dr. Dawson's judgment that the church must so mingle people of all classes in society that she will become a microcosm of the world itself, in which the social whole is constituted by the mingling of many kinds of men. He believes that "our great Protestant sanctuaries should occupy the same position in public thought as Catholic cathedrals. When they are thus administered as buildings erected by the people, and for the people, there is no difficulty in attracting the people to them."

Perhaps, after all, the spirit of "parochialism" is the most detrimental to the best work of the Church. To make clubs, classes, social privileges, choral unions and other features of modern church life "feeders to the Church," as they often confessedly are, is to invite the defeat of their highest end. If it is true that an institution cannot live except by the selfish principle, then we believe the Church must bravely cease to be an institution and dare to become simply the embodiment of the message of "good will to men."

Armageddon

Julius Chambers, whose "Walks and Talks" letters appear in several American papers, recently made the interesting suggestion that the now famous battle of Mukden be seriously taken as the Scripture fulfillment of the prophesy of the great last battle among nations—the battle of Armageddon.

After explaining that the writer in Scripture placed the battle in the plain of Esdraelon, not because it was necessarily to be fought there, but to bring the idea home to the people, he says:

Seriously, why shouldn't this be the last battle in the history of mankind? Japan never will have to fight China to control her hundreds of millions of people. She can dominate China without drawing the sword or firing a gun—if the Western nations will allow her to do so. France never will fight Germany again; Russia has had enough of war for a hundred years, the conquest of India has become to her "an iridescent dream," to use the phrase of John J. Ingalls; there are no more white men in Africa for England to conquer. Germany will not be able to "get a fight on," as the pugilists say; Italy and Spain, Norway and Sweden cannot afford the luxury of going to war; the United States do not want a war, having had something of the kind between 1861 and 1865, and a skirmish in 1898. Where, then, is the next war to arise?

And then he queries if this is not the battle of Armageddon why not? "Why shouldn't it be, if the prophet's words are to be ac-

cepted?" The question is of much wider application. Is it not true that all the beautiful and desirable dreams of the prophets, both ancient and modern, depend for their realization on the willingness of man that they shall be fulfilled? So long as Christian nations refuse to beat their swords into plowshares, so long as nations prefer to subdue people rather than "replenish the earth, and subdue it" as man was commanded to do, just so long will the prophecy of Isaiah be unfulfilled that "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain." We believe that every error and injustice among men has been beheld by some clear-visioned prophet dissolving as a mist; but these all "received not the promise, God having provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect."

Those who believe in the moral nature of the divine government cannot believe that God has any special purpose in delaying the fulfilment of the highest ideals that human nature has been able to conceive. It seems clear that prophecies unfulfilled are only awaiting the time when we as individuals and as members of social and national groups shall willingly "lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us" and make a vigorous and patient run for the ideal.

Is It the Mammon of Unrighteousness?

In the discussion of the duty of the American Board in relation to the proposed gift from Mr. Rockefeller we have observed one significant statement. A prominent New York clergyman, who must be presumed to know the facts, and who approves of such gifts, says: "It is a well-known fact that all our millionaires are heads of great corporations. The inner workings of these probably do not differ from those of the Standard Oil Company. It is from these millionaires that the churches receive their main support."

We are not deeply concerned as to the action of the church in relation to this much talked-of gift, though perhaps the suggestion would not be out of place that it could have been used to more point by the Home Missionary Board than by the Foreign, inasmuch as those who have been robbed and left half dead on the way to Jericho, and are therefore in need of the healing "oil," are chiefly Americans, but we are given pause by the declaration that the Church of Jesus Christ receives its main support from accumulations of wealth created by "inner workings"

that "do not differ from those of the Standard Oil Company."

Even supposing those "workings" to be above suspicion, if the allegation is well founded, it throws a bright lamplight upon the cause for the "alienation of the working classes from the churches."

Recreation

The Bishop of St. Asaph, according to "The Church Standard," recently took occasion to defend the inclusion of acting and dancing on the program. He is quoted as saying: "Our Lord came to save body, mind, and soul, and we must aim at a proportionate development of the whole nature of man. There is nothing wrong in dancing or in games in themselves, and my experience tells me that there is no greater danger in bringing up children than in allowing them to confuse right and wrong. Injustice, untruthfulness, cruelty, can never be right, but disastrous results follow the condemnation of innocent recreation with such sins as these."

How much better this frank recognition of the legitimate place in life of appropriate forms of recreation than the attitude of some religious communions which theoretically forbid those pleasures in which a large percentage of their communicants—including the clergy—openly indulge! The question of indulgence or non-indulgence is far less important than the stultification which causes moral confusion in the minds of the young. Happy is he who condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth.

The Ministry of Art

In a recent sermon in St. Mary's, Cambridge, the Dean of Ely spoke of the witness which the poet Shakespeare had borne to Christianity. "Had the great poet been a theologian," he said, "he would probably have been burned, just as, had he been a politician, portions of his plays which treat of politics and civil liberty would have brought him to the block. But God made him a player, and so he could teach a message to his age which is most needed—a message of peace, gentleness, mercy, patience, tolerance, long-suffering. He was not a priest, yet how much he did to humanize and therefore to Christianize mankind?"

Only out of the recognition that God makes players as truly as He makes priests will come the inspiration which will make the stage as moral as the pulpit.

The Drama

Edited by Walter Tallmadge Arndt

"The Lady Shore"

An American-built play of considerable merit and greater attractiveness is the romantic drama, "The Lady Shore," in which Virginia Harned is appearing at the head of her own well-balanced and well-trained company at the Hudson Theatre in New York. The play is the joint work of two American women whose husbands are already known to fame, Mrs. Vance Thompson and Mrs. Harry B. Smith. In brief, it is a rather sanctified and unhistorical rendering of the old story of the beautiful wife of the London shopkeeper, Jane Shore, whom Edward IV of England made his mistress. The play as produced by Miss Harned is staged with a lavishness and wealth of beauty and color rarely seen outside of a Belasco theater. The story makes Jane a creature more sinned against than sinning, but it is told with a poetic charm that cannot fail to elicit sympathy. There are some strong scenes and situations, with an almost Sardouesque flavor about them, and if on the whole the play fails to convince it is rather because what is intended to be the climax in the fourth act is weakened by the feeling that there is scarcely reason enough for Jane's supreme sacrifice of herself in order to save the King from death at the hands of his ambitious brother, Richard of Gloucester, who is made the villain of the play. The carping of some critics at the lack of historical accuracy would be all beside the question, if at this supreme moment one were ready to accept the situation presented as logical and inevitable. The dialogue is far above the ordinary in its rhythmic and poetic beauty, and the charm and pathos of Miss Harned's acting, much superior to anything she has done in several seasons, will undoubtedly insure the success of the production which both the authors and the producers richly deserve.

A Great Hamlet

Everything considered, it is well that the playgoer of to-day is a confirmed optimist. Otherwise the managers would have to turn their theatrical trust stock into some other sort of shares. He sees a "musical comedy,"

and a fortnight later he can no more differentiate it from its predecessors than he can a pebble on the beach from its fellows. He views a dramatized novel (or may be some dramatized drawings) that not once in a hundred times can compare with the original, of whose popularity the astute manager has taken advantage. He yawns at vapid English comedies, blushes at French adaptations, and spends a pleasantly unpleasant hour in looking upon some work of the Ibsen school. Under the circumstances, that he keeps on going to the theater is proof positive of his optimistic make-up.

Many things there are, to be sure, worthy of a more or less qualified praise. He is willing to grant much to the wonderfully elaborate productions of a Belasco or a Beerbohm Tree. If he be also a critic, always early and late he is on the lookout for anything that has in it a promise of better things to come. Therefore he is apt to be absurdly happy in discovering and talking about whatever there is to praise in the work of new playwrights. If he is patriotic he will view the work of new American dramatic writers with even more brightly rose-colored glasses. Often, too, he finds an opportunity to praise the work of individual actors, and takes joy in it. For even in the worst of plays, even in the support of every pitiful hothouse star, there are almost certain to be actors of merit and proved capacity. It follows, naturally, therefore, that when your optimistic person goes on a day to see such a remarkable histrionic achievement as Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet," he is very apt to fall into rapturous praises. And truly he finds justification here if anywhere.

The "Hamlet" of Forbes Robertson is not new to America, yet one cannot repeat too often the assertion that without a doubt his is the greatest interpretation of the Prince of Denmark on the modern stage. Nor will we attempt to limit the interpretation of the term "modern" to the past year—or the past decade. Let it suffice to remark that we must not forget that we are apt to have a reverential awe for the interpretations of past generations that is due almost entirely to the

accumulating force of tradition. It is simply part of our natures to feel certain that the "Hamlet" of Betterton or of Garrick was great, even had we not contemporary critics to tell us so. It is in no iconoclastic spirit, therefore, but merely with a true appreciation of the hallowing effects of time that we rank Forbes Robertson's personation with the great Hamlets of dramatic history.

What must at once and most forcibly strike everyone who sees this play is that Mr. Robertson's "Hamlet" is a *real* man. Naturalness is the keynote of the character as he plays it. A man of emotional moods, of irrational moments he is—but never is there anything of the madman about him. Never for an instant does he rant, not even in his "Get thee to a nunnery" scene, where, if anywhere, there might seem to be justification. Throughout the play, from beginning to end, there is a consistent, and to us, a most pleasing repression. For this very repression he has been called to account by some of the elder critics who recall Booth in his prime. They declare that because of this, Mr. Robertson's "Hamlet" is lacking in depths of emotional power, in breadth of conception. We must confess to a belief that what it possibly lacks here is more than made up in the pulsing naturalism, the poetic coloring, the subtle, intangible lights and shades, that in a too forceful impersonation must necessarily be minimized if they are not entirely overlooked.

Compare it, for instance, with Irving's portrayal of the Prince, which we have had ample opportunity to admire here in America. Both are remarkable for their artistic qualities, but Irving's is artistic artificiality, while Mr. Robertson's is artistic naturalness. Irving is always Irving acting "Hamlet";

Forbes Robertson *lives* his "Hamlet." And how incomparably superior it is to the only American "Hamlet" worthy of note today, E. H. Sothorn's morose and somber monomaniac. The English actor gets away as far as possible from any suggestion of monomania. He is melancholy in his moods, to be sure, but never morose. It is one of the greatest charms of his portrayal that he lifts "Hamlet" up into the sunlight and endows him with smiles and wit and humor, and never permits him to stand forth merely as a planner and doer of dark deeds.

When a "Hamlet" of such a manly and sympathetic conception is set before you with the artistic grace of Forbes Robertson, it needs but the right sort of a voice and the ability to use it to make one feel that here, indeed, must be *the* Hamlet of the day, if not of the generation. Mr. Robertson's voice is marvelous, the use he makes of it is a revelation. There is not a delicate distinction of the poet's meaning that he does not catch and disclose. In a day when the chattering and gibbering of the modern society drama early chokes the elocutionary powers of the actor, it is a joy to hear the English of our greatest poet spoken with such matchless grace, such perfection of expression, such wonderful rhythmic eloquence.

It is hard to say which is the greater pity: that we here in America have such a limited opportunity to see this inspiring portrayal of Forbes Robertson's, or that we do not make more of the opportunity when we do have it. Which brings us to the conclusion that one must indeed be an optimist who can see with any degree of patience such neglect as the American playgoer has shown toward this, the greatest "Hamlet" on the stage.



Art and Architecture

The Value of Compositions

Both in technical equipment and in mental and spiritual quality few American illustrators have won a more brilliant or deserved position than Mr. Howard Pyle. It is therefore interesting to learn a little of his views on painting and art study. In a recent address at the Art League, he said that he regarded the making of compositions of extreme importance in an art student's training, and in accordance with that opinion he made it a principal feature in the work of his class at Wilmington, Del. As reported in the "American Art News:" "He considered the mainspring of a composition to be mental projection, or the power to so project one's mind into the picture as to actually live it. This power is contributed to by the multiplied experience of mature years, and by reading. 'No one,' Mr. Pyle says, 'requires as broad knowledge and wide reading as the pictorial artist of to-day.' He teaches the necessity of elimination—that is, after a composition is once created the eliminations are more important than the additions; also, to truly use black and white one must have color in mind."

This need of broad knowledge and general culture emphasized by Mr. Pyle as necessary to the pictorial artist is indeed a vital element of success, not only to the men of his own guild, but to those of kindred professions. High aims, sincerity, conscientiousness, technical skill, all are but lame instruments if not informed with the spirit of broad culture.

The Linton Aphrodite

Not in a long time has the New York art world—artist, critic and amateur—been so stirred to admiration and discussion as by the statue which has been recently on exhibition at the National Arts Club. Each judged for himself as to her individuality, and as to the probability, of Praxiteles being the sculptor, but on one point all agreed—her beauty was undeniable. That sufficed for most of her visitors, whether she was of yesterday or of two thousand years ago.

Of the many arguments and criticisms which have been printed concerning the statue, a letter published originally in the "New York Times," and reprinted in the "American Architect" for March 25, is one of the most readable. The article in the "American Architect" is called "The Praxitelean Phryne," and is reproduced here in full.

Because of the ingenuity with which he supports his theory and because of the real human interest that lies behind it, it seems worth while to put on record the following letter which Mr. J. C. Bayles, M.E., Ph.D., addresses to the *New York Times*.

"The wonderfully fascinating statue which has attracted so much attention at the National Arts Club admits of an interpretation quite different from that which has hitherto been given it.

"The solution of any mystery, to be a solution at all, needs to be perfectly consistent with itself and leave nothing unexplained. The man who carved this great work knew what he was doing, and had a perfectly consistent purpose throughout. To trace this purpose and find in it what seems to the writer a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the work in whole and in detail is what I shall attempt. Since, in the last analysis, art criticism is a matter of opinion, I offer no apologies to any one for the courage of my convictions.

"It seems to me wholly probable that this is the work of Praxiteles or a copy from his work so nearly contemporaneous in date as to entitle it to rank as the most perfectly preserved relic of the Praxitelean age of Greek art. It seems to me wholly improbable that it was intended to represent Aphrodite at all, for the excellent reason that it does not. The lack of any evidence of an attempt to idealize the proportions of the figure, and the presence of what seems to me indisputable evidence that it is a portrait statue of a woman whose anatomical peculiarities are easily accounted for, and which are faithfully and lovingly preserved, are the bases of my hypothesis.

"The presence of the dolphin perhaps warranted the hasty conclusion that as this was the conventional symbol of Aphrodite, or one of them, Aphrodite was of course intended. This name, signifying 'born of the sea foam,' applies to the nascent daughter of Zeus and Dione, who rose from the waters near Cythera and was carried by the creatures of the deep to the shores of Cyprus. Thus represented, she would be standing in or on the water. The figure under review is neither in nor on water. No sculptor, unless a fool, would have attempted to represent water by a level slab of marble scored with ripple-marks. Aphrodite at the moment of her creation would not have been so anxious to go ashore that she would have started to walk there.

"The figure we are considering is walking—timidly and almost hesitatingly, indeed, but with the weight carried firmly on the left foot and the right partly raised for a forward step. The need of a support under the raised heel, to give strength, accounts for the strut which connects it to the pedestal. A sculptor who wished to convey the impression that the figure was on water would have given the requisite support in a rolling wave or undulation and thus avoided the expedient which, assuming that she is walking on water, would have been ridiculous. The spread of the toes of the foot which carries the weight shows very clearly to my mind that something more stable than water is meant to be under it. Moreover, the feet are not those of a being just created who is using them for the first time. They have a muscular development which comes only from systematic use for a specific purpose. The turn of the head, enabling the walking woman to look down a line perpendicular to the path she is following would seem to suggest that she was more interested at the moment in what was beside her than before her.

"But the dolphin? That is not a land creature, and what is its purpose? My judgment is that it has a double function. Primarily, a support for the figure was needed. The area of cross-section at the left ankle and right instep is relatively so small as compared with the average cross-sectional area of the body above the knees that even a slight jar might break it off close to the pedestal. The usual expedients of the Greek sculptors—column, tree-trunk, flowing draperies, loves, etc.—would have been incongruous in the circumstances, even ludicrous. Moreover, it was desired to indicate by a symbol the near presence of water; hence the supporting dolphin which has come to meet the woman at the edge of the ocean. If he could have been left out, however, it is a safe assumption that he would not have been put in, since the symbol was not needed to suggest the meaning.

"I believe the statue under discussion to be a portrait of Phryne, and that it commemorates an event as well attested as any in early Greek history not connected with dynastic changes or military operations, and consequently not provable by collateral historical evidence. During the period when Phryne was most in evidence the feast of Poseidon was held on the shore at Eleusis. At the close of the ceremonies she stepped from the multitude, dropped her garments, and, in the sight of all the people, stepped into the sea to offer to Poseidon the tribute for her charms. Apelles and Praxiteles were both present, and each saw in the incident something worthy of commemoration.

"The essential difference in their points of view was that Praxiteles was a lover of Phryne, and Apelles, so far as we know, was not. Praxiteles saw the woman; Apelles gained an idea. The result was that both these artists commemorated it, each in his own way. Apelles painted the Aphrodite which we all know, idealizing the figure to the limit of his imagination. Praxiteles modeled Phryne as she was, in the act of stepping into the water at Eleusis—and, womanlike, more interested in the people on the shore, who were probably giving voice to noisy acclamation, than

in the sea, which was without incident, and in which she had no idea of drowning herself.

"If this hypothesis is reasonable, we have in the work of Praxiteles, Phryne as she was, doing exactly what she did. She is on the seashore. She is advancing toward and into the water. The shrinking together of the body, as suggested by the slight stoop, the forward bend of the shoulders, and other signs, suggest the momentary chill of nudity in the open air and also the intuitive modesty which would make such an ordeal a bit trying even for a courtesan. That she looks squarely to the left rather than straight ahead is perfectly natural in the circumstances. Presumably Phryne cared a great deal more for popular applause than for the appreciation of anything so intangible as Poseidon.

"The position of the right hand is significant. In obedience to the requirements of the Athenian law, Phryne wore on the nipple of the left breast the gold cap or thimble which was her safeguard and protection. To touch it sanctioned in her an act which in a woman not so safeguarded might have shocked the public taste even in Greece. Phryne had a right to stand nude before the people, if she wanted to, and this right was assured by her badge which, it may be assumed, had a very different significance as affecting social status in the fourth century, B. C., than it would have to-day. Her offer to rebuild at her own cost the walls of Thebes if the authorities would place thereon a bronze tablet inscribed: 'Destroyed by Alexander; Rebuilt by Phryne, the Courtesan,' would seem to show that she was not ashamed of her title, and presumably not of her profession. The modern point of view was probably not held in the early days referred to.

"The figure is that of a woman and not of a goddess, since it is not idealized at all. The feet have the development in the great and three adjoining toes which comes from the training of the dancer, which Phryne was. The small toe is rudimentary—a peculiarity so pronounced as to be almost a deformity. Real feet are sometimes that way, idealized feet never. The ankles are relatively thick and strong, which they probably would be in one born near Thespiae, on the foothills of Mount Helicon. The legs are those of a young and athletic woman, but lack the exaggerated calf development resulting from the practice of the modern ballet. She falls below the ideal of perfection just in the details in which Phryne might have been expected to fall, for in early life she was presumably imperfectly nourished, since she had to gather capers for a living. Still she is wonderfully beautiful, and intensely human. That her lover should have preferred to model her as she was and not as another might have idealized her is natural enough. He could afford to do it without putting his reputation into contemporaneous jeopardy, whatever may have happened to it since.

"I at first thought it a statue of Aphrodite for which Phryne had posed. I now think it not intended even to suggest Aphrodite, but that it commemorates in as faithful portraiture as the artist was capable of the incident of Phryne at Eleusis. My reasons for so thinking, if not convincing, at least have the advantages of being intelligible and consistent."

Editorial Wit and Wisdom

Proving another a hypocrite does not prove your holiness.—*Nashville Banner*.

Grumbling is like weeds, easy to raise and mighty unprofitable.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

We now see just what "bigstickery" has done for the bully Russian.—*Dallas News*.

Kansas points the oil trust to her governor and shouts "In Hoch signo vinces."—*Macon Telegraph*.

Civilized humanity is coming rapidly to the conviction that General Sherman understated the case.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mrs. Chadwick may break into the magazines, but the jailers will keep her off the stage for a while.—*Baltimore Sun*.

When a man gets to boasting how hardened the world has made him, ask him about his first sweetheart.—*Tacoma News*.

Just to show their fear of rate bills the railways will invest only \$300,000,000 in improvements this year.—*Detroit Tribune*.

Paragraphers who declare the lobster trust looks like a shell game are carrying a fishy joke too far.—*Chattanooga Times*.

Any way, there's about \$60,000,000 in bullion, guns, ammunition and stores that the grand dukes won't get.—*Detroit Journal*.

It is going to be necessary to teach Venezuela that it must not oppress the Asphalt trust, or any other trust.—*Kansas City Star*.

Does Kansas see anything significant in a butcher of North Tarrytown beating Rockefeller at a political game?—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch's name seems to justify General Uribe-Urbe

in his reiteration of himself.—*Kansas City Times*.

Prophet Dowie is again in serious financial straits. He can't induce his creditors to take absent financial treatment.—*Kansas City Star*.

Some of our erudite contemporaries are discussing the pronunciation of Kuropatkin's name. His name is mud.—*Florida Times-Union*.

But, alas, what would all those Russian grand dukes do if they were turned out in the world to earn an honest living?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

It is said that the czar is absent-minded and eats little. His soldiers also eat little and are trying their best to be absent-bodied.—*Kansas City Journal*.

Our greatest danger from a Venezuelan invasion is that General Uribe-Urbe will saw his hyphen and assault us by both flanks at once!—*Macon Telegraph*.

Oyama can easily be translated into the exclamation "O, Emma." "O, d-m-a," is probably the popular Russian way of saying it.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

A seat in the New York Stock Exchange is quoted at \$82,500; or with the same money you can buy an excellent sheep ranch and raise lambs.—*Houston Chronicle*.

No doubt the wolf rushed howling from the portcullis of Skibo Castle when Mr. Carnegie was tendered that \$64.40 in hard-earned witness fees.—*Detroit Journal*.

Now that the Mothers' Congress has adjourned, those multifarious babies all over the country will no longer be motherless, perhaps.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

They do say that Santo Domingo means

"Holy Sabbath." The President's name is Morales. The people who name things down there carry a joke too far.—*Baltimore Sun*.

A New Jersey preacher threw dishes at his wife and wrote poetry to another woman. Those who saw samples of the poetry think the other woman got the worst of it.—*Kansas City Journal*.

The interest on the money a man spends for flowers and candy when he is engaged to a girl would keep her supplied all the years of her married life when he doesn't do it any more.—*Montreal Daily Star*.

Several South American republics are reported to be considering the question of sending representatives of their armies to Colorado to study American state methods of warfare.—*Atlanta Journal*.

Now Italy and Austria are making faces at each other, and if they don't hurry up

and build that peace palace at The Hague the dove of peace will have to roost on one of the rings of Saturn.—*Baltimore American*.

As predicted exclusively in this column, Mrs. Chadwick will write a book. Which suggests the question: Would it be justifiable to buy it on subscription and sign somebody else's name?—*New York Evening Mail*.

By the time Commissioner Garfield gets ready to look, the Standard Oil Company will have a set of books that will show plainly that Mr. Rockefeller works only to keep up the endowed colleges and hospitals.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Secretary Shaw has authorized a drawback of duties on "benzoysulfonic imide, anhydrous sodium salt of benzoysulfonic imide, manufactured wholly from ortho-lulolsulfamide and potassium permanganate." It's going to be hard to beat a man for the presidency when he knows things like that.—*Washington Post*.

Literary Notes and Gossip

King Victor Emmanuel has honored Prof. Charles Eliot Norton by making him a Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy in recognition of his distinguished services in translating Dante's works into English and his studies in Italian art and history. This is said to be the highest Italian decoration ever conferred on a Harvard graduate, although William R. Thayer and the late William W. Story were made Knights of this Order.

Mr. Lawrence Gilman, whose new volume of critical essays, "Phases of Modern Music," has caused more discussion among musicians and music-lovers than any similar book of recent years, holds unusual and radical views on the subject of the present state and future development of musical art. In his opinion, the best modern music is superior in expressiveness, subtlety, and fineness of workmanship to any music of the past—a view which is startling to those who hold to a belief in the supremacy of the classics.

Mr. Gilman considers the present trend of musical evolution to be along lines of greater harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic eloquence, and he holds that the music which is being produced to-day by such men as Richard Strauss, Claude Debussy, and Charles Martin Loeffler (who are among the composers about whom he writes in "Phases of Modern Music") establishes new standards of artistic excellence.

Mr. Jack London is an enthusiastic adherent of socialism. He takes an active part in socialistic propaganda, and the basic principles of socialism are a part of his philosophy of life. His new book, "The War of the Classes," is described as a collection of essays dealing with the world-wide revolt of the working class and their struggle against the capitalists.

If every business man in America were commanded to choose between his business and his wife, what choice would be made by

the majority? Would American wives be left to endure the loneliness of the bride-heroine of Margaret Potter's latest novel, "The Fire of Spring"? That is the query that has suggested itself to D. Appleton & Company, the publishers, in their advertisements of this book. American husbands are the best of all, but "Business" is the one rival of the American wife. It may be added that with true American energy the American wife is absorbing her rival at an alarming rate.

Next month there will be a new edition of one of the most popular outdoor books of recent years—"The Fat of the Land." Dr. John W. Streeter's account of the development of a splendid factory farm and a well-paying investment out of some land that had been allowed to run down has gone through seven editions since its issue a year ago, and is still in great demand. It puts into concrete form, with elaborate detail and abundant figures, the practice of the most progressive farmers to-day, and sets forth the methods of modern scientific agriculture.

A recent despatch from London says that Justin Huntly McCarthy's new romance of the greenwood, "The Dryad," recently published by the Harpers, has been produced for copyright purposes at the Theater Royal, Margate. The essential quality of Justin McCarthy's romances has always been dramatic, and it would not be surprising if "The Dryad" should find its way to the stage, as did "The Proud Prince" and "If I were King." It is Mr. McCarthy's custom to dramatize his own novels, and "The Dryad" affords material for an idyllic stage romance. The setting of the novel being first the heart of the deep woods and then the glittering court of the Duke of Athens, very beautiful stage effects would be possible. Theatergoers would find an unusual and charming heroine in the person of a dryad, the last of the immortals.

Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent has done a valuable service, not alone for scientists, but for all those who are interested in outdoor life, by the publication of his "Manual of Trees" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Up to

the present time the author has appealed only to those who have made a special study of trees and shrubs, his monumental work, "The Silva of North America" being the greatest work on the subject ever published. But in this manual, he has set forth the general facts pertaining to the study of trees, their descriptions and uses, in a way which will appeal to the general public.

Persons traveling to Florida, California, or Canada will find it an interesting book to take along with them as a guide to the trees.

Gentlemen having country estates will find a genuine need for the volume, which will immediately be given a place similar to that held by Gray's Botany.

Students of forestry and individuals interested in village and park improvements will secure new light upon the culture of the common and rarer trees.

There are some 630 trees described, and Mr. Charles E. Faxon has made a large number of drawings for the volume, which will contain over 600 fine reproductions.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston and his wife, Katherine Cecil Thurston, who have been in Italy for some time, have been recalled to London to attend rehearsals of their play, "John Chilcote, M. P." This is a dramatization by Mr. Thurston of his wife's successful novel, "The Masquerader," which was published in England under the same title as the play. Mr. Thurston at first endeavored to avoid the difficulty of finding two men of similar appearance by never permitting the two characters, Chilcote and Loder, to appear on the stage at the same time, but Mr. George Alexander, who will play the part of John Loder, decided that the strength of the drama would be lessened and its success jeopardized by this method. Therefore, the scene in which the exchange of personalities is effected will take place in view of the audience, and the dramatic situation be thus established without doubt or question. Mr. Alexander was very fortunate in securing as "double" Mr. W. J. Thorold, the London editor and manager of the "Smart Set," who, though not an actor, has consented to play the part because of the wonderful similarity he bears to Mr. Alexander. The play will be produced in about six weeks.

The ❖ Library ❖ Table

THE death of Leonidas Hubbard, associate editor of "Outing," in the solitudes of Labrador in the fall of 1903, aroused keen regret among all to whom his articles on nature and sport had appealed. In "The Lure of the Labrador Wild,"* by his companion in travel, Dillon Wallace, a New York lawyer, we have the detailed story of the journey which ended so tragically and which might not have had a single survivor to tell the tale had it not been for the heroism of the Canadian guide. The journey cannot be said to have been undertaken with a view to such exploration as we usually understand by the term, but rather for the purpose of acquiring such knowledge of sport and nature as would be useful for journalistic purposes. Hence the incident deserves a place in the annals of journalism.

If one looks at a very recent map of Canada, it will be seen that the George River flows from Indian House Lake, situated some one hundred miles west of the Nain Mission on the Newfoundland Labrador Coast, and running due north, falls into Ungava Bay, which opens on Hudson Strait. This lake and river seem to have been Mr. Hubbard's objective, for Mr. Wallace says:

"Hubbard hoped to reach the George River in season to meet the Nenonot or Nascauppee Indians, who, according to an old tradition, gather on its banks in late August or early September to attack with spears the herds of caribou that migrate at that time, passing eastward to the sea coast. It is reported that while the caribou are swimming the river the Indians each year kill great numbers of them, drying the flesh for winter provisions and using the skins to make clothing and wigwam-covering. Hubbard wished not only to get a good story of the yearly slaughter, but to spend some little time studying the habits of the Indians, who are the most primitive on the North American continent."

Few persons can at first thought realize the

*THE LURE OF THE LABRADOR WILD: *The Story of the Exploring Expedition Conducted by Leonidas Hubbard. By Dillon Wallace. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. \$1.50.*

difficulty of such a task. The region to be traversed is within the Dominion of Canada; the coast-line is a resort of fishermen in search of cod, the territory is hunted by men in the employ of one of the great fur and trading companies. But it is a desolation for ten months of the year: "Strange as it may seem to some, the temperature in the interior of Labrador in midsummer sometimes rises as high as 90 degrees or more, although at sunset it almost invariably drops to near the freezing point, and frost is liable at any time. But the summer is, of course, very short. It may be said to begin early in July, by which time the snow and ice are all gone, and to end late in August. There is just a hint of spring and autumn. Winter glides into summer, and summer into winter, almost imperceptibly, and the winter is the bitter winter of the Arctic."

The travelers left New York on June 20, but it was July 15 before they started into the wilderness from the Northwest Post. Owing to insufficient information they mistook the way, but pressed on cheerfully, finding little game but plenty of fish to eke out their provisions. Early in October they were hopelessly far from their destination, and began the retracing of their steps. Hubbard was ill, and urged the two to leave him and seek help at the trading post. He died alone on October 18, on which day he made the last entry in his diary.

Mr. Wallace has told the story in a simple but very fascinating way. It is a record of adventure, of friendly devotion between companions, of mutual trust and helpfulness, such as one rarely meets with. It is also a story of terrible suffering and disappointment endured bravely, of hoping against hope in a manner which is truly inspiring. It arouses bitter regret that the designer and master spirit should have been the one to succumb. As an example of what the sportsman journalist will undertake in the pursuit of his profession, it must hold a position in the highest rank. Even if the expedition be regarded as a failure, it points out the way to success.

Mr. Wallace is at some pains to free his comrade from the charge of want of prepara-

tion, but we do not think that he is successful. It was a tremendous undertaking to attempt a journey by the longest route to a point where the brief summer would end long before it did on the coast. Information which could be really trustworthy, also, was not only difficult to acquire, but it does seem that when at the Northwest Post sufficient sifting of the knowledge of the trappers was not made. But what of this?

We are not of those who think that every undertaking should have an utilitarian object or be conducted as methodically as solving a quadratic equation. Mr. Hubbard was made of such stuff as men are made of, and so were his companions. It is this that we admire in this volume, and sad as is its tragedy, it will not miss its purpose if it sends out some more men of the same caliber into the wild.

Robert Blight

The Fugitive Blacksmith

A BOOK out of all literary ruts is always interesting. This is one of them, and it has real merit, of a quiet and satisfactory kind, besides. It is well to warn the reader of the "Fugitive Blacksmith,"* however, that the defects of the book are all concentrated at the beginning. Not until fifty pages are passed does the story get under way at all or the hero appear. When he appears he isn't a hero, anyway, but just a plain, handy American mechanic. It is part of the queerness of the book that it is all told by a one-legged tramp to a night-watchman, in return for free lodging at a railroad sandhouse, and that "Bill" himself never comes in person on the stage. Nevertheless, we follow his recited adventures with growing appreciation, as Finerty, the watchman, does, and Finerty's wife, Margaret, and the chorus of tramps, with Pop Smith at the head, who listen to the one-legged "Stumpy's" Iliad.

If a peace-loving, handy, hard-working American, a born mechanic, should be arrested for a murder, with the strongest of circumstantial evidence against him, and should use his wits and skill to escape, what would he do to avoid recapture and earn his living? This is Bill's problem, and it is complicated by his taking pity on the youth and misfortunes of the crippled "Stumpy," and saddling himself with him as a companion in his flight from the New Orleans jail toward the prairies of Texas. The contrast between Bill's gory reputation and his peaceable ingenuity and longing for settled work forms the humorous key note of the book. Yet the humor is never forced; it flows inevitably and naturally from the changing situations of the fugitive blacksmith. The deserted forge in the Texas village, and its reopening by Bill and his partner, has something of the

Robinson Crusoe reality and simplicity about its episodes. But Bill's experience on the sheep ranch is the best bit of description in the book, from the moment when he relieves the other herder, who is dipping the sheep, to that when he flees for his life from the flock in order not to go crazy.

"Bill got a pail, and helped him to put the petroleum in. Then they went at the flock. And it wasn't long before Bill found he didn't like a sheep, and they were not his style. He never did like any sort of a martyr person that was always swallowing down their sufferings and looking sorry and good about other people's badness to them. He'd rather have them fight than complain—and a sheep is just the other way around. . . .

"I ain't following the flock now," said Jonas. 'But I've had the universe on my hands in my day—and all that was contained therein. It's a big responsibility. How do you like sheep, take 'em one at a time?'

"I can't say that I exactly take to them," said Bill. 'They ain't an animal that I would sit up nights to talk to.'

"Yes," said Jonas, 'there ain't much in their eyes, except the stony stare. And they can't wag their tail like a dog. They're an unmanly beast that ain't of this world at all. And if they see a good chance to die they'll lie right down and wait for kingdom come. They're a mackerel-eyed martyr, from their Hebrew noses to their helpless tail.'

"You don't like 'em either?" said Bill.

"Not one at a time—and still less in a bunch. They're all right, though, for a piece of the landscape on a sunny day. They do say that they're the beast that stands for the human race in the Scriptures," said Jonas, who was a great hand to talk religion. 'And I'll be dinged if I hain't seen Christians just like them.'"

*THE FUGITIVE BLACKSMITH. By Charles D. Stewart. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

"Lady," the horse, and "Maggie," the collie, however, are animals lovingly and spiritedly drawn. The two pretty heroines, "one a peach and one an olive," as Bill expresses it, are charming in their simplicity. The chapter where the art of blacksmithing

is expanded to "Stumpy" is one that appeals, by its originality and truth, to any worker at a craft. Originality, humor and genuineness are, indeed, the stuff of the book, which it is a pleasure to commend to the reader.

Priscilla Leonard.

A Southern Book on the Civil War

One is naturally predisposed to welcome a book on the Civil War by a Southerner, especially when the writer is a man of prominence who himself took part in that struggle. Such a book by such a man has recently appeared—Gov. William C. Oates' "The War between the Union and the Confederacy, and its Lost Opportunities."* At the outset, since the book is, according to the title-page, in part, at least, "an account of the author's experiences," a word about him may be of interest, as showing the degree of authority which may be supposed to attach to his name. Born in 1835, he was at the outbreak of the Civil War a young lawyer and the editor of a weekly Democratic paper at Abbeville, Ala. In July, 1861, he raised a company of which he became captain, and which, eventually, became a part of the 15th Alabama Regiment. Of this regiment he subsequently—in May, 1863—became colonel, the highest rank attained by him during the war. Altogether he took part in twenty-seven engagements, in the last of which, near Richmond, Va., on August 16, 1864, he lost his right arm. To students of military history, he is known chiefly for his gallant unsuccessful attempt to occupy "Little Round Top" on the second day of the Battle of Gettysburg. After the war, he resumed the practice of the law, was a member in 1870-72 of the Alabama Legislature, and from 1881 to 1894, of Congress, and in 1895 and 1896 was governor of Alabama. In the Spanish-American War of 1898 he was a major-general of United States Volunteers, but did not leave the United States. Altogether, it will be seen that his prominence

is such as to lend authority to the opinions which he has to express, and in them lies the principal value and interest of his book.

In most respects, indeed, the book is very disappointing. As a formal history of the war, it can have no rank: the author is not an historian. Yet it is by no means entirely a book of reminiscences; there is far too much extraneous matter for it to be so classified. For instance, there is a chapter on Abraham Lincoln, whom the author never saw and about whom he says nothing new and much, including various anecdotes, that is hackneyed and is much better expressed elsewhere. This same comment applies to various other chapters, in which the author, instead of giving personal impressions or experiences, merely repeats commonplaces, biographical and otherwise. The first two chapters, on "The Causes of Secession and War," are frankly written from the Confederate standpoint, and are therefore intended as a justification of the South. They are interesting as giving the point of view of a man of prominence who still fervidly believes that the South was entirely right, and who puts into forcible language the faith that is in him; but as a statement of the case—and an exceedingly strong case might be made out—they fall far short of other statements, such, for example, as that of Alexander H. Stephens in his "War Between the States," which were in print long ago.

At all events, the strength of the arguments is greatly impaired by the obvious carelessness with which they were written. The first paragraph in the book reads: "The Declaration of Independence was signed and issued July 4, 1776. Articles of Confederation and perpetual Union between the States, naming each of the original thirteen, and styling the Confederacy thus formed the United States of America, were signed by the delegates from each State July 9, 1778." Further on the author says: "Southern plantation owners became rich and lived in princely munificence. This aroused the

*THE WAR BETWEEN THE UNION AND THE CONFEDERACY, AND ITS LOST OPPORTUNITIES, WITH A HISTORY OF THE 15TH ALABAMA REGIMENT AND THE FORTY-EIGHT BATTLES IN WHICH IT WAS ENGAGED, BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCES IN THE GREATEST CONFLICT OF MODERN TIMES; A JUSTIFICATION OF SECESSION, AND SHOWING THAT THE CONFEDERACY SHOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED, ETC. By William C. Oates. The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington, 1905. \$3 net.

envy and the fervid Puritanic zeal of certain Northern people to have abolished the ungodly institution [slavery]; but not as had been done with them by State action. They . . . denounced it politically from the stump and in the fanatical press as . . . 'a league with death, a covenant with hell.'" Still further he says, "The more moderate Abolitionists said slavery was a national disgrace, and appealed to Congress, which had no legal power in the premises, to abolish it." As regards these statements little need be said except that, though the Declaration of Independence was adopted on July 4, 1776, it was not signed on that day; that the Articles of Confederation were not signed by each State on July 9, 1778, delegates from five of the States not signing until after that date, and Maryland not signing until March 1, 1781; that it was the Constitution and not slavery that was denounced, by Garrison and his followers, as a "league with death and a covenant with hell"; and that the more moderate Abolitionists freely recognized the right of each State to decide for itself, without interference from Congress, whether or not it should have slavery, and appealed to Congress merely to prohibit slavery in the Territories and in the District of Columbia. Many other examples of carelessness of the same kind could easily be given.

Turning aside from these things, however, it is a pleasure to call attention to what is perhaps of most value in the book—the judgments which the author passes on the conduct of the war by the Confederates. These judgments he sums up in Chapter XLIX on "The Lessons of the War." "No people in the world's history," he says, "ever made such herculean efforts to establish and maintain an independent government. No government on earth ever expended so much blood and money to prevent the establishment of an independent government as did the United States. As against any other people on earth the Confederates would have been successful." Even against the United States the Confederates would have been successful, the author thinks, under certain conditions, and these conditions he details to gratify what he calls "that morbid curiosity so prevalent in the human mind which invariably after reading or hearing related a state of facts that verges on a possibility of consummating some great event, inquires of the

relater what would, could or should have been done, or what do you think of it?" Several of the author's "ifs" may be given. "If," he says, "instead of exhausting every means available to the Confederate Government during 1861 and 1862 to secure its recognition by European governments, Mr. Davis and the Confederate Congress had established a credit with those governments based on cotton, by the sale of Confederate bonds, payable in cotton at a fixed price, as they could have done, and as they did do to a limited extent in March, 1863, they could have maintained the war on a gold basis and have made King Cotton win the independence of the Confederacy. If the emancipation proclamation of Mr. Lincoln had been met by Mr. Davis and the Confederate Congress, supported by Generals Lee and Johnston, in 1863, by putting a large force of negro men in the army under white officers, with freedom guaranteed and a gradual system of emancipation, the Confederacy would have been recognized by European governments and would have secured its independence. . . . Had there been some great natural division between the Confederacy and the States which adhered to the Union, such as the English Channel, the Rocky Mountains, or had the Mississippi River flowed from east to west instead of from north to south, the Confederacy would most probably have won its independence. . . . Had the civil government of the Confederacy been equal to the military it would have been a success, and the independence of the Confederacy firmly established." Even if the South had won, he thinks—though, "before the lapse of half a century the Confederacy would have become the richest nation on earth"—there would have been a grave and constant danger of a nation, based on the theory of States' rights, falling asunder. Nevertheless, he thinks that the "permanent establishment of the Confederacy would have been of substantial benefit and utility to the American people and to mankind."

One is tempted to quote some of Mr. Oates' estimates of people, but his estimate of the Confederate Congress must suffice. He calls it "that august body of incapables," the "autocratic collection of dolts," the "Congress of Bourbon incapables, who could never see the length of their noses into the future."

C. C. W.

Brief Glimpses of New Books

Biography

De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

It is with a melancholy interest that we take up "De Profundis." The literary world has had few shocks greater than that experienced when, in 1895, Oscar O'Flahertie Wilde was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for a criminal offense of peculiar degradation. As poet, novelist, dramatist and apostle of estheticism, he had many admirers in this country as well as in England. In "De Profundis," written in prison, he opens his heart to a friend, showing the bitterness of his repentance and the strength of his determination not to be overwhelmed by his fall. At times the reader will note a certain reaching out toward some firm rock of faith, which doubtless accounts for his acceptance of the Roman Catholic creed before his death, in 1900, at the early age of forty-four. Melancholy as the work is, it contains some very beautiful passages which prove the truth of the poet's words that man "may rise on stepping-stones of his dead self to better things."

Educational and Reference Books

A School History of the United States. By William H. Mace. Rand, McNally Co., Chicago and New York. \$1.00.

It is difficult to imagine a better school history of the United States than this one by Professor Mace. While scholarly and practical, it is entertaining and well within the capabilities of pupils of grammar-school standing. The division into periods with their respective sections is admirable; the style is clear, forcible and pointed; and the many excellent illustrations are interesting and explanatory. There is neither too much nor too little of any period, person, event or question, but the whole is well blended into such a history as every pupil may reasonably be expected to be familiar with. There is a very useful appendix, containing, among other things, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and, what is peculiarly valuable to public-schools pupils, a pronouncing index of proper names.

Thoughts for the Occasion. Makers of the American Republic. By David Gregg, D.D., Hon. W. W. Goodrich, and Dr. Sidney H. Carney, Jr. **Fraternal and Benevolent.** Compiled by Franklin Noble, D.D. E. B. Treat & Co., New York. \$2.00 each vol.

These two volumes will be found useful by persons called upon to make addresses upon special occasions, such as commemorations. The first, indeed, is an admirable series of such addresses, and, while mainly "patriotic" in motive, they have considerable value as historical summaries. The second contains information not generally at hand when wanted, and deals with all the important fraternal and benevolent societies and unions represented in this country. It furnishes "points" ready at hand for speakers. Both volumes are worthy publications.

The United States Catalogue. Edited by Marion E. Potter. The H. W. Wilson Co., Minneapolis.

The publishers of the "Cumulative Book Index"—a work invaluable and indispensable to the busy editor or librarian—are also sponsors for the "United States Catalogue," which does for the publications of the past what the "Cumulative Book Index" does for the monthly output of the publishers in every department of literature—gives title, author, publisher, price and date of any desired book printed in the United States. The present volume is the second edition of the "Catalogue." The first edition contained a catalogue of books in print in the United States in 1899. In this second edition have been incorporated books published between that date and January, 1902, as recorded in the "Cumulative Book Index," the later files of which supplement the "Catalogue" by bringing the record down to date. Of the scope and service of such a reference work as here outlined the briefest survey will at once discern the value, and no editor, publisher, librarian, or college, can, to use the familiar phrase of the advertising agent, "afford to be without it." The entries are made under author, subject and title in one alphabet, with particulars of binding, price, date and publisher. The seeker for literary data needs not to be reassured of the unique value of such a reference book.

The Mediterranean Traveller. By D. E. Lorenz. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. \$2.50.

The increasing popularity among travellers of "the Southern trip," or, in other words, the circuit of the Mediterranean, especially as a winter excursion, makes this a timely and valuable contribution to guide-book literature. All the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, European, Asian and African, are treated exhaustively in separate guide-books which would make a cumbersome library to transport. Therefore adequate condensation of this scattered information into one handy volume will be a boon to the traveller. The author makes the circuit of the sea and leaves little if anything untold concerning the countries visited. Photographs, maps and blank pages for notes add to the value of the book.

Concerning Genealogies. By Frank Allaben. The Grafton Press, New York.

The attention of the genealogist will at once be caught by the charming appearance and make-up of this little volume, and his interest will not be wholly dissipated upon discovering that it is by way of being an advertisement of the Genealogical Department of the Grafton Press. For although each chapter is a pleasant path that leads at the end to the door of that department, the beguiling is so pleasantly done, the facts are so clearly stated, the genealogist's trials are so sympathetically touched upon, the advice given is so sound, that the reader, instead of discarding it as un-

available, will carefully file it with his genealogical reference books.

Collier's Self-Indexing Annual. Edited by John R. Meader. P. F. Collier & Son, New York. \$5.00.

Among the numerous statistical and reference books which have recently been put before the public few will make stronger appeal to popular favor than this review of the year 1904. The publisher's object has been to make the work an indispensable "tool of the trade" to the world's workers—the journalist, the professional man, the business man, the farmer, the mechanic and the student. Accordingly, scarcely a phase of the world's history during the year 1904 in every department of human progress but what will be found to be adequately treated and readily accessible within these covers. There is no index, the arrangement being alphabetical, according to subjects, a plan which, though designed presumably to facilitate reference, is likely without a system of cross-references to impair the usefulness of the volume. A valuable addition to the letter press is the number of maps and illustrations, the latter drawn in many instances from the files of "Collier's Weekly."

Webster's New Standard Dictionary. The Library Edition. Laird & Lee, Chicago. \$2.50.

An excellent reference book for desk or library table is this lexicon, convenient in size, bound in full flexible leather, thumb-indexed, and rich in illustrations, and issued in three editions. Besides its many excellent features, Dictionaries of Biography, Geography, Biblical, Musical and Classical Names, Foreign Phrases, Synonyms, Metric System, Proof-reading and English Word Building, two important departments have been added to the more expensive editions. The Dictionaries of Legal Terms, Medical Words and Symbols, giving the principal words and phrases in use by these professions, will prove invaluable. Many new text illustrations have been added besides new words that have come into general use. The numerous colored plates, the full-page engravings and the hundreds of text illustrations together with its admirable bindings make this lexicon a valuable one for handy reference.

Fiction

The Bell in the Fog. By Gertrude Atherton. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

A volume of short stories by Mrs. Atherton would be sure to attract attention in any case, but this is especially noteworthy for the peculiar tone which pervades it. Leaving the usual and well-worn groove of adventure and sentimentalism, so characteristic of the modern short story, Mrs. Atherton has taken up the uncanny, the weird and the sorrowful sides of life and has given us ten stories which rank highly, not only in dramatic force, but also in the presentation of situations not often met with in modern fiction. Everyone has his own taste, but it seems to us that "A Monarch of a Small Survey" and "Talbot of Ursula" are better stories than the one which gives the title to the volume, even if they are not so uncanny.

Mysterious Mr. Sabin. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Whatever one may think of the probability of

Mr. Oppenheim's story, there can be no doubt as to its ingenuity and cleverness. Mr. Sabin is really a French duke of the dethroned Bourbon family, a visionary conspirator and veritable woman-killer. By disclosing the secrets of the weakness of British coast defense he hopes to enlist some European power in the forcible restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in France. There is abundance of diplomatic and other intrigue, plenty of adventure, also a very interesting love story involving a Bourbon princess and an English nobleman. Although of the fugitive kind of fiction, the novel affords reading of a sufficiently thrilling character to insure a large number of readers.

The Two Captains. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

In a preface to this novel, Dr. Brady expresses some fear that the book will not be read and judged on its merits by the critics. We can assure the author that it has been read, read through, as all Dr. Brady's books that have come into our hands have been. And, having read the book, and having endeavored to judge it solely on its merits, we venture to say that it is one of the best, if not the very best, novels Dr. Brady has written. Of course, critics may err, but the judgment just announced is rendered according to the best of our ability. The book is better finished, there is more unity in it, more careful development of the "scarlet thread" which should run through the rope of narrative as it runs through the ropes of that navy which, commanded by one of Dr. Brady's "Captains," defeated the French in Aboukir Bay. The characters are drawn with a stronger line than usual, and the lights and shadows are handled better.

Dr. Brady, who himself is free of the guild of book reviewers, says that the importance of the book review is an open question. It may be so; there is less need now for reviews when publishers review their own publications on the wrapping paper; but as the reviews in *CURRENT LITERATURE* have the special object of telling its readers what is really worth spending time and money upon, it will suffice to say that both may well be spent upon "The Two Captains." These, by the way, are Napoleon Bonaparte and Nelson. The love story is very delicious, the deeds of derring-do at Toulon and "The Battle of the Nile" are sufficiently thrilling, the characters are sufficiently varied in virtue and vice, in personality and importance, to keep the reader fully interested and occupied until the book is laid down with a sigh for "the brave days of old," when, although men were not more brave in war, they were more constant in love. Although "The Two Captains" is an historical novel, it is healthier than a problem novel, more refreshing than a political one and more red-blooded than a sentimental one.

The Slanderers. By Warwick Deeping. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

This a well-constructed and well-written novel and, doubtless, will have a vogue. The picture of life, however, with which it deals is not a pleasant one or a wholesome one. This is the more to be deplored because, to use an expressive hunting phrase, "a herring has been drawn across the scent."

A young man, given to dreaming and writing poetry, marries a woman of his own rank, or even, according to English standards, of higher rank, for she is one of the titled nobility and he one of the *nouveaux riches*. The sensuousness of the two appears to be satisfied, but he soon becomes enamored of an ideal in the shape of another young woman who would not be called his equal by English society, but who is an unconventional and intellectual person. The wife notices a change. Quarrels set in. She betakes herself to a Spa and seeks satisfaction in flirtation. Meanwhile the man visits the girl, makes her swear to platonic affection and revels in its pleasure.

— Thus far the man is worse than the woman. If he had been true to his vow the difficulty could never have occurred. He made his own bed wittingly, but he refuses to lie in it.

Now "the herring is drawn across the scent." The gossips—"The Slanderers"—begin to talk. They see the man and girl in all kinds of places and do not mince matters. Is it to be wondered at? Cæsar, as well as Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion. The wife, aided by an admirer whom she plans to marry, gets a divorce, the husband is disowned by his rich father, has to seek a living in literary work, but marries the girl who has been turned out of her home and disinherited by her own vicious father. The faithful sister of the man brings about a reconciliation between the father and son, and the father discovers that the son has not committed the offense for which divorce was granted. The gossips are silenced and crushed.

The picture of life may be too true, but there is an evident intention of creating sympathy for the man and to visit the sin upon the woman. This is ethically unfair, for he was the first to weaken the bond, to throw his wife into the way of temptation, to compromise a young, lovable and intellectual but inexperienced girl. Gossip, of course, is wrong, but we may as well try to analyze "platonic" affection as to stop gossip.

The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. By Elinor Glyn. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

The fate of the luckless author who has written one successful book, and cannot write another, is pathetic. The fate of the reviewer who has to read the subsequent attempts, on account of the vogue of the first success, is aggravating also. "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline" is calculated to produce a gloom in both ways. It is a desperate effort to duplicate the "Visits of Elizabeth," but it fails, from the first page to the last, to recapture the charm of the earlier book, while recalling and emphasizing vividly its bad points. Poor Evangeline! with her red hair and her green eyes and her white complexion and her impossible naïveté—she struggles bravely to be a subtle enchantress and never once convinces the reader. Of the two lay-figure heroes, no one could possibly care whether she takes one or the other, in spite of the "blue fire" of Lord Robert's eyes. Mrs. Caruthers, who dies just as the story opens, is the only really promising person in it. The Montgomerie ménage is the best-done part of the book, but it is so exaggerated as to spoil its effect. A dainty high comedy is what Mrs. Glyn aims at, but a poor quality of farce is about what she reaches in this latest venture. The vein of ore,

small at the best, has pinched out. Why try to follow it any farther?

Sports and Athletics

Jiu-Jitsu. The Japanese Method of Attack and Self-Defense. By Captain Harry H. Skinner. Japan Publishing Co., New York. \$1.00.

This is an elementary manual of the much-talked of Japanese art of self-defense. It is merely elementary, for we are assured that there are many secrets not set forth here which can only be learned personally from a "professor" of the art. Looking at the matter from the practical side, it cannot be said that the present book is convincing as to the value of the system, and probably, when the novelty of things Japanese has worn off, the study of Jiu-Jitsu will be relegated to the limbo of some other "fads." Without venturing to express an opinion upon the value of Jiu-Jitsu as a means of protection against sudden attack by "roughs," it is evident that it has no advantage in itself as a method of physical exercise. Nor can it be said that its superiority over Western methods of self-defense, such as boxing, has been satisfactorily demonstrated. Exhibitions are not tests, even when New York policemen are the victims of the Japanese "professor." Even the photographs with which this book is illustrated clearly show that the "corpus vile" upon which the experiments were made was not a trained athlete, and that he was utterly oblivious of the fact that he had two hands and two feet. The only way in which the superiority of the Japanese method can be demonstrated is by a proper contest between qualified contestants, in which each is at liberty to use his skill and strength, without any regard for conventionalities or consequences.

The present volume, however, sufficiently explains the method to enable a person to practise it, if he can find a friend complaisant enough to submit without retaliation in the good old-fashioned schoolboy way of making one hand find what the other failed to reach.

Travel and Adventure

Three Weeks in Europe. By John U. Higinbotham. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

Mr. Higinbotham left New York on July 18 and returned on August 29. It does not seem a long time to spend among the historic scenes of the Old World, but the amount seen, noted and graphically described is really astonishing. While the movements of the author and his companion were rapid, there is yet a remarkable absence of any trace of undue hurry, and the genial record is very refreshing. To get a fairly adequate idea of Gibraltar, the Bay of Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, part of Switzerland, Paris, and London in three weeks seems impossible, but Mr. Higinbotham achieved it. It is true, however, that his taste of Europe merely gave him an idea of what the pleasure of a fuller acquaintance would be, and we can readily understand the pathos of the concluding words of the narrative, "We liked it and want to go again." If the wish is ever gratified, we would gladly welcome another volume of more leisurely observation from so genial and observant a traveler. The illustrations are very good and "to the point."

Verse

Pebbles and Pearls: A Collection of Poems in Patches. By Cleland Kernestaffe. Broadway Pub. Co., New York.

This is a curious collection of verses, containing no less than some one hundred and fifty pieces, properly divided into sections and indexed. The quality is as varied as the style of expression, the writer indulging in dialect, in railing at creeds, in contempt for conventionalities. There is abundance of rhyme, but the reason is not always manifest. Mr. Kernestaffe certainly has the gift of jingle, but this does not always imply poetry. A judicious pruning of the volume would make it an easier task to find the "pearls" among the "pebbles."

Poems all the Way from Pike. By Robertus Love. The Pan-American Press, St. Louis. \$1.00.

Mr. Love's "Pike" is not the county immortalized by the Hon. John Hay, but is Pike County in Missouri. It has, however, inspired some really good verse. In this collection there are some excellent country ballads in dialect, full of swing, point and humor. "Just Plain Jim" is a fine specimen of human nature, and it has a strong rival in "A Pike County Christmas Tree." But it would be easy to name half a dozen specimens that are worthy of notice. The same quality of genuine poetic feeling is evident in the more serious verse, and it can be said that this little volume is worth possessing.

Sœur Marie. A Poem. By Mary Randall Shippey. Robert Grier Cooke, New York.

This poem, in blank verse, consists of narrative dialogue and soliloquy. The narrator is a woman who is undergoing some heavy affliction, and who is placed under the care of Sœur Marie. Hence the title. Sœur Marie is not a nun, as the name would at first sight suggest, but a woman who has devoted herself to the suffering ones of her sex, and has founded a semiconventual establishment where they can enjoy rest and mutual consolation. A "Foreword" states that the writer died eight years ago.

The tone of the poem is somewhat morbid, but the introspection is often deep and suggestive, while the measured lines of the blank verse fall in with the tone very harmoniously.

Translations, Imitations and a Few Originals. By Fabius M. Ray. Smith & Sale, Portland, Me.

Mr. Ray has given us some presentable poems in this little volume. The technique is in the main praiseworthy. Some of the translations are remarkably good; and, although the original

poems are not characterized by much "poetic fire," they are smooth and musical. One often wonders why some so-called "poems" are printed, even in order to fill up a corner of a newspaper, but the contents of this book justify its form.

The Doctor's Speaking Tube and Other Poems. By Katharine Dooris-Sharp. The Gorham Press, Boston. 50 cents.

Twelve poems which show some knowledge of rhyme and meter, but the efforts are crude. The range of subjects is wide, running from the humorous "The Doctor's Speaking Tube," through the "bloom diceous" and "simulant raceme" of the *elæagnus*, to sonnets to Keats.

Study to be Quiet. By Edwin W. Work. The Winona Pub. Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

This is a series of five short exhortations based upon a sentence in the First Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Thessalonians; in fact, they might be called "Meditations." The book is dedicated to the "Christian Endeavorers" of the State of California. The subject is well worked out and the volume will form a convenient manual for the private devotional reading of all young Christians.

Happy Day; or, The Confessions of a Woman Minister. By Reverend Emma E. Bailey. European Publishing Co., New York. 1901.

In order to meet with due appreciation this book should be reviewed by one of "the associates of the years" to whom it is dedicated. It is quite safe to write an autobiography, for there is surely no human soul so solitary that its intimate life is not of interest to someone. No doubt there will be more than just the personal constituency in this instance, for the volume will also be of interest to those to whom the spread of the Universalist faith is a vital thing, as it abounds with references to many whose names deservedly stand high in that denomination.

To the casual reader the book is chiefly interesting for its naïveté. A doubt evidently never entered the author's mind but that every detail of the path by which she became a minister would be of consuming interest. In the presence of such faith it would be cruel to be critical. Her growing horror that people should consider belief in the devil and endless punishment as saving articles of their creed occasionally leads to a striking, even if ingenuous observation. "I have noticed that after sermons on the 'Great Judgment Day' and kindred revival themes in revival services, that all seemed to be happy but me; so I think the public does not take such preaching very much to heart after all."



Among the May Magazines

An Ethnological Paradox

Hidden among the little foot-hills of the eastern slopes of the Bolivian Andes, there exist to-day the remnants of a practically unknown tribe that strikingly illustrates the view of those students of ethnology who favor the theory that the Americas were peopled by prehistoric immigration from the Orient. Whether this remnant is the result of some bold Malay navigator of prehistoric times, duplicating in the Pacific the feats of the early Norsemen in the Atlantic, and whether, after having obtained a foothold on the continent, they were gradually forced into the montaña of South America by the barbaric civilizations that succeeded them, are questions for technical ethnology. The Lekos—or Leccos, as they call themselves—can throw no light upon the matter—they are without history, legend, tradition, or religion. In appearance and customs they differ radically from all of the barbaric tribes about them, who, with the exception of the Aymarás of the high plains, are much inferior; and they repeat physically the pronounced Malay type with which we are familiar to-day in the East.—Charles Johnson Post in "Harper's."

The North Cape

The North Cape is not quite the most northerly land in Europe, but it is far enough north. A dismal black point jutting out into the sea, nearly a thousand feet high. Leading to the top is a rough path not difficult to ascend, unless it be wet and slippery. From the top to the edge of the cliff is a half-mile or more of hard walking over stones or through mire. At last we come to the edge of the cliff; the sun, though it is nearly twelve o'clock, has almost reached the lowest edge of his daily path, but is still far above the shimmering sea. You stand on that lonely point feeling, except for the presence of those around you, that you are quite out of the world in which you have hitherto spent your life. You stand without, on a rock pelted by every storm of wind and snow; attacked by the fiery summer sun and pitiless winter frost; no wonder that neither tree, nor shrub, nor scarce a flower, can exist. Among the most solemn places on the globe it must be reckoned the world's end, a vast stony wreck projecting above the wide waste of waters.—Albert S. Bolles in "Booklovers Magazine."

Rome vs. Paris

WHEN THE ETERNAL CITY WAS THE WORLD'S ART CENTER

There was a time when Rome was the world's art center. No artist's education was considered complete unless he spent some time in that city. There was always to be found there a coterie of strong men, many of them famous, in whose society the tyro might mingle and gain much by the companionship. That day has gone by, however, and a change has taken place. Paris

has usurped the prerogative of the old city, and it is to her that the world now turns for new ideas of art. The Italian galleries remain, the masterpieces hang in their accustomed places, the sky is as blue, the air as soft, and the outlook as lovely; but the glory of Roman art life has departed. The humanity that gave the art impetus, the interest to the student, has betaken itself from the Seven Hills to the peaceful Seine, where it flourishes in the wilder, more luxuriant growth, nurtured by the hothouse forcing of *fin-de-siècle* ideas, untrammelled by convention or tradition. For good or bad—and the judgment must be left to the reader—the fact remains that to-day Paris is the hub about which the wheel of art revolves.

Yet from Paris there go annually to the Italian capital a number of young men, winners of the annual competitions for the Prize of Rome, to spend four years in the most idyllic manner, as guests of the French republic, at the Villa Medici, a beautiful palace owned by the government and specially arranged for their reception. These men have not won their spurs without hard work, without great preliminary training and many struggles.—From Arthur Hoeber's "The Prize of Rome" in the May "Century."

Poisonous Plants of Our Gardens

And that leads me to one of the most dangerous classes of plants in the whole garden. We have many universally beneficial and palatable leguminous plants, such as peas, lentils, etc.; but they have cousins which are equally detrimental and dangerous. It would seem that nearly all plants are poisonous that have as a blossom a pea-bloom set in a raceme, such as laburnum, wistaria, lupine, locust, acacia, vetchling, while many of the bean family have poisonous parts. Even the scarlet runner that gives such a nourishing food is so poisonous in its leafage that no animals but sheep ever touch it, and the roots are very poisonous. The laburnum is more dangerous in the garden than the monk's-hood. Children have been poisoned scores of times by eating the seeds, which they fancy are some kind of a bean. The results are not always fatal, but they are alarming and distressing. Root, bark, wood, leaves, buds, petals, pods and seeds of the laburnum are alike poisonous. At a boys' school, the lads found an uprooted laburnum tree, and the cry went round that the roots were liquorice. All ate therefrom, and were violently ill. All that has been said of the laburnum is true of the wistaria. Lupine is most poisonous, especially the yellow lupine, or tree lupine, seldom seen here. In Germany it causes a sickness among sheep. In 1880, out of 240,000 sheep which had this disease, lupinose, 14,138 died of it. The locust and several of the vetchlings and brooms are poisonous; but one kind of locust has a long pod which children nibble without any ill results.—Alice Morse Earle in "Good Housekeeping."

Chestnuts a Paying Crop

The boys may be interested to know that chestnuts prove a very profitable crop. Experts claim that an orchard of chestnuts will bring greater returns to the owner than an apple orchard of the same size, as the nuts are retailed on the street corners at about six dollars a bushel, while the Italian who sells roasted chestnuts receives pay for them at the rate of at least eight dollars a bushel. The tree is one of the most rapid growers, and has been known to bear fruit at five years of age.—From Edwin W. Foster's "Our Friends the Trees" in May "St. Nicholas."

Dr. Fisher's Impression of Webster

It was after a season of seclusion in Marshfield—whither he retired after the nomination of General Taylor, as Achilles retired to his tent, and when he came to Worcester to deliver a speech in favor of the candidate—that I saw him pass with stately tread through the dense throng gathered of an evening in a spacious hall to hear him, and heard one say to another in an audible whisper, "Just look at him!"

Such impressions were not confined to New England, or to this side of the Atlantic. Wherever Webster went he was one

"Whom no one met at first

But took a second and wondering look."

In England his person, his manners, and his intellectual traits elicited glowing tributes of admiration from Anglican sources most worthy of respect. By Sydney Smith his form and aspect were lauded in a homely simile characteristic of the author's wit. Such men as Henry Hallam, not given to extravagance, expressed an unstinted admiration. Carlyle was generally not indisposed to utter cynical comments on things and persons American. To him Webster seemed a "parliamentary Hercules," besides being "a dignified, perfectly bred man." The honor, partaking almost of awe, with which schoolboys in Massachusetts in the forties regarded him and recited extracts from his speeches can be realized only by those of them who still survive. His writings remain to attest the power as well as the purity and simplicity of his style. We often hear now praise of what is termed his Saxon vocabulary. A mistake is here implied. Webster was conversant with, and used with unsurpassed effect, the Saxon side of the English vocabulary. His style, however, was much enriched by the Latin contents of our English tongue, which he interwove with not less propriety and effect.—From "Webster and Calhoun in the Compromise Debate of 1850" by Prof. George P. Fisher in the June "Scribner's."

Recollections of Hans Christian Andersen

When I was a very little girl, Hans Christian Andersen was a constant visitor in my father's house. On the 2d of April of this year, when the bells in my fatherland rang out the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great writer of fairy tales, it was like the celebration of a patron saint's festival. Seldom has any writer found his way to the hearts of grown people and children alike as did our well-beloved Danish genius. Yet, like many another genius, he won

comparatively little fame until the evening of his life.

My recollections of Andersen would not have been so clear, had it not been for his remarkable personality, which made an ineffaceable impression on me. I recall that I thought him a quaint-looking man. He was very round-shouldered, and had a prominent nose. He looked very much like the pictures of Disraeli—another maker of fairy empresses. But I worshiped him, and saw no defect in his looks. He was my ideal of manhood, and I frequently told him—to his apparent delight—that if he would wait for me I would marry him when I grew up.

Years afterward, when I had become a better judge of masculine beauty, I had to admit that he was indeed very homely; yet I have always hastened to add:

"But he was really the most charming man I ever knew!"

He was very excitable, his feelings coming quickly to the surface. On the street, if he met a friend, big or small, high or low, there would be a waving of umbrella or cane or anything he happened to have in his hand, followed by pattings on the back, enthusiastic talk, and smiles that made you thankful you had encountered him. He was very fond of children, and so gentle and kind that we all loved him.

I remember that once, when I was about five years old, I got a good, old-fashioned Danish spanking for making fun of him. I had not meant to do so, but, being utterly absorbed in listening to what he was telling, and gazing at him all the while, I unconsciously imitated his way of breathing, which was peculiar, probably on account of some catarrhal trouble. Presently he noticed what I was doing, and was very indignant; but when I was punished, it was more than his gentle heart could bear. His anger died immediately, and he took great pains to console me.—Emili Roess in "Munsey's."

The Japanese Death Spirit

There is something that marks the Nippon soldier from the rest of the fighting men of the world to-day. Better trained in the handling of modern arms, larger in stature, and certainly better fed and equally well drilled, there are a number of Western soldiers who still can hardly cope with the Nippon soldier. The reason of it is simple. In Nippon, among our fighting men as well as in a number of other things, we believe in quality and in temper; we do not believe in quantity, either of muscle or of stature. With the Nippon, the ideal—spirit, if you prefer to call it—is more than meat or raiment. The samurai of the elder days believed in keeping his blade at such a high point of sensitiveness and keenness that it would cut in twain a piece of wet paper floating down a stream. The masters of sword and the masters of jujitsu, and the masters of all other military arts in our land, believe in keeping their muscles tempered as keenly and in such a high condition of training as the edge of a samurai blade. It is the ideal of the old samurai—the historic yamato damashi of a thousand tales and traditions of countless years—that is working miracles in Manchuria to-day.

Hundreds of our men die for one reason: they want to foster, perpetuate and emphasize by their death the sensitive ideal of the samurai

among their comrades; they wish to foster the yamato damashi.—Adachi Kinnosukéd, in "Leslie's Monthly."

Magazine Reference List for May, 1905

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Building of the City Beautiful, The..... Arena
Chateau of Touraine, The..... Century
Decorative Use of Wild Flowers..... Atlantic
English Gothic Architecture..... N. A. Review
Fiske, Minnie Maddern..... Booklovers
How to Study Pictures..... St. Nicholas
Medieval Fountains of Bern..... Four-Track News
Money Test of Art Appreciation, A.....
..... World's Work
New Era in Musical Education, A.....
..... Good Housekeeping
New Portraits of a Group of British Authors.....
..... Century
Some Color Etchings of Rouen..... Booklovers
Wagner and His Music..... Chautauquan

Biographical and Reminiscent

American Princess, An..... Four-Track News
Berlin Celebrities..... Chautauquan
Chancellor of the Exchequer..... Booklovers
Choate, Joseph H..... Munsey's
Disraeli, Benjamin..... Munsey's
Farley, James, Strike Breaker..... Leslie's Monthly
Governor of Paraguay, The..... Munsey's
Japanese Death Spirit, The..... Leslie's Monthly
Knight-Errant of the Intellectual Life, A.....
..... McClure's
Lawson and His Critics..... Everybody's Magazine
Mellen, C. S., Master of Traffic..... World's Work
Merchant Philanthropist, A. Nathan Straus.....
..... Pearson's
"Old St. Paul's"..... Four-Track News
Osler..... Critic
Our New Ambassadors..... Leslie's Monthly
Phillips Steven: Poet and Dramatist..... Arena
Reagan, John H., of Texas..... Review of Reviews
Verne, Jules..... Review of Reviews
Where Poets Lived and Loved..... Lippincott's

Educational Topics

American Academy in Rome, The..... Critic
Beginning Bird Study..... Chautauquan
Fight for Trade Schools, The..... World's Work
Organization and Education.....
..... Tom Watson's Magazine
University and the Continuation School.....
..... Chautauquan

Essays and Miscellaneous

American Wrestling vs. Jiu Jitsu..... Cosmopolitan
America's Medal of Honor..... National Magazine
Another View of Guam..... Booklovers
Arc-Light, The..... Century
Associated Press, The..... Century
Baby's Bath and Welfare..... Good Housekeeping
Bill-Board Abomination, The..... Leslie's Monthly
Birth of the Fashions, The..... Booklovers

Bucket Shops of the Book World..... Pearson's
Character Study of Byron and Burns.....
..... Tom Watson's Magazine
Child Culture..... Good Housekeeping
Child's Recollections of Hans Christian
Andersen, A..... Munsey's
Coddling the Theological Students..... World's Work
Confessions of a Commercial Senator, The.....
..... World's Work
Country Child in the City Square, The.....
..... Everybody's Magazine
Ethnological Paradox, An..... Harper's
Every Man His Own Novelist..... Critic
Experiences of a Nursery Governess.....
..... Everybody's Magazine
Fashions in Needlework..... Good Housekeeping
First Aid to the Injured..... St. Nicholas
Freight Rates and Death Rates..... Leslie's Monthly
Girl's Reading, A..... Good Housekeeping
Hans, the Wonderful Horse of Berlin..... McClure's
How the Japanese Save Lives..... Century
How to Live a Hundred Years..... Munsey's
How to Make School Yards Attractive.....
..... Woman's Home Companion
Huntress Wasps, The..... Harper's
In the World Without a Sun..... St. Nicholas
Jerusalem of To-Day, The..... Four-Track News
Life on a Tuscan Farm..... Scribner's
Losses on the Battlefield.....
..... North American Review
Life-Saving at the Zoo..... Woman's Home Comp.
Magnetic Storms and the Sun..... Harper's
Model City of Spanish America, The.....
..... Four-Track News
Modern Aspects of Physiology..... Chautauquan
Modern Comforts of Home, The.....
..... Everybody's Magazine
Morphine, Use, The..... Arena
Mounted Police of the West..... Pearson's
New Bear, A..... Century
New Era for the Metropolitan, A..... Munsey's
New Wonders of Ant Life..... Munsey's
Nonsense Names in Natural History.....
..... Lippincott's
Nobel's Great Legacy to Genius..... Munsey's
Object Lesson in Pure Milk, An.....
..... Good Housekeeping
Old Town of the New World, An.....
..... Four Track News
Philosophy of Staying in Harness..... Cosmopolitan
Practical Boy, The..... St. Nicholas
Prize of Rome, The..... Century
Protective Mimicry of Insects, The..... Booklovers
Psychic Influence on the Home.....
..... Good Housekeeping
Queen Eleanor's Funeral March..... Harper's
Queer Carriers..... St. Nicholas
"Queerland"..... Four Track News
Regalia of Money, The..... Tom Watson's Magazine
Richness of Coal-Tar, The..... Munsey's

Sailing a Fine Art.....Booklovers
 Simplon Tunnel, The.....Review of Reviews
 Subiaco.....Harper's
 Temple of Susinak, The.....Harper's
 Tercentenary of "Don Quixote"
North American Review
 Terror of the Sea, The.....McClure's
 Truth about Food Adulteration, The
Woman's Home Companion
 Turbine Liner Victorian, The..Review of Rev.
 Vacant Lot Cultivation in Great Cities
Review of Reviews
 Venice.....St. Nicholas
 Viking of the Pacific.....Leslie's Monthly
 West Coast Land Grafters, The
Everybody's Magazine
 What Buzz-Saw Morgan Thinks
Tom Watson's Magazine
 What Is Life?.....North American Review
 What the People Read in Spain and Portugal
Review of Reviews

Historical and Political

America in the Philippines.....Arena
 Are the Philippines Worth Keeping?...Munsey's
 British Liberal Leaders.....Review of Reviews
 Celebrated Prophecies of History.....Arena
 Centenary of Saint-Beuve.....Atlantic
 Chicago Municipal Election, The
Review of Reviews
 China's Recent Progress.....Review of Reviews
 Civic Progress in Harrisburg, Pa.
Review of Reviews
 Conservative of To-Day, The
Tom Watson's Magazine
 Great Sieges of History, The.....Cosmopolitan
 Important Conventions and Other Gather-
 ings of 1905.....Review of Reviews
 Japan's Peace Negotiators.....World's Work
 Japan's Probable Terms of Peace
North American Review
 Kansas State Refinery Bill and Its Signifi-
 cance, The.....Arena
 New Jersey: A Traitor State.....McClure's
 Open Door of the Constitution, The
Tom Watson's Magazine
 Our Policy Toward China.....Arena
 Page from the Book of War, A
National Magazine
 Panic of 1893, The..Tom Watson's Magazine
 Philadelphia and the Freeman's Ballot..Arena
 Populism.....Tom Watson's Magazine
 Practical Results Which Have Attended the
 Introduction of the Referendum in Switz-
 erland.....Arena
 Schiller Anniversary.....Atlantic
 Shackling of Jefferson Davis, The...Pearson's
 Territorial Expansion of the United States,
 The.....Harper's
 Webster and Calhoun in the Compromise
 Debate of 1850.....Scribner's
 Woman in Office.....National Magazine

Military Science

West Point and Our Military Future
Metropolitan
 West Point, Our Great Military Univer-
 sity.....Metropolitan

Scientific and Industrial

Ancient Reading of Finger Prints
North American Review
 Business Side, The.....Good Housekeeping
 Does It Pay to be a Literary Woman?
Leslie's Monthly
 Electricity Transforming Traffic..World's Work
 Frenzied Finance.....Everybody's Magazine
 Girl Who Earns Her Own Living, For the
Woman's Home Companion
 Great Industries of the United States
Cosmopolitan
 How to Build Up Foreign Trade....Booklovers
 Lead Pencils.....Pearson's
 Present Industrial Situation, The
Review of Reviews

Sociologic and Economic

Economic Questions Affecting the Visayan
 Islands.....North American Review
 Georgian Economic Ideals and Social
 Justice.....Arena
 Greatest Trust in the World...Everybody's Mag.
 Is Trial by Jury in Criminal Cases a Failure?
Arena
 Italy's Attitude toward Her Emigrants
North American Review
 Japan as Viewed by a Native Socialist...Arena
 Jewish Domestic Life..Woman's Home Comp.
 Kansas at Grips with a Monopoly..World's Work
 Newman and Carlyle.....Atlantic
 Politics and Economics..Tom Watson's Magazine
 Poor Man's England, in the Survey of Civic
 Betterment.....Review of Reviews
 Prospects of Society in America...Metropolitan
 Racing Trust, The....Tom Watson's Magazine
 Social and Industrial Russia.....Chautauquan
 Story of a Labor Union in Business
Review of [Reviews]

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors

Among the Fiords of Norway.....Booklovers
 Around the Rock.....National Magazine
 Awakening of the Trees, The.....Scribner's
 Breaking Trail.....Scribner's
 College Track Athletics.....Booklovers
 Great Sights of Peking, The...Four-Track-News
 Houseboats.....Pearson's
 Hunting with a Camera.....Cosmopolitan
 Lighter Side of Motoring, The
Woman's Home Companion
 Marble Mountains, The.....Scribner's
 New England: An Autumn Impression. II
North American Review
 Our Friends the Trees.....St. Nicholas
 Over Night at the Edge of the Grand Canyon
Scribner's
 Poisonous Plants of Our Fields and Gardens
Good Housekeeping
 Railroad Landscape Gardening....Booklovers
 Revival of the Ocean Yacht Racing..Pearson's
 Summer Camps for Boys.....World's Work
 Through Europe on \$100....National Magazine
 Veranda or Roof Garden..Good Housekeeping
 West Indian Cruise, A.....Cosmopolitan

Open ✕ ✕ Questions

1117. Will you kindly print in "Open Questions," Markham's "The Man with the Hoe"? What incident caused him to write the poem?—REV. N. J. LOEHRE, President Jewell Lutheran College, Jewell, Ia.

["The Man with the Hoe" is a poetical interpretation of Millet's painting of a French peasant. The poem was published in CURRENT LITERATURE after its appearance in the San Francisco Examiner. Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Ore., in 1832. He was educated in California, where he worked on a farm, became a teacher, and in 1899 moved to Brooklyn, N. Y. He has published "Lincoln and other Poems," 1901, and "Field Folk," 1901. See the "New International Encyclopedia."]

1118. Will you please tell me through "Open Questions" where I can find a little poem ending with these words: "Just to sit out in the sunshine and be glad that it is spring"? I read it some six or eight years ago in a floral magazine. I am under the impression it is either by Eugene Field or by James Whitcomb Riley, but have not been able to find it.

LILLIAN A. FREEMAN, Dexter, N. Y.

[Unfortunately indexers look at the beginnings of poems and pay little attention to their endings.]

ANSWERS BY CORRESPONDENTS.

1108. The lines;

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord of May."

occur in a poem entitled "A Match," by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

C. H. WHITE, Center Sandwich, N. H.

[Author also is given by M. S. M., San Diego, Cal. The poem is found in many collections of verse.]

1107. Yes. "The villain still pursued her," was written by Milton Nobles, in his play "The Phoenix," which had a long and successful run many years since. The line occurs in the scene where the Bohemian hero of the play is writing a story for "The Chambermaid's Own," an imaginary magazine devoted to the interests of domestics. Here are extracts from the story: "Millicent Mahaffy, the heroine, had arranged a tryst with Algernon de Sullivan. She was at the trysting spot, beneath a towering oak, awaiting the arrival of her lover when the villain, Bombasto Lorenzo, appeared upon the scene. With a

shriek our heroine turned and fled, and the villain pursued her. Fear lent her strength and fleetness and in the moonlight she sped on toward the cliff—and the villain still pursued her. Turning she fired three bullets (from a Colt's No. 6, navy blue tinted—for which I get four dollars for mentioning. But hold; if I kill my villain in the first chapter what is to become of my story? Well, if he wants to die let him) through his craven heart—and the villain still pursued her."

A. C. JONES, Daily News, Tacoma, Wash.

1112. I have the poem that Francis C. Dickerson, of Pike, N. H., asked for in your "Open Questions."

LAURA EMILY MAU, Biwabik, Minn.

MY MOTHER'S FACE

As I passed a mirror, I saw to-day
My mother's face shine out to me
From the polished glass.

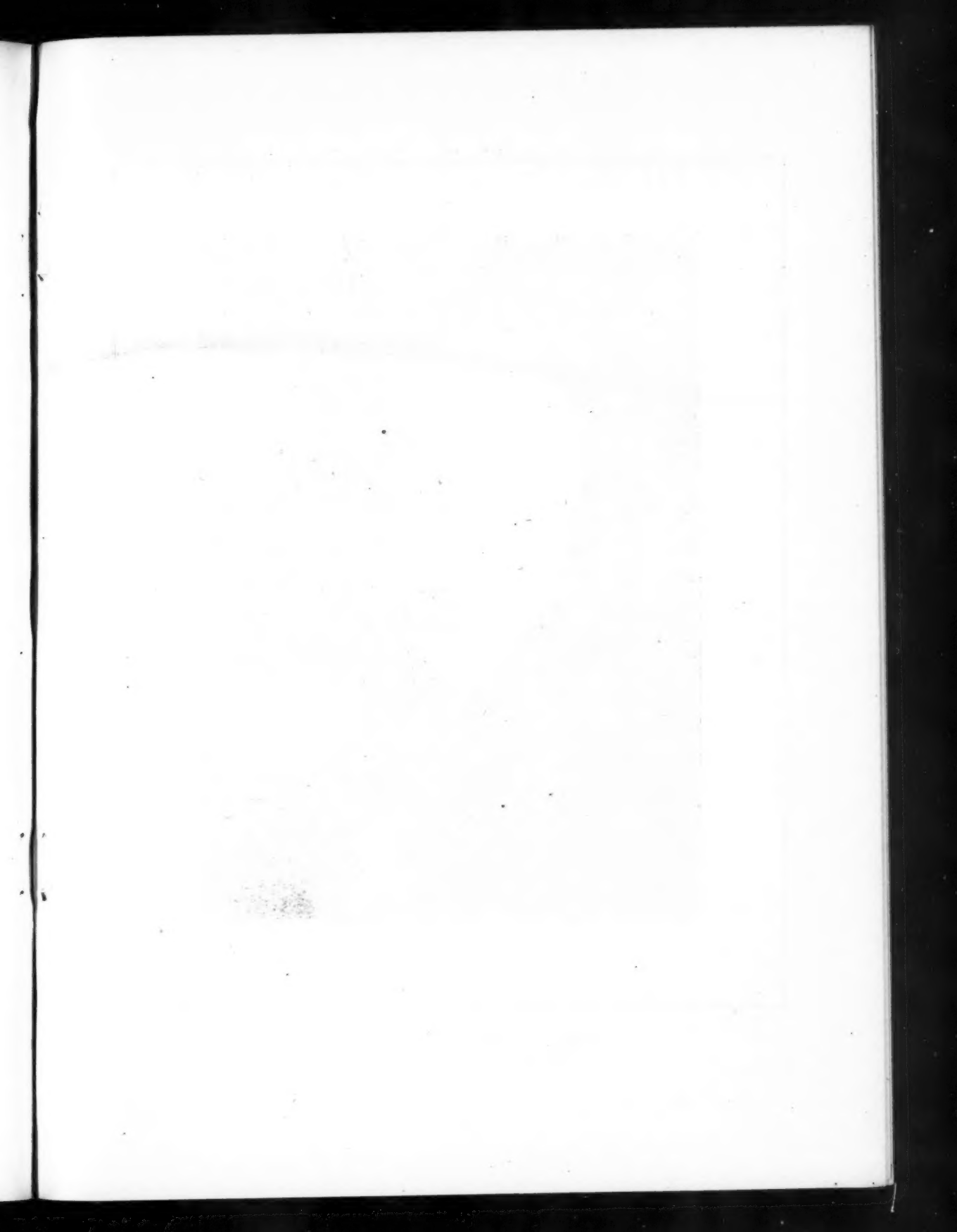
On the temples lay
Her hair brushed back as it used to be,
With faded lines in its amber brown,
Long threads of white from brow to crown.

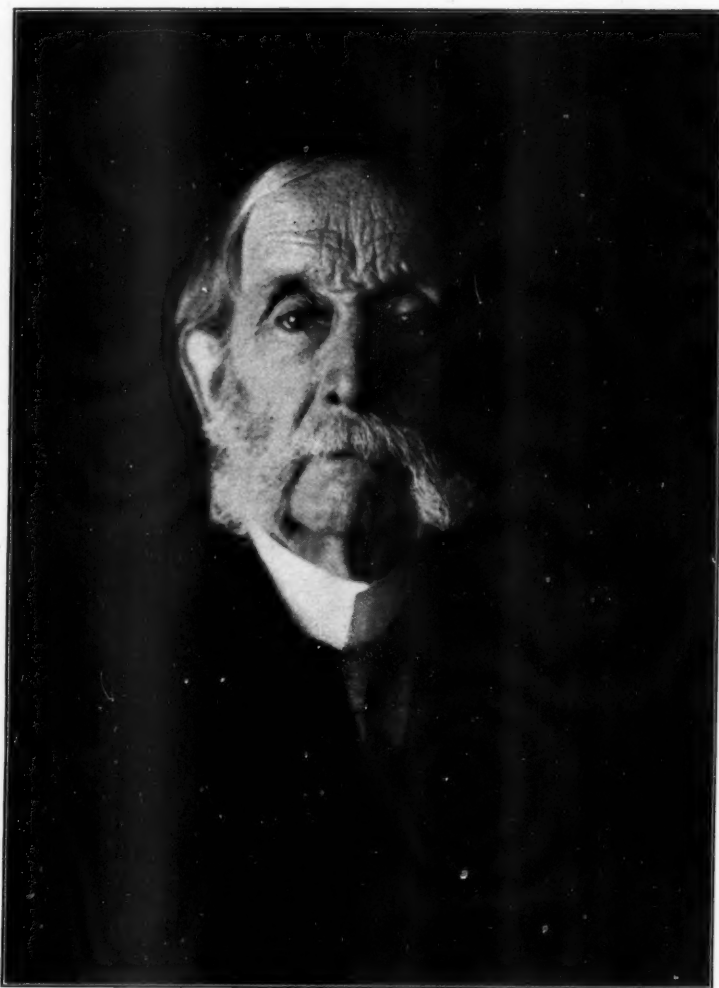
And I saw the lift of her eye of blue,
And I thought of the look of sweet surprise,
Like a dawn of heaven that grew and grew,
As they opened wide when she went to the
skies.

I saw the mouth with its lines of care,
The pallid cheek with its dimple there,
Oh, mother, I cried, as I stretched my arm
To gather her close to my heart's embrace.

When the vision passed, a delusive charm,
Myself I saw in the mirrored face—
The gathering years had my youth beguiled,
The one I saw was my mother's child.

I have felt all day that she lingered near,
That she watched my step with her eyes soft
glance,
And her tender voice I have hearkened to
hear
Thrilled through and through with sweet
perchance—
How strange that the face in the glass I see
Brings back my mother's face so fresh to me!





Courtesy of Harper & Brothers

COLONEL THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON
(See People in the Foreground, page 509)